

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—Tuesday, May 16, 1972

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.
Rabbi Irving Greenberg, Riverdale Jewish Center, New York City, offered the following prayer:

The Talmud says: God, also, prays every day.

What is God's prayer?

May My love overcome My harsh judgments.

Lord, loving God, like You, we pray:

May our good impulses overcome our evil impulses, our anguish outweigh our apathy.

May our technology serving humanity overcome our technology destroying humans en masse.

May our vision exploring the heavens, bringing men back safely, overcome our blindness neglecting earth, abandoning men to suffering.

May our faith to protect democracy in the world overcome our need to blow it up when it frustrates us.

May our desire to enjoy our families in love overcome our desire for islands of privilege, shutting out others in hate.

May our tradition of unity in disagreement overcome our tradition of intolerance and violence.

And: Lord, loving God, when we fail, may Your love overcome Your harsh judgments. Amen.

THE JOURNAL

The SPEAKER. The Chair has examined the Journal of the last day's proceedings and announces to the House his approval thereof.

Without objection, the Journal stands approved.

There was no objection.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE

A message from the Senate by Mr. Arrington, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate agrees to the report of the committee of conference on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the amendment of the Senate to the bill (H.R. 13361) entitled "An act to amend section 316(c) of the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1938, as amended."

The message also announced that the Senate had passed a bill and a joint resolution of the following titles, in which the concurrence of the House is requested:

S. 2988. An act to authorize the appropriation of \$250,000 to assist in financing the Arctic Winter Games to be held in the State of Alaska in 1974; and

S.J. Res. 234. Joint resolution deploring the attempted assassination of Gov. George C. Wallace of Alabama.

CALL OF THE HOUSE

Mr. GERALD R. FORD. Mr. Speaker, I make a point of order that a quorum is not present.

The SPEAKER. Evidently a quorum is not present.

Mr. BOGGS. Mr. Speaker, I move a call of the House.

A call of the House was ordered.

The Clerk called the roll, and the following Members failed to answer to their names:

[Roll No. 153]

Abbott	Evins, Tenn.	Minshall
Abernethy	Flah	Mitchell
Abourezk	Flowers	Monagan
Abzug	Ford	Montgomery
Addabbo	William D.	Moorhead
Badillo	Califanakis	Morgan
Barrett	Gallagher	Murphy, N.Y.
Blackburn	Garmatz	Nix
Blanton	Green, Pa.	Pelly
Bow	Hagan	Podell
Bray	Harrington	Price, Tex.
Buchanan	Hébert	Pryor, Ark.
Carey, N.Y.	Helstoski	Pucinski
Celler	Hogan	Purcell
Chisholm	Howard	Rees
Clawson, Del.	Jarman	Rodino
Clay	Jones, N.C.	Rostenkowski
Collins, Ill.	Jones, Tenn.	Roussellot
Conyers	Kyl	St Germain
Corman	Link	Sarbanes
Daniels, N.J.	Long, La.	Scheuer
Danielson	Long, Md.	Schmitz
Davis, Ga.	McCloskey	Stubblefield
Delaney	McCormack	Teague, Calif.
Denholm	McDonald, Mich.	Teague, Tex.
Dent	McEwen	Thompson, Ga.
Diggs	McKay	Thompson, N.J.
Dowdy	McKevitt	Vander Jagt
Dulski	McKinney	Whitten
Duncan	Macdonald, Mass.	Wiggins
Dwyer	Miller, Calif.	Williams
Eckhardt	Minish	Wright
Esch		Wydlir
Eshleman		

The SPEAKER. On this rollcall, 333 Members have answered to their names, a quorum.

By unanimous consent, further proceedings under the call were dispensed with.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEE TO ESCORT THE APOLLO 16 ASTRONAUTS INTO THE CHAMBER

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints as members of the committee to escort our distinguished visitors into the Chamber the gentleman from Louisiana, Mr. Boggs; the gentleman from Massachusetts, Mr. O'NEILL; the gentleman from California, Mr. MILLER; the gentleman from Texas, Mr. TEAGUE; the gentleman from Michigan, Mr. GERALD R. FORD; the gentleman from Illinois, Mr. AREND; and the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. MOSHER.

RECESS

The SPEAKER. The Chair declares a recess subject to the call of the Chair.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 32 minutes p.m.) the House stood in recess subject to the call of the Chair.

RECEPTION BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE APOLLO 16 ASTRONAUTS

The SPEAKER of the House presided.

At 12 o'clock and 37 minutes p.m., the Doorkeeper (Hon. William M. Miller) announced the Apollo 16 astronauts.

Capt. John H. Young, U.S. Navy; Lt. Comdr. Thomas K. Mattingly II, U.S. Navy; and Lt. Col. Charles M. Duke, U.S. Air Force; accompanied by the

Committee of Escort, entered the Chamber and stood at the Clerk's desk.

[Applause, the Members rising.]

The SPEAKER. My colleagues of the House of Representatives, I have the very high honor of welcoming on behalf of the House of Representatives to this Chamber those heroic astronauts of Apollo 16 who have accomplished a most difficult feat in their mission to the moon.

I have the further honor of presenting to you the distinguished commander of that flight, Capt. John W. Young, U.S. Navy.

[Applause, the Members rising.]

Captain YOUNG. Mr. Speaker, Members of Congress, and distinguished guests:

It is a very great honor for us to be here today and to have the opportunity to report directly to the House Space Committee and the Appropriations Subcommittee on some of the preliminary scientific results of our Apollo 16 mission to the Descartes highlands.

But now we also want to express our thanks to you—for it was here and in the Senate that the great key decisions were made that have been basic to the whole space program. It was your support and your wise decisions that put America into space.

But first I would like to introduce one of my esteemed colleagues my old lunar rover passenger, Charlie Duke, the man who said "I would rather walk."

[Applause, the Members rising.]

Lieutenant Colonel DUKE. Mr. Speaker, Members of Congress, distinguished visitors, ladies and gentlemen:

It is truly a great honor for me to have this opportunity of addressing this most distinguished group.

Less than a month ago I had the privilege and the pleasure to represent the United States on the Apollo 16 mission to the Descartes highlands, and now it is with a deep sense of humility that I stand here and say thank you for having allowing me to represent the most wonderful country in the world on this mission of science and discovery.

I think it was truly a mission for science. On our excursion on the lunar surface we deployed and activated an ultra violet camera which took pictures of the earth never before seen by man. This, along with pictures of nine other areas in the heavens, will help us answer questions about the total mass and composition of the universe in which our spacecraft whirled. We emplaced on the lunar surface an Apollo lunar surface experiments package which is functioning properly and completes our desired seismic network. On May 14, within 1 month after this network was established, the largest seismic event ever recorded on the moon occurred. We returned over 200 pounds of lunar rocks and soils. This is not merely just a bag of rocks; these rocks help tell the history of the creation of our solar system. In them are locked the secrets that have been hidden for 4.5 billion years or more. The rocks of Apollo 16 in general are different from all of

the other lunar rocks we have seen so far, and with the help of the orbital experiments that Ken did so ably these rocks can be related to the whole of the lunar highlands. So we hope that we have contributed something to science and discovery to the benefit of our fellow man. And yet, with all of this that we have brought back and all that will come from Apollo we have merely begun to understand our universe and our world.

So again I want to thank all Americans and especially you, their representatives, for your vision, understanding, and continued support of our efforts. I am proud to be a part of this great Nation.

So thank you for allowing me to come and talk to you, and now I would like to introduce one of the greatest command module pilots and one of the greatest guys a man could ever fly with, Comdr. Ken Mattingly, U.S. Navy.

[Applause, the Members rising.]

Lieutenant Commander MATTINGLY, Mr. Speaker, Members of Congress, and honored guests, it is indeed an honor to appear before you this morning to discuss the mission of Apollo 16. This morning we were privileged to give our report to the Space Committee and members of the Appropriations Subcommittee, and it was my pleasure at that time to give a little insight into our accomplishments. It is my pleasure to be able to say that, despite returning a day early, we accomplished all the major objectives of the mission.

We accomplished most of the other things we could expect, but perhaps one of the most important contributions was the serendipity—those things we did that we had not intended to do. They came along by chance. Perhaps, as in most scientific exploration, this is the key to finding out what is really going on in the universe.

In our lunar exploration we were taking the approach of "the forest and the trees." John and Charlie went down to look at the trees and they brought back samples. They made measurements and made all kinds of determinations of the characteristics of what is on the lunar surface. In orbit our job was slightly different. Our task in lunar orbit, in that small piece of lunar experience, was to explore in detail and try to put it in the perspective of the larger picture. Perhaps the word that would best describe the mission of Apollo 16 to the Descartes highlands might fittingly be "perspective." I think we can truly say that the moon is a far more complex body than we could ever imagine.

It will be some time, and perhaps years, before the full significance and impact of the data we have returned will be understood and analyzed.

I should like to give you a short impression I have of the details of our exploration to be recorded and documented. I would like to tell you my personal experience in seeing the moon. I think seeing the moon is a personal thing. There is a certain type of communication an observer has relative to this body which has been looked at from a distance for so long, but now in recent years we have been able to look at up close.

When you leave the moon, one of the most impressive sights of your life is the sight of seeing the moon grow smaller as you depart. There is a feeling of elation in returning to this place we call home. At the same time there is a sense of longing that we did not quite finish. I think it is true, figuratively and literally, that we have only scratched the surface. There is so much there, so much to be seen, so much that we could not complete. For every question that we were able to answer, we spawned new ones.

Finally, I think it is appropriate, as one of those people who has been privileged to fly the Apollo and to watch this operation from the inside, to tell you how much admiration I have for the American society that can launch and operate this type of organization. We talk a lot about the technology, as we talk about the management tools, but surely the most significant thing that Apollo has contributed is a living, dynamic demonstration of democracy—of the people—and for that I would like to say, "Thank you" to the team and to those of you who made our mission possible.

I would like to introduce you to one of those great people who helped to make it possible—our commander, John Young.

[Applause, the Members rising.]

Captain YOUNG. Thank you very much, Ken.

Now let me conclude with my thoughts that I had while we were on the flight.

As you know, we ran into some unexpected problems, and they were very real. On the fifth day of the mission we were "cliffhanging" in our spacecraft wondering if we were going to be allowed to land or not. Our ground-based NASA and contractor people all over the United States made a speedy and correct analysis of our several problems, and that allowed us to complete our lunar exploration. I know of one case where the engineering team had already started to work out in California on the problem while we were still discussing it with Houston control. This, to me, is indicative of team members who have a deep sense of individual responsibility. It is this sense of individual responsibility that built our reliable spacecraft, solved our real-time problems, and makes the United States of America the greatest country on this earth.

As you know, our Apollo 16 landing site was named for the famous French philosopher and mathematician, René Descartes. In the 17th century he said:

There is nothing so far removed from us as to be beyond our reach or so hidden from us that we cannot discover it.

In order to use science and technology properly in the growth of our country, our people and their ideas, our energy needs, our food requirements, our pollution levels, and to reasonably—and you notice I said "reasonably"—solve all the many man/planet interface problems, we must provide our scientists and engineers, and the Congress, with more basic facts. We need more basic knowledge and understanding—that first step to progress—so that we can do the right things that we must do to survive on this planet.

What Mr. Descartes said in the 17th

century is true today, intensified by the valid urgency of today's world.

Only one conclusion can be reached, and it is inescapable for anyone who thinks and cares. Twentieth century man must boldly reach out beyond his reach and purposefully strive to discover the hidden secrets of our universe.

Ken, Charlie, and I are firmly convinced that the Apollo 16 mission was just that kind of scientific endeavor. We are extremely proud to have been a part of it and to share with the Congress the pride that you must feel in having the courage to pick a winner for the United States of America.

[Applause, the Members rising.]

The SPEAKER. Our distinguished visitors have agreed to present themselves in the Rayburn reception room in order that they may greet all Members of this body.

Will the Committee of Escort now accompany our distinguished visitors to the Rayburn reception room?

Thank you.

The House will continue in recess until 10 minutes past 1 o'clock.

AFTER RECESS

The recess having expired, the House was called to order by the Speaker at 1 o'clock and 10 minutes p.m.

PRINTING OF PROCEEDINGS HAD DURING RECESS

Mr. BOGGS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the proceedings had during the recess be printed in the RECORD.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Louisiana?

There was no objection.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GOV. GEORGE WALLACE

(Mr. NICHOLS asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. NICHOLS. Mr. Speaker, Americans from all walks of life and of all political persuasions have poured out their expressions of anger and shame over the senseless shooting of Alabama Gov. George Wallace yesterday as he campaigned in Laurel, Md. It is indeed a tragic state of affairs when a major presidential candidate cannot campaign without the constant fear that some fanatic might attempt assassination.

My wife and I spent most of last night at Holy Cross Hospital in Silver Spring with Mrs. Cornelia Wallace and members of the immediate family.

Doctors have assured me this morning that the Governor is resting comfortably, that his condition is improving, and the outlook for continued progress is encouraging.

As I waited with the Wallace family during those crucial 5 hours, I was most impressed by the tremendous outpouring of sympathy throughout the Nation.

The Billy Graham Crusade in Birmingham, Ala.—with 40,000 in attendance—prayerfully petitioned the Al-

mighty for the Governor's recovery. Hundreds of young people outside Holy Cross Hospital conducted a candlelight prayer vigil. The performance of the attending physicians and nurses at the hospital, the Maryland State Patrol, the Prince Georges and Montgomery County Police Departments and the Secret Service was most outstanding.

Mrs. Wallace and the Wallace family have asked that I personally convey to you, on their behalf, their expressions of deep appreciation for the many telegrams and phone calls from Members of Congress on both sides of the aisle and their constituents who have indicated their deep concern over the tragic assassination attempt.

Alabama and America have much to be thankful for today. The Governor continues to improve, and the outlook for his recovery is encouraging.

Mr. Speaker, it is indeed ironic that the most outspoken "law and order" candidate should be felled by a would-be assassin's bullet.

Mr. EDWARDS of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. NICHOLS. I yield to my colleague from Alabama.

Mr. EDWARDS of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, I join in support of Senate Joint Resolution 234.

Yesterday the mindless winds of violence once again blew across the democratic electoral process in our Nation. With the savage assault on Alabama Gov. George Wallace, we find ourselves again face to face with the realization that our democracy is vulnerable to lack of discipline and absence of self-restraint.

I condemn this senseless act of violence. I condemn the blind, convulsive intolerance of an opposing point of view which accompanied the act. I condemn the arrogant disregard for the right of all the people to determine with the ballot box the important political questions which face our country.

I join President Nixon and all Americans in praying for the full and speedy recovery of Governor Wallace. My thoughts, the thoughts of Mrs. Edwards, and those of all the people of Alabama's First District are with Mrs. Wallace and the Wallace family today.

Mr. BOGGS. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. NICHOLS. I yield to the distinguished majority leader.

Mr. BOGGS. Mr. Speaker and Members of the House, I am sure the gentleman from Alabama expresses the sentiment of every Member of this body in the statement that he has just made. Violence has no place in the American political scene. Unfortunately, particularly in the last decade, we have seen too many people resort to bullets rather than the peaceful use of the ballot box provided for all Americans to express political agreement or political dissent.

Along with the gentleman from Michigan, the distinguished minority leader, I had the sad duty of serving on the Warren Commission, which investigated the assassination of the late President Kennedy. Unfortunately in the investigation

at that time we found this strain of violence seeping through American politics.

I had hoped then and also later, with the assassination of other leaders—the brother of President Kennedy and others—that the American people would show enough alarm and enough distress and enough concern so that these senseless episodes would cease in our country.

It appears that the man who committed this dastardly deed is what we described in the Warren Report as a loner, one who apparently is irresponsible. Nevertheless, the enormity of his deed is such that I trust the full force of the law will be brought against him.

I join also in the fervent prayer expressed by the gentleman from Alabama for the speedy and complete recovery of Governor Wallace.

Mr. NICHOLS. I appreciate the remarks of the distinguished majority leader.

Mr. GERALD R. FORD. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman from Alabama yield?

Mr. NICHOLS. It will be an honor to yield to the minority leader, the gentleman from Michigan.

Mr. GERALD R. FORD. Nothing is more important at this point, Mr. Speaker, than the complete and total recovery of the Governor of Alabama. I and all other Members of this House and, I trust, all Americans want that to happen as speedily as possible.

I was in Michigan when I heard the news of the attempt on Governor Wallace's life yesterday. The news cast a pall over the State. Governor Wallace had visited many parts of Michigan recently and had been in my hometown within the last 3 or 4 days.

We have an election in Michigan today. I hope and trust that the dastardly deed perpetrated yesterday will awaken the American people to the need for a toning down of the controversies that tear us apart and a better understanding between people with differing views. Apparently these controversies have contributed significantly to the tragedies that have occurred in the last 10 years or more in America.

We need to quiet the Nation's pulse. We need to reflect on how alien these kinds of actions are to our democratic tradition.

On behalf of Governor Wallace's family, but also for all Americans, I hope that George Wallace has a speedy and complete recovery.

Mr. NICHOLS. Mr. Speaker, I thank the distinguished minority leader for his timely and appropriate remarks.

Mrs. ANDREWS of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, I was shocked and horrified when I heard the news yesterday that Gov. George Wallace had been shot.

My outrage was intensified, no doubt, at the thought that a personal friend, a prominent constituent, a good Governor, and the highest official of my beloved State, and a genuinely good man was the victim of this savage act.

May I say also that George Wallace is a courageous man, because it takes courage to run for the presidency in this country today.

The professional dissenters have found great encouragement in lenient judges, timid political leaders, and civil libertarians bent on removing all legal restrictions on behavior of any kind in this country.

Throughout his campaign, Governor Wallace has been heckled and abused by rude foul-mouth hoodlums, permitted to roam through his audiences shouting and throwing eggs and rocks at the Governor. Few if any arrests were made.

In this climate, where representatives of law and order looked the other way, it is hardly surprising that this obviously sick person felt he could get by with shooting Governor Wallace. If hecklers had been restrained from the very beginning, perhaps this terrible attack would not have taken place.

Failure to maintain order for all presidential candidates during their public appearances has resulted in an ominous atmosphere of tension, hostility, and clear danger in which a presidential contender like George Wallace takes life in hand when he goes to the people with the true if unpleasant message that lawless elements in this country are being pampered by our courts, that schoolchildren are being cruelly used by liberal social experimenters, and that our Nation's defenses are being undermined from within.

All Americans, regardless of philosophy or party affiliation, should be dismayed at this vicious assault on a man who dared to go out among the people in his quest for support in a presidential campaign.

Mr. JONES of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, I urge adoption of the resolution offered by my colleague from Alabama.

Yesterday was a sad day in the life of our Republic. The tragedy at Laurel is another needless stain on the political history of this Nation.

Violence against any citizen should be constantly condemned. When violence, such as that of yesterday, is used to interrupt the right to free expression of opinion and the offering of one's self for high public office, it is particularly despicable.

When a single individual can thwart the rights of the vast majority of citizens to hear and examine public issues in peace and security, our Nation has declined to an unfortunate station.

Actions such as were perpetrated yesterday are foreign to our civilization and to our tradition of free and open exchange of views.

Too long have we permitted deceitful, treacherous assassins to roam the countryside.

This incident is an indictment of the permissiveness of tolerating law violations with impunity.

The violence perpetrated on the person of the Governor of the State of Alabama did violence to freedoms of each citizen. The interference with his well-being and his rights to free movement and free expression represent a loss to all.

It is our hope that his wounds will quickly heal and his attendants will be able to restore Governor Wallace to a total recovery at a very early date.

DEPLORING THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GOV. GEORGE C. WALLACE OF ALABAMA

Mr. NICHOLS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the Senate joint resolution (S.J. Res. 234) deploring the attempted assassination of Gov. George C. Wallace of Alabama.

The Clerk read the title of the Senate joint resolution.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Alabama?

There was no objection.

The Clerk read the Senate joint resolution, as follows:

S.J. RES. 234

Joint resolution deploring the attempted assassination of Governor George C. Wallace of Alabama

Whereas Governor George C. Wallace of Alabama was shot and critically wounded on May 15, 1972, by a would-be assassin; and Whereas this act of violence is deplored and universally condemned by all Americans; and

Whereas the people of the Nation are shocked that this tragedy could occur and that our democratic processes are fraught with such danger to those who actively participate therein; and

Whereas all Americans are saddened at this tragedy and sympathize deeply with Governor Wallace and his family and pray for his recovery: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the attempted assassination of Governor Wallace is deeply deplored and condemned; and

That Governor Wallace has the best wishes and prayers of all citizens for his speedy recovery; and

That the Wallace family is extended the sympathy and encouragement and best wishes of all members of Congress, the distinguished Vice President and the President of the United States.

The Senate joint resolution was ordered to be read a third time, was read the third time, and passed.

A motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION AUTHORIZATION

Mr. TEAGUE of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to take from the Speaker's desk the bill (H.R. 14070) to authorize appropriations to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for research and development, construction of facilities, and research and program management, and for other purposes, with a Senate amendment thereto, and concur in the Senate amendment.

The Clerk read the title of the bill.

The Clerk read the Senate amendment, as follows:

That there is hereby authorized to be appropriated to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration:

(a) For "Research and development," for the following programs:

- (1) Apollo, \$128,700,000;
- (2) Space flight operations, \$1,094,200,000;
- (3) Advanced missions, \$1,500,000;
- (4) Physics and astronomy, \$156,600,000;

(5) Lunar and planetary exploration, \$321,200,000;

(6) Launch vehicle procurement, \$191,600,000;

(7) Space applications, \$207,200,000;

(8) Aeronautical research and technology, \$187,440,000;

(9) Space research and technology, \$64,760,000;

(10) Nuclear power and propulsion, \$21,100,000;

(11) Tracking and data acquisition, \$259,100,000;

(12) Technology utilization, \$4,000,000.

(b) For "Construction of facilities," including land acquisitions, as follows:

(1) Rehabilitation and modification of aeronautical airborne science, and support facilities, Ames Research Center, \$1,065,000;

(2) Rehabilitation of Unitary Plan wind tunnel model supports, control systems, and model preparation areas, Ames Research Center, \$760,000;

(3) Rehabilitation and modification of utility systems, Goddard Space Flight Center, \$590,000;

(4) Rehabilitation and modification of roadway system, Jet Propulsion Laboratory, \$610,000;

(5) Modifications of, and additions to, spacecraft assembly facilities, Kennedy Space Center, \$8,100,000;

(6) Modification of Titan Centaur facilities, Kennedy Space Center, \$2,040,000;

(7) Rehabilitation of full-scale wind tunnel, Langley Research Center, \$2,465,000;

(8) Modification of central air supply system, Langley Research Center, \$1,175,000;

(9) Environmental modifications for utility operations, Langley Research Center, \$650,000;

(10) Modification of high temperature and high pressure turbine and combustor research facility, Lewis Research Center, \$9,710,000;

(11) Modification of fire protection system, Manned Spacecraft Center, \$585,000;

(12) Warehouse replacement, Wallops Station, \$350,000;

(13) Space shuttle facilities, as follows:

(A) Modification of Altitude Test Facilities, Arnold Engineering Development Center, \$6,800,000.

(B) Rehabilitation of Propellant and High Pressure Gaseous Systems, Mississippi Test Facility, \$1,160,000.

(C) Modification of the Entry Structures Facility, Langley Research Center, \$1,635,000.

(D) Addition for Systems Integration and Mockup Laboratory, Manned Spacecraft Center, \$2,545,000.

(E) Modification of the Vibration and Acoustic Test Facility, Manned Spacecraft Center, \$2,770,000.

(F) Modification of the Structures and Mechanics Laboratory, Marshall Space Flight Center, \$4,700,000.

(G) Addition for Electrical Power Laboratory, Marshall Space Flight Center, \$320,000.

(H) Modification of Acoustic Model Engine Test Facility, Marshall Space Flight Center, \$2,430,000.

(I) Modification of Manufacturing and Final Assembly Facilities, Undesignated Locations, \$5,540,000;

(14) Rehabilitation and modification of facilities at various locations, not in excess of \$500,000 per project, \$11,580,000;

(15) Minor construction of new facilities and additions to existing facilities at various locations, not in excess of \$250,000 per project, \$1,720,000;

(16) Facility planning and design not otherwise provided for, \$8,000,000.

(c) For "Research and program management," \$729,450,000, of which not to exceed \$572,237,000 to be available for personnel and related costs.

(d) Notwithstanding the provisions of subsection 1(g), appropriations for "Research and development" may be used (1) for any items of a capital nature (other than acquisition of land) which may be required at locations other than installations of the Administration for the performance of research and development contracts, and (2) for grants to nonprofit institutions of higher education, or to nonprofit organizations whose primary purpose is the conduct of scientific research, for purchase or construction of additional research facilities; and title to such facilities shall be vested in the United States unless the Administrator determines that the national program of aeronautical and space activities will best be served by vesting title in any such grantee institution or organization. Each such grant shall be made under such conditions as the Administrator shall determine to be required to insure that the United States will receive therefrom benefit adequate to justify the making of that grant. None of the funds appropriated for "Research and development" pursuant to this Act may be used in accordance with this subsection for the construction of any major facility, the estimated cost of which, including collateral equipment, exceeds \$250,000, unless the Administrator or his designee has notified the Speaker of the House of Representatives and the President of the Senate and the Committee on Science and Astronautics of the House of Representatives and the Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences of the Senate of the nature, location, and estimated cost of such facility.

(e) When so specified in an appropriation Act, (1) any amount appropriated for "Research and development" or for "Construction of facilities" may remain available without fiscal year limitation, and (2) maintenance and operation of facilities, and support services contracts may be entered into under the "Research and program management" appropriation for periods not in excess of twelve months beginning at any time during the fiscal year.

(f) Appropriations made pursuant to subsection 1(c) may be used, but not to exceed \$35,000, for scientific consultations or extraordinary expenses upon the approval or authority of the Administrator and his determination shall be final and conclusive upon the accounting officers of the Government.

(g) Of the funds appropriated pursuant to subsections 1(a) and 1(c), not in excess of \$10,000 for each project, including collateral equipment, may be used for construction of new facilities and additions to existing facilities, and not in excess of \$25,000 for each project, including collateral equipment, may be used for rehabilitation or modification of facilities: *Provided*, That of the funds appropriated pursuant to subsection 1(a), not in excess of \$250,000 for each project, including collateral equipment, may be used for any of the foregoing for unforeseen programmatic needs.

(h) No part of the funds appropriated pursuant to subsection (a) of this section may be used for grants to any nonprofit institution of higher learning unless the Administrator or his designee determines at the time of the grant that recruiting personnel of any of the Armed Forces of the United States are not being barred from the premises or property of such institution except that this subsection shall not apply if the Administrator or his designee determines that the grant is a continuation or renewal of a previous grant to such institution which is likely to make a significant contribution to the aeronautical and space activities of the United States. The Secretary of Defense shall furnish to the Administrator or his designee within sixty days after the date of enactment of this Act and each January 30 and June 30 thereafter the names of any nonprofit in-

stitutions of higher learning which the Secretary of Defense determines on the date of each such report are barring such recruiting personnel from premises or property of any such institution.

SEC. 2. Authorization is hereby granted whereby any of the amounts prescribed in paragraphs (1) through (15), inclusive, of subsection 1(b) may, in the discretion of the Administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, be varied upward 5 per centum to meet unusual cost variations, but the total cost of all work authorized under such paragraphs shall not exceed the total of the amounts specified in such paragraphs.

SEC. 3. Not to exceed one-half of 1 per centum of the funds appropriated pursuant to subsection 1(a) hereof may be transferred to the "Construction of facilities" appropriation, and when so transferred, together with \$10,000,000 of the funds appropriated pursuant to subsection 1(b) hereof (other than funds appropriated pursuant to paragraph (16) of such subsection) shall be available for expenditure to construct, expand, or modify laboratories and other installations at any location (including locations specified in subsection 1(b)), if (1) the Administrator determines such action to be necessary because of changes in the national program of aeronautical and space activities or new scientific or engineering developments, and (2) he determines that deferral of such action until the enactment of the next authorization Act would be inconsistent with the interest of the Nation in aeronautical and space activities. The funds so made available may be expended to acquire, construct, convert, rehabilitate, or install permanent or temporary public works, including land acquisition, site preparation, appurtenances, utilities, and equipment. No portion of such sums may be obligated for expenditure or expended to construct, expand, or modify laboratories and other installations unless (A) a period of thirty days has passed after the Administrator or his designee has transmitted to the Speaker of the House of Representatives and to the President of the Senate and to the Committee on Science and Astronautics of the House of Representatives and to the Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences of the Senate a written report containing a full and complete statement concerning (1) the nature of such construction, expansion, or modification, (2) the cost thereof including the cost of any real estate action pertaining thereto, and (3) the reason why such construction, expansion, or modification is necessary in the national interest, or (B) each such committee before the expiration of such period has transmitted to the Administrator written notice to the effect that such committee has no objection to the proposed action.

SEC. 4. (a) Notwithstanding any other provision of this Act—

(1) no amount appropriated pursuant to this Act may be used for any program deleted by the Congress from requests as originally made to either the House Committee on Science and Astronautics or the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences,

(2) no amount appropriated pursuant to this Act may be used for any program in excess of the amount actually authorized for that particular program by sections 1(a) and 1(c), and

(3) no amount appropriated pursuant to this Act may be used for any program which has not been presented to or requested of either such committee,

unless (A) a period of thirty days has passed after the receipt by the Speaker of the House of Representatives and the President of the Senate and each such committee of notice given by the Administrator or his designee containing a full and complete statement of the action proposed to be taken and the facts

and circumstances relied upon in support of such proposed action, or (B) each such committee before the expiration of such period has transmitted to the Administrator written notice to the effect that such committee has no objection to the proposed action.

(b) Nothing in this section shall be construed to authorize the expenditure of amounts for personnel and related costs pursuant to section 1(c) to exceed amounts authorized for such costs.

SEC. 5. It is the sense of the Congress that it is in the national interest that consideration be given to geographical distribution of Federal research funds whenever feasible, and that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration should explore ways and means of distributing its research and development funds whenever feasible.

SEC. 6. (a) If an institution of higher education determines, after affording notice and opportunity for hearing to an individual attending, or employed by, such institution, that such individual has been convicted by any court of record of any crime which was committed after the date of enactment of this Act and which involved the use of (or assistance to others in the use of) force, disruption, or the seizure of property under control of any institution of higher education to prevent officials or students in such institution from engaging in their duties of pursuing their studies, and that such crime was of a serious nature and contributed to a substantial disruption of the administration of the institution with respect to which such crime was committed, then the institution which such individual attends, or is employed by, shall deny for a period of two years any further payment to, or for the direct benefit of, such individual under any of the programs authorized by the National Aeronautics and Space Act of 1958, the funds for which are authorized pursuant to this Act. If an institution denies an individual assistance under the authority of the preceding sentence of this subsection, then any institution which such individual subsequently attends shall deny for the remainder of the two-year period any further payment to, or for the direct benefit of, such individual under any of the programs authorized by the National Aeronautics and Space Act of 1958, the funds for which are authorized pursuant to this Act.

(b) If an institution of higher education determines, after affording notice and opportunity or hearing to an individual attending, or employed by, such institution, that such individual has willfully refused to obey a lawful regulation or order of such institution after the date of enactment of this Act, and that such refusal was of a serious nature and contributed to a substantial disruption of the administration of such institution, then such institution shall deny, for a period of two years, any further payment to, or for the direct benefit of, such individual under any of the programs authorized by the National Aeronautics and Space Act of 1958, the funds for which are authorized pursuant to this Act.

(c) (1) Nothing in this Act shall be construed to prohibit any institution of higher education from refusing to award, continue, or extend any financial assistance under any such Act to any individual because of any misconduct which in its judgment bears adversely on his fitness for such assistance.

(2) Nothing in this section be construed as limiting or prejudicing the rights and prerogatives of any institution of higher education to institute and carry out an independent, disciplinary proceeding pursuant to existing authority, practice, and law.

(3) Nothing in this section shall be construed to limit the freedom of any student to verbal expressions of individual views or opinions.

SEC. 7. This Act may be cited as the "Na-

tional Aeronautics and Space Administration Authorization Act, 1973".

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Texas?

There was no objection.

The Senate amendment was concurred in.

A motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

Mr. TEAGUE of Texas. Mr. Speaker, on April 20, 1972, the House passed the fiscal year 1973 NASA authorization bill (H.R. 14070) which would authorize \$3,428,950,000 for our Nation's space effort for the forthcoming fiscal year.

Since that time this measure has been under consideration by the Senate.

On May 11, 1972, the Senate, after due deliberation in committee, has passed a bill which would authorize \$3,444,150,000, representing an increase of \$15,200,000 above the amount previously approved by the House.

While this may appear to be an out-and-out increase over the House level, most of it is basically due to an administrative adjustment occasioned by a budget amendment submitted by the President after the bill was voted out of the Committee on Science and Astronautics to provide for the fiscal year 1973 increment of civil service salary adjustments which became effective in January 1972 pursuant to the Economic Stabilization Act of 1970. The President's amendment would add \$28,650,000 to the budget level for fiscal year 1973. While the House considered that new obligatory authority for these purposes was not required since the authorization was contained in previous general legislation, the Senate chose to consider that new obligatory authority was required. Consequently, this difference of \$28,650,000 is a pure technicality since both Houses have agreed upon personnel strengths and their disposition.

In addition to the salary increases, the Senate-passed version of the bill differs from the House version in the research and development portion of the legislation as follows:

Physics and astronomy—the Senate authorized \$4 million more than the House.

Space applications—the Senate authorized \$8,500,000 more than the House.

Aeronautical research and technology—the Senate authorized \$24,450,000 less than the House.

Technology utilization—the Senate authorized \$1,500,000 less than the House.

The result of the Senate action is that although a pure administrative upward adjustment of \$28,650,000 has been made by the Senate for salary increases, the Senate amendments in the research and development program have resulted in a downward adjustment to the House-passed version of \$13,450,000. Thus, the net increase by the Senate above the House amounts to \$15,200,000.

One of the more crucial areas of difference between the House-passed version of the bill and the measure as taken up on the floor of the Senate was in the area of aeronautical research and technology.

The House had originally added \$41 million to a program for expedited aircraft noise research which had been proposed by NASA at a level of \$9 million. The increase was based on a well-defined need to attack more rapidly the critical problem of jet aircraft noise. Further, the House had approved an increase of \$7,450,000 for more research in the area of aviation safety.

The aeronautical research and technology program, as reported to the floor of the Senate, included only the amount requested in the original NASA proposed bill for aircraft noise reduction and aviation safety. However, subsequent to its markup, the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences had further examined these areas and concluded that based on additional information it should increase the aeronautical research and technology program by \$24 million over its initial markup. As a result, a committee amendment was offered and passed during the Senate debate on this measure on May 11, 1972, which would add \$24 million to the initial NASA request for this research. The amount passed by the Senate represents a reasonable compromise between a minimal effort proposed by NASA and an optimum program passed by the House.

Of the additional amount proposed by the Senate, \$21 million would be used for expedited research on a project related to retrofit modifications for jet engines currently in service in commercial aviation to reduce the noise generated by many current civil aircraft. The other \$3 million added by the Senate would be used to increase NASA research in the area of aviation safety with priority attention to be given to development of aircraft collision avoidance systems in addition to further work in turbulence research. Additional work on aircraft compatibility with the new FAA microwave landing system as approved by the House would be deferred under the Senate-passed version.

In the other areas of difference between the House and the Senate, the Committee on Science and Astronautics is amenable to accepting the Senate position, since the Senate adjustments proposed will place further emphasis on the application of space technology to the further benefit of all mankind.

Mr. Speaker, the House- and Senate-passed versions of this bill are very similar. Aside from statutory salary adjustments, the differences lie purely in the degree of emphasis to be accorded various research and development programs.

3 GEN. JOHN D. LAVELLE A GOAT OR A SCAPEGOAT?

(Mr. PIKE asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. PIKE. Mr. Speaker, yesterday on the floor I said that the Air Force had not been telling the truth regarding the alleged "retirement" of Gen. John D. Lavelle. Late yesterday afternoon the Air Force admitted it.

General Lavelle was a four-star Air Force general who from July 1971 until April 7 was the head of the 7th Air Force in Vietnam, responsible for all our Air Forces activities there. On April 7 of this year, just 1 week after the Communist offensive in Vietnam was launched, he suddenly, according to the Pentagon, "retired for personal and health reasons."

Later yesterday afternoon the Air Force put out a new story. It said that while General Lavelle had retired for personal and health reasons, he had been relieved of command of the 7th Air Force "because of irregularities in the conduct of his command responsibilities."

Now, Mr. Speaker, at long last a tiny bit of the truth is beginning to emerge. But, only a tiny bit. "Irregularities in the conduct of his command responsibilities" is a gloriously vague phrase, designed to create the illusion of truth while concealing the facts. What irregularities? What conduct? What command responsibilities? The American people are entitled to all the facts, not a tiny little piece of them.

THE ATTACK ON GOV. GEORGE WALLACE

(Mr. SIKES asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. SIKES. Mr. Speaker, again we have witnessed the sad spectacle of an outstanding American, speaking his mind—seeking the highest office of the land—senselessly struck down by a would-be assassin.

Yesterday's attack on Gov. George Wallace makes one wonder at the state of our political life. Have we come to the point where, as some would suggest, we encapsulate candidates for office in bulletproof cages to protect them from a sick society—the very society they seek to lead.

Society is not sick, Mr. Speaker. Some in our society are sick, but the outrage expressed at this most recent attack reaffirms the fact that a vast majority of Americans deplore this kind of violence.

The senseless shooting of Governor Wallace, tragic as it is, may help to bring America to its senses in dealing with crime and violence. The high degree of outrage expressed should serve to bolster the demands of law-abiding Americans to stop the wave of crime which plagues our Nation. This is the moment for a crackdown on crime. The President should open a dramatic drive against crime in America through every law enforcement agency in the land to cope with the violence which shocks the world and is destroying our own country.

George Wallace has been saying what the average American has felt should be said. He has wanted a better government and a better America, just as other Americans do.

Those of us who know and respect Governor Wallace grieve with him and his family in this hour. We pray his recovery will be complete.

LOUISIANA POLL IN SUPPORT OF PRESIDENT'S ACTIONS

(Mr. WAGGONER asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. WAGGONER. Mr. Speaker and my colleagues of the House, since the North Vietnamese invasion of South Vietnam by the regulars of the North Vietnamese Army has become a subject of controversy, and since the President addressed the Nation setting forth our response to this invasion, many people have expressed their concurrence or disagreement with the President's response to protect our military troops.

Many polls have been taken, none of which, to my knowledge, has been critical of the President. All have supported him, including a poll from Princeton which said 74 percent of the people in this Nation supported him.

I want to bring to Members' attention a poll conducted by the CBS affiliate, channel 12 television of Shreveport, just a couple of nights ago. I am advised that in this telephone poll they received 2,855 responses in answer to a question of whether or not they supported what the President had done, including the mining of Haiphong Harbor. I was not surprised, because these are the kind of people I represent. Of the 2,855 who responded, 2,775 said they concurred with the President's actions.

It is a pleasure to represent people like that.

ABUSE OF THE PRINTED RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

(Mr. HALL asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, today I am compelled to speak out on what I consider to be an abuse of the printed record of the proceedings and debates of this body. I refer specifically to two instances:

On May 2, 1972, the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD contained some 136 pages, inserted by a Member of this body, ostensibly to support her personal point of view. She is entitled to her beliefs, but I question the propriety of "foisting" it off on the U.S. Congress at a per-page price conservatively estimated at \$150. My limited calculations show that episode to have "nicked" the American taxpayers for more than \$18,000. I ask, To what avail? The message could have been printed in book form, leather bound, and hand carried to each Member at half the price, and at the Member's own expense.

The second instance was in the May 10, 1972, Extensions of Remarks, whereby another Member had the audacity to include 30 pages of "secret" working papers that the other body had refused to admit after lengthy executive sessions. These "papers" contained estimates and evaluations that were the basis of executive policy decisions, made

3 years ago, and have no bearing on the situation we face today. They have apparently been inserted in the hope of embarrassing the administration, to further divide this Nation, or solely for the sake of providing "backyard gossip."

ABUSE OF THE PRINTED RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

(Mr. GROSS asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Missouri.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I appreciate the gentleman yielding. Now to continue my remarks, they certainly violate the law of the land—The Official Secrets Act; and raise the question outside of the speech-and-debate clause of the U.S. Constitution, as to whether we are a government by law, or man.

Mr. Speaker, this is not the immature judgment of first-term Members of this House, who have yet to learn the rules and regulations under which we operate, rather it is an "orchestrated" effort to demean, and divide this body under the false guise of patriotic responsibility, and "freedom of speech," plus "right to know." It is utterly devoid of responsibility.

Mr. Speaker, I for one, am serving notice—if such practices continue, unanimous consent will be granted only when details of the information to be included has been properly revealed. Goodness knows that our leadership and proper committees should have acted long ago, and before the fact.

I appreciate the gentleman yielding.

Mr. GROSS. It is always a pleasure to yield to my friend from Missouri and I want to join in and commend him for the remarks he has just made.

In recent months there has been flagrantly increasing abuse of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, as the gentleman from Missouri has stated, with respect to the volume of material and the enormous costs of printing the insertions in the RECORD by a few Members. These costs are paid, of course, by the taxpayers.

Until about 1968, Members of the House, when offering material for the RECORD requiring more than two printed pages, were compelled to obtain from the Public Printer an estimate of the cost and then were required, when obtaining unanimous consent for insertion of the material, to state the additional cost. It appears that the time has come to reinstitute the old practice for single insertions of material by one individual that cost \$18,000 to \$20,000 cannot be tolerated.

I think I should advise the gentleman from Missouri that the chairman of the Joint Committee on Printing, the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Hays), is aware of the situation and there is every reason to believe that he will take some action in the not too distant future.

CXVIII—1097—Part 14

TIME FOR UNITY

(Mr. YOUNG of Florida asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks and include extraneous matter.)

Mr. YOUNG of Florida. Mr. Speaker, the attempted assassination of Gov. George C. Wallace was a cowardly and senseless act, deplored by Americans of all political persuasions, races, and colors.

At times like this, of great shock, it would be easy to fan the flames of emotionalism and try to direct blame at some philosophical segment of our society, but it is better today that we attempt to express a prayer that this inexcusable attempt on a man's life will bring about a realization that exploiting our differences in the hopes of political gain does a serious disservice to our country. If there has ever been a time when Americans need to be united, it is now.

There are forces seeking to divide us who would substitute violence for the rule of law as part of the ancient tactic of "divide and conquer." They would create a permissive society in America as they loudly proclaim their "rights" while running roughshod over the rights of others. They would create a climate in which the gun replaces the ballot box in our Nation.

They are entitled to their philosophy and beliefs, but they must not be allowed to impose them upon others by force. If this era of permissiveness ever gets a firm foothold in America, it will be the destruction of our country as we know it today.

GOV. GEORGE WALLACE

(Mr. DERWINSKI asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks and include extraneous matter.)

Mr. DERWINSKI. Mr. Speaker, I join the other Members of the House in deplored the shocking assault on Gov. George Wallace while he was campaigning for the Democratic Party nomination in Maryland. The most recent medical bulletins give us reason to believe that Governor Wallace will make a substantial recovery from the gunshot wounds, and I know all Members join me in hoping for a speedy and as full as possible recovery.

We all deplore senseless violence such as this and also the intolerance and passion that motivated the attack. While I do not expect that Governor Wallace would be nominated by the delegates to the Democratic Party Convention, he obviously represents the views of a substantial number of Democrats as evidenced by the voting support he has received in various primaries. I am pleased to see that even other Democratic candidates, who have gone out of their way to criticize and ridicule Governor Wallace's credentials as a Democrat, are now, at least, emphasizing his right to seek the support of voters who share his views.

Mr. Speaker, in the last few days it has been necessary for the Capitol Police to increase their surveillance and augment the guards in the Capitol for fear of vandalism, and even physical attacks on Members of the Congress by the critics of Government policies. This intolerance on the part of a number of individuals, augmented, as it is, by radicals such as Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis, and other professional leftists, should give all Americans cause for concern. At this point, we should emphasize the positive forces in our political system, reemphasize the tolerance that critics should have with those of opposing points of view, and we should all join in condemning violence from whatever the source or whatever the motivation.

THE SHOOTING OF GOV. GEORGE C. WALLACE

(Mr. SHRIVER asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks and include extraneous matter.)

Mr. SHRIVER. Mr. Speaker, the shooting of Gov. George C. Wallace and others is another American tragedy which has become all too familiar in our Nation. All responsible Americans, regardless of their political philosophy, must deplore such emotional acts of violence which threaten dissent of all kinds in this country. We pray for the recovery of George Wallace, and let us also pray for our country.

PRIVATE CALENDAR

The SPEAKER. This is Private Calendar Day. The Clerk will call the first individual bill on the Private Calendar.

MRS. ROSE THOMAS

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 2067) for the relief of Mrs. Rose Thomas.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Iowa? There was no objection.

MARIA LUGIA DI GIORGIO

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 2070) for the relief of Maria Lugia Di Giorgio.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Iowa? There was no objection.

MRS. ANNA MARIA BALDINI DELA ROSA

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 3713) for the relief of Mrs. Anna Maria Baldini Dela Rosa.

Mr. DELLENBACK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Oregon?

There was no objection.

CHARLES COLBATH

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 4310) for the relief of Charles Colbath.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

MRS. CARMEN PRADO

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 6108) for the relief of Mrs. Carmen Prado.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Iowa?

There was no objection.

RENE PAULO ROHDEN-SOBRINHO

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 5181) for the relief of Rene Paulo Rohden-Sobrinho.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

CATHERINE E. SPELL

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 7312) for the relief of Catherine E. Spell.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

DONALD L. BULMER

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 1994) for the relief of Donald L. Bulmer.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Iowa?

There was no objection.

MRS. MARINA MUNOZ DE WYSS (NEE LOPEZ)

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 5579) for the relief of Mrs. Marina Munoz de Wyss (nee Lopez).

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

CARMEN MARIA PENA-GARCANO

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 6342) for the relief of Carmen Maria Pena-Garcano.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

WILLIAM H. NICKERSON

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 4064) for the relief of William H. Nickerson.

Mr. DELLENBACK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Oregon?

There was no objection.

ANTONIO BENAVIDES

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 2394) for the relief of Antonio Benavides.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

MRS. CONCEPCION GARCIA BALAURO

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 2703) for the relief of Mrs. Concepcion Garcia Balauro.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Iowa?

There was no objection.

ALBINA LUCIO Z. MANLUCU

The Clerk called the bill (S. 559) for the relief of Albina Lucio Z. Manlucu.

Mr. DELLENBACK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Oregon?

There was no objection.

MARGARIDA ALDORA CORREIA DOS REIS

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 6504) for the relief of Margarida Aldora Correia dos Reis.

Mr. DELLENBACK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Oregon?

There was no objection.

EMILIA RUFFOLO

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 10142) for the relief of Emilia Ruffolo.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to

the request of the gentleman from Iowa?

There was no objection.

JERRY L. CHANCELLOR

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 7946) for the relief of Jerry L. Chancellor.

Mr. DELLENBACK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Oregon?

There was no objection.

DONALD P. LARIVIERE

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 8952) for the relief of Donald P. Lariviere.

Mr. DELLENBACK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Oregon?

There was no objection.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN F. FUENTES

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 11045) for the relief of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Fuentes.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

ARLINE LOADER AND MAURICE LOADER

The Clerk called the bill (S. 341) for the relief of Arline Loader and Maurice Loader.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

MARIA BADALAMENTI

The Clerk called the bill (S. 513) for the relief of Maria Badalamenti.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Missouri?

There was no objection.

FREDI ROBERT DREILICH

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 2725) for the relief of Fredi Robert Dreilich.

Mr. DELLENBACK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Oregon?

There was no objection.

LOUISA DiLEONARDO

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 3698) for the relief of Louisa DiLeonardo.

There being no objection, the Clerk read the bill as follows:

H.R. 3698

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That, for the purposes of the Immigration and Nationality Act, Louisa DiLeonardo shall be held and considered to have been lawfully admitted to the United States for permanent residence as of the date of the enactment of this Act, upon payment of the required visa fee. Upon the granting of permanent residence to such alien as provided for in this Act, the Secretary of State shall instruct the proper officer to deduct one number from the total number of immigrant visas and conditional entries which are made available to natives of the country of the alien's birth under paragraphs (1) through (8) of section 203(a) of the Immigration and Nationality Act.

With the following committee amendment:

On page 2, line 3, strike out the word "Act." and insert in lieu thereof the following: "Act: Provided, That a suitable and proper bond or undertaking, approved by the Attorney General, be deposited as prescribed by section 213 of the said Act."

The committee amendment was agreed to.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time, was read the third time, and passed, and a motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

DENNIS YIANTOS

The Clerk called the bill (S. 65) for the relief of Dennis Yiantos.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be passed over without prejudice.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Iowa? There was no objection.

SWIFF-TRAIN CO.

The Clerk called the bill (H.R. 12179) for the relief of Swiff-Train Co.

There being no objection, the Clerk read the bill as follows:

H.R. 12179

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That, notwithstanding any statute of limitations, the defense of res judicata, or the dismissal of a prior action, jurisdiction is hereby conferred upon the United States Customs Court to hear, determine, and render judgment on the appeal of the Swiff-Train Company of Corpus Christi, Texas, of the appraisement of an importation of certain steel bars through the port of Houston, Texas, under consumption entry numbered 106-C, dated February 23, 1956. The action authorized by this Act shall be filed within one year of its effective date.

With the following committee amendment:

Strike all after the enacting clause and insert:

"That Swiff-Train Company of Corpus Christi, Texas, is hereby relieved of liability to the United States in the amount of \$1,671.48 representing that portion of in-

creased duties assessed in connection with the importation at Houston, Texas, of items covered by consumption entry numbered 106-C dated February 23, 1956, which was assessed on the basis of an error in appraisal of such items. In the audit and settlement of the accounts of any certifying or disbursing officer of the United States, credit shall be given for amounts for which liability is relieved by this Act.

"Sec. 2. (a) The Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed to pay, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to the said Swiff-Train Company an amount equal to the aggregate of the amounts paid by the company or withheld from sums otherwise due the company, with respect to the amount of indebtedness to the United States specified in the first section of this Act.

"(b) No part of the amount appropriated by subsection (a) of this section in excess of 10 per centum thereof shall be paid or delivered to or received by any agent or attorney on account of services rendered in connection with this claim, and the same shall be unlawful, any contract to the contrary notwithstanding. Any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$1,000."

The committee amendment was agreed to.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time, was read the third time, and passed, and a motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

The SPEAKER. This concludes the call of the Private Calendar.

PERMISSION FOR COMMITTEE ON RULES TO FILE REPORTS

Mr. O'NEILL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the Committee on Rules may have until midnight tonight to file certain special reports.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Massachusetts?

There was no objection.

PROVIDING FOR CONSIDERATION OF H.R. 7375, SALARIES OF U.S. MAGISTRATES

Mr. O'NEILL. Mr. Speaker, by direction of the Committee on Rules, I shall call up House Resolution 969 and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

H. RES. 969

Resolved, That upon the adoption of this resolution it shall be in order to move that the House resolve itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the consideration of the bill (H.R. 7375) to remove the statutory ceiling on salaries payable to United States magistrates. After general debate, which shall be confined to the bill and shall continue not to exceed one hour, to be equally divided and controlled by the chairman and ranking minority member of the Committee on the Judiciary, the bill shall be read for amendment under the five-minute rule. At the conclusion of the consideration of the bill for amendment, the Committee shall rise and report the bill to the House with such amendments as may have been adopted, and the previous question shall be considered as ordered on the bill and amendments thereto to final pas-

sage without intervening motion except one motion to recommit.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. O'NEILL) is recognized for 1 hour.

Mr. O'NEILL. Mr. Speaker, I yield 30 minutes to the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. ANDERSON), pending which I yield myself such time as I may consume.

Mr. Speaker, House Resolution 969 provides an open rule with 1 hour of general debate for consideration of H.R. 7375 regarding the salaries of U.S. magistrates.

The purpose of H.R. 7375 is to remove the statutory salary ceiling for U.S. magistrates and make their ceiling commensurate with the salaries of referees in bankruptcy, whose statutory ceiling is \$36,000.

The legislation was recommended by the Judicial Conference of the United States and the Conference would approve any salary increases. There is no increase provided in the legislation.

There are presently 88 full-time magistrates whose salaries are \$22,500 per annum and 470 part-time magistrates whose salaries range from \$100 to \$11,000.

The Conference has seen fit to set the referees' salaries at \$30,000, \$6,000 less than the ceiling, and it is assumed that, when it meets again in the fall of this year, it will increase the salaries of the full-time magistrates to \$32,000 and give the part-time magistrates approximately a 10-percent increase.

The Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts estimates that the additional cost to the Government annually will be \$1,280,000.

Mr. Speaker, I urge the adoption of the rule in order that the legislation may be considered.

Mr. ANDERSON of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield myself such time as I may consume.

Mr. Speaker, the primary purpose of H.R. 7375 is to raise the ceiling on salaries payable to U.S. magistrates.

At present, all 88 full-time magistrates earn \$22,500, which is the statutory ceiling. The 470 part-time magistrates earn annual salaries ranging from \$100 up to a ceiling of \$11,000.

This bill ties the magistrates' salary ceiling to the salary ceiling for bankruptcy referees, which is presently \$36,000. In addition, the bill provides for the Judicial Conference to set actual salary levels under the ceiling. This bill does not actually raise magistrates' salaries, since any increase would first be set by the Judicial Conference, and then Congress would have to appropriate the funds.

However, the Judicial Conference has indicated that if this bill is passed it will authorize a salary of \$32,000 for a full-time magistrate, with a part-time magistrate salary limited to 60 percent of a full-time magistrate's salary. These salary levels are comparable to those presently paid to bankruptcy referees.

The cost of this bill is estimated at \$1,280,000 per year.

The committee report contains departmental letters from the Administration Office of the U.S. Courts, the Civil

Service Commission and the Department of Justice, all commenting favorably on the bill.

There are no minority views in the report of the Committee on the Judiciary.

The committee reported the bill by a voice vote.

Chairman CELLER has requested a 1-hour, open rule.

Mr. Speaker, I yield 10 minutes to the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE).

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Speaker, I wish to thank the distinguished gentleman from Illinois for yielding me this time.

As reported by the Committee on the Judiciary, this bill will raise the present \$22,500 statutory ceiling on salaries of full-time magistrates to \$36,000. This, believe it or not, is a 60-percent increase. It would also make this ceiling the equivalent of 90 percent of a Federal district judge's salary.

If we raise it to \$36,000, the ceiling will be only \$4,000 less than the present district judge's salary.

A number of us on the committee voted against this bill because we felt it was way out of line to authorize magistrates who are assistants to and charged with much less authority and responsibility than the district judges to be paid almost as much salary as the district judges.

Remember also the district judges are appointed by the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the Senate whereas these magistrates are creatures of the district judges themselves. Each judge appoints a magistrate in his court if he wishes. There is no advice and consent of the Senate or anyone else involved.

Now this office of magistrate is a relatively new one. It was not created until October 17, 1968, when the U.S. Magistrate Act was signed by the President.

Section 636 of the act relating to the jurisdiction and powers made it clear that the magistrates were indeed to be subordinate to the district judges who appoint them. They were to try only minor offenses and they could try even minor offenses only if the defendant did not insist on a trial by the judge himself.

They were to assist the judge in the conduct of pretrial and discovery proceedings, make preliminary review of applications for posttrial relief, submit reports and recommendations to the district judges, and so forth.

The salary ceiling imposed by the act and clearly intended when this legislation was considered by the Congress in 1968 was that these magistrates were to receive no more than 75 percent of the district judge's salary. The salary was precisely that at that time—\$22,500, which was fixed then as the ceiling, is 75 percent of \$30,000, which was what the Federal judges were getting in 1968.

This was considered very adequate for this new position which, when compared with that of a district judge, is a very subordinate and in the words of the Constitution—"an inferior one"—referring to the constitutional designation of "inferior courts."

I wish to call your attention to the "Dear Colleague" letter which was signed by me and six other members of the

Committee on the Judiciary yesterday and which was sent to all Members of the House in which we express our strong view that this same 75-percent ceiling should be adhered to, and our intention to offer an amendment to that effect.

This would give the magistrates a ceiling of \$30,000. I think it is a reasonable and substantial increase in the ceiling of 33½ percent above their present salary—an increase of \$7,500 a year from the present \$22,500 to \$30,000.

Now the committee bill would not only derange the relationship between the salaries of the magistrates and the Federal district judges, it would also place the magistrate ceiling far above the salary being paid to the highest appellate judges in most States. The judges of these courts of last resort in our States have a much heavier responsibility and caseload and justifiably have a much greater standing in our society than do the Federal magistrates who occupy this relative new and still untried office.

Yet, very few of the higher State court judges are being paid more than the \$30,000 a year, which our proposed amendment will permit.

I have here a table taken from the 1970-1971 issue of The Book of States of the Council of State Governments, and it shows that only five States out of 50 in these United States pay their highest judges as much as the \$36,000 ceiling for magistrates in the committee bill; yet there is no comparison between the responsibility of these high court judges and that of these Federal magistrates. Those five States are California, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania. They are the only ones that pay as much as \$36,000 to any State judge.

According to this table, U.S. magistrates at their present salary of \$22,500 are already receiving as much or more than the highest judges in 15 of our States. So I think it is evident that to raise the ceiling on magistrates 60 percent in one fell swoop, as the committee bill would do—\$22,500 to \$36,000—would place a great and unfair pressure on State governments and provoke great dissatisfaction throughout the State judiciaries by throwing judicial comparability very badly out of balance.

These, Mr. Speaker, are some of the reasons why a bipartisan group from the Judiciary Committee is opposed to the committee bill in its present form, and we will at the appropriate time offer an amendment to limit the proposed increase in ceiling to 75 percent of a district judge's salary.

I will reserve the balance of my remarks until general debate and at the time the amendment is offered.

I yield back the balance of my time.

Mr. O'NEILL. Mr. Speaker, I move the previous question on the resolution. The previous question was ordered.

The resolution was agreed to.

A motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE SPEAKER

The SPEAKER. The Chair advises the House that the Speaker, the chairman

of the Committee on Rules, and the House, through the Clerk, have received summons and complaints in an action against the House filed in the eastern district of Louisiana.

The Chair will place in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD copies of the letter to the Acting Attorney General and the U.S. attorney for the eastern district of Louisiana requesting that appropriate action be taken in defense of this suit.

A copy of a letter from the chairman of the Committee on Rules and a copy of a letter from the Clerk, both addressed to the Speaker, will be placed in the RECORD following this statement by the Chair.

MAY 16, 1972.

HON. RICHARD G. KLEINDIENST,
Acting Attorney General, Department of Justice, Washington, D.C.

DEAR MR. KLEINDIENST: On May 15, 1972, I received by certified mail a Summons and complaint in Civil Action No. 72-1126 in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana. A copy of the Summons and complaint is enclosed herewith. Representative William M. Colmer, Chairman of the Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives, and the Clerk of the House of Representatives, Hon. W. Pat Jennings, have also received Summons and complaint in the action.

In accordance with the provisions of 2 U.S.C. 118, I have sent a copy of the Summons and complaint in this action to the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Louisiana requesting that he take appropriate action under the supervision and direction of the Acting Attorney General. I am also sending you a copy of the letter I forwarded this date to the U.S. Attorney.

Sincerely,

CARL ALBERT,
Speaker of the House
of Representatives.

MAY 16, 1972.

HON. GERALD J. GALLINGHOUSE,
U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Louisiana, New Orleans, La.

DEAR MR. GALLINGHOUSE: I am sending you a copy of a Summons and complaint in Civil Action No. 72-1126 in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana, against me in my official capacity as Speaker of the House of Representatives, received by certified mail on May 15, 1972.

Representative William M. Colmer, Chairman of the Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives, and the Clerk of the House of Representatives, Hon. W. Pat Jennings, have also received by certified mail copies of the Summons and complaint.

In accordance with the provisions of 2 U.S.C. 118, I respectfully request that you take appropriate action, as deemed necessary, under the supervision and direction of the Acting Attorney General, in defense of this suit against the Speaker, the Chairman of the Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives, and the House of Representatives. I am also sending you a copy of the letter that I forwarded this date to the Acting Attorney General of the United States.

Sincerely,

CARL ALBERT,
Speaker of the House
of Representatives.

U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, D.C., May 16, 1972.

The Honorable the SPEAKER,
U.S. House of Representatives.

DEAR MR. SPEAKER: On May 15, 1972, I was served with a Summons and Complaint in

Civil Action No. 72-1126, Section H, in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana.

It is my purpose by this letter to inform you that it is my desire to be covered in the same arrangements for defense as provided for the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

The Summons and Complaint in question are herewith attached so that the matter may be presented for such action as the House in its wisdom might see fit to take.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM M. COLMER,
Chairman, House Committee on Rules,
U.S. Congress.

U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, D.C., May 15, 1972.

The Honorable the SPEAKER,
U.S. House of Representatives.

DEAR SIR: The Clerk of the U.S. House of Representatives received on this date from the U.S. Marshal by certified mail (050976) addressed to the House of Representatives a copy of the Summons in a Civil Action together with an unattested copy of the complaint filed by Jules W. Hillery, (Class Action) v. Carl Albert, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States of America, William M. Colmer, The Chairman of the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives of the United States of America, and the House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Civil Action File No. 72-1126, Section H, in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana.

The summons requires The Congress of the United States to answer the complaint within twenty days after service.

The summons and complaint in question are herewith attached, and the matter is presented for such action as the House in its wisdom may see fit to take.

Sincerely,

W. PAT JENNINGS,
Clerk, U.S. House of Representatives.

SALARIES OF U.S. MAGISTRATES

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Speaker, I move that the House resolve itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the consideration of the bill (H.R. 7375) to remove the statutory ceiling on salaries payable to U.S. magistrates.

The SPEAKER. The question is on the motion offered by the gentleman from California.

The motion was agreed to.

IN THE COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE

Accordingly the House resolved itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the consideration of the bill H.R. 7375, with Mr. FUQUA in the chair.

The Clerk read the title of the bill.

By unanimous consent, the first reading of the bill was dispensed with.

The CHAIRMAN. Under the rule, the gentleman from California (Mr. EDWARDS) will be recognized for 30 minutes, and the gentleman from California (Mr. WIGGINS) will be recognized for 30 minutes.

The Chair recognizes the gentleman from California.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, I yield myself such time as I may utilize.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman is recognized.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, the proposed legislation, which is recommended by the Judicial Conference of the United States, is designed to remedy a congressional oversight, first, by tying the ceiling on a salary of a U.S. magistrate to the ceiling on a salary of a referee in bankruptcy and, second, by providing a mechanism for necessary salary increases to be approved by the Judicial Conference. The bill does not in itself increase magistrates' salaries. Any increase would be dependent on subsequent action by the Judicial Conference and would be subject to the appropriation process of Congress.

Mr. Chairman, at present there are 88 full-time magistrates who earn \$22,500 per annum and 470 part-time magistrates whose salaries range from \$100 to \$11,000. The Judicial Conference approves salaries for each part-time magistrate on the basis of the number and nature of matters handled by that magistrate. Approximately two-thirds of the part-time magistrates earn \$3,000 or less and only 36 earn the maximum of \$11,000 per annum.

It is contemplated that if the proposed legislation is passed, the salary of the 88 full-time magistrates would be increased from \$22,500 to \$32,000 per annum, the 36 part-time magistrates presently earning \$11,000 would earn \$18,000 per year, and the 434 other part-time magistrates would receive a salary increase of approximately 10 percent.

When the 90th Congress first established the magistrate program—Public Law 90-578—it was intended that the salary of a magistrate would be equivalent to that of a bankruptcy referee. Subsequent to the passage of the Federal Magistrates Act, but prior to the actual appointments of U.S. magistrates, the salaries of referees in bankruptcy were brought under the coverage of the Commission on Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Salaries, the report of which was the basis for raising the ceiling for a referee's salary from \$22,500 to \$36,000 per year.

In carrying out its functions of establishing various salaries, the Judicial Conference has set the salary of a referee in bankruptcy at \$30,000, or \$6,000 less than the ceiling. This amount was recently increased by amendments to the Economic Stabilization Act which gave a 5.5-percent increase to many employees of the Judiciary, but has not yet been put into effect for referees.

Mr. Chairman, because magistrates were not yet in office at the time the Commission on Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Salaries was established, magistrates' salaries were not covered. Thus, the congressionally intended parity was lost, since under the act of October 17, 1968, the salary of a full-time magistrate was limited to \$22,500 and the salary of a part-time magistrate was limited to \$11,000.

The Judicial Conference has also been given responsibility and authority to review salaries of court employees other than bankruptcy referees. The proposed legislation would extend existing authority (28 U.S.C. 633, 753, and 604(5)) to

include the compensation of magistrates. Congress has not abdicated its responsibility to control salaries of court employees, however, since it reviews the salaries established by the Judicial Conference as part of the yearly appropriation process.

Mr. Chairman, there are sound economic reasons for having a competent system of magistrates to assist judges. According to the Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts, the annual cost of maintaining a district judge in office, together with a staff consisting of a law clerk, secretary, court reporter, court crier, and courtroom deputy clerk, is in excess of \$126,000 per year. Even if the proposed salary increase is considered, the cost of maintaining a full-time magistrate in office, together with a staff of a secretary and clerical assistant, is approximately \$60,000 per year. Both figures take into consideration personnel benefits, library equipment, and administrative expenses. Raising the salary of a full-time magistrate to that of a full-time referee in bankruptcy would still leave that cost of maintaining an adequately paid magistrate at less than one-half of the cost of maintaining a district judgeship.

Mr. Chairman, information furnished to the Judiciary Committee by the Administrative Office of U.S. Courts shows that magistrates have been able to assume a large number of duties which formerly consumed a significant portion of a judge's time. These duties include activities relating to petty offenses, bail, warrants, removal hearings, prisoner petitions, and pretrial conferences.

Mr. Chairman, information emerging from the operation of the Federal Magistrates Act during the first 6 months of the current fiscal year tends to show efficiency and economy in the manner in which the new system is being managed. Salary costs per item of business transacted by the magistrates during this period average \$12.94 per item. According to reports filed by 483 magistrates, including 80 full-time magistrates, 108,427 matters were disposed of in the 6-month period. These items of business ranged from the issuance of search and arrest warrants, bail hearings, and trials of minor criminal offenses to the review of motions in civil and criminal cases, the screening of prisoner petitions, the conduct of pretrial conferences in all types of cases, special master reports, and post-indictment arraignments in criminal cases.

The issuance of arrest warrants and the setting of bail in criminal cases are items of business which are considered routine for experienced magistrates and do not require lengthy proceedings. On the other hand the conduct of pretrial conferences, the screening of prisoner cases, and the preparation of reports following hearings are time-consuming tasks. Overall the compensation paid to magistrates have been fixed by the Judicial Conference of the United States within statutory guidelines and are most reasonable.

At committee hearings it was shown that believing they would be compen-

sated at the same level as a bankruptcy referee, a number of individuals suffered by salary reductions from previous jobs in order to serve as magistrates. That this salary equivalency has not been accomplished, has caused serious morale problems among magistrates.

Aside from the expectations of individual magistrates, it is clear that magistrates' salaries are not at a level which is either commensurate with their responsibilities or comparable to that of other attorneys employed by the Federal Government. For example, the most common salary grade for a hearing examiner in the executive branch is GS-16—\$29,678 to \$36,000; and U.S. attorneys earn from \$28,000 to \$38,000 per year depending on the size of their judicial district. Although a magistrate is often called upon to review a finding of one of these hearing examiners or to decide an issue argued by a U.S. attorney, he is presently by statute limited to a considerably lower salary than either of these Federal employees.

Mr. Chairman, we are approaching a critical time in the development of the magistrate system and our court system as a whole. Tying the salaries of magistrates to the salaries of bankruptcy referees is essential not only to achieve a congressionally intended result and for the sake of fairness, but for the sake of our court system itself. I urge that H.R. 7375 as amended be passed by the House of Representatives.

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I yield to the gentleman from Iowa.

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Chairman, I had a part in the drafting of the "Dear Colleague" letter, and I want to assure the distinguished gentleman from California that there was certainly no intent on my part or that of the other six signers of the letter to state that the salary itself was being increased by this action. We intended to, and I believe we did make it clear in the "Dear Colleague" letter that this was an increase in the statutory ceiling.

I have looked at the letter. I have it in my hand. I see that in at least two places we say that this would raise the ceiling. We did not say that the mere act we would have today would raise the salary.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. If I have misread the gentleman's letter I apologize. Now that I review it, I do not see what I thought I saw in it. I hope the gentleman will accept my apology with regard to that.

Mr. MAYNE. I thank the gentleman.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, the magistrate system is in real jeopardy. When the magistrates were appointed, they were led to understand that they would have the same ceiling as referees. There is a problem of morale. That was reflected in our hearings and in the period since we have had the bill before the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I yield to the gentleman from Missouri.

Mr. HALL. I appreciate the gentleman

yielding, and I appreciate his lucid explanation of the bill thus far.

One of the things I am seriously in doubt about is where the intent did lie as to making these salaries comparable.

I was not a recipient of the "Dear Colleague" letter. At least, it has not gotten to my file yet, so I am not in on that part of the debate.

But I am a recipient of a National Council of Magistrates letter dated May 11, despairing over the great disparity and claiming that there was a promise by the Judicial Conference, and that subsequently, in semiannual meetings, they reaffirmed the promise of parity of salary with magistrates.

I have reviewed the old legislation, on which I had copious and personal notes, including the committee report, when it was considered September 18, 1968; and I am advised by the gentleman's subcommittee staff that it was passed into law and became an act of the land in substantially that form.

To save the life of me, from the debate at that time and the personal notes, and in the committee report, nowhere do I find any place that at any time it was implied that there would be comparability between this new creation and the other, other than in relation to the Commissioner, who was paid much less than the magistrates now are.

Where was this implied contract of comparability with referees in bankruptcy? When did it first raise its head? Or is it simply an apparition of this loose organization of the new magistrates themselves?

Mr. KEATING. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I yield to the gentleman from Ohio.

Mr. KEATING. I have a notation which is in a memorandum prepared by the staff of the Senate Subcommittee on Improvements in Judicial Machinery, dated April 28, 1966. It states as follows:

The bill sets a maximum salary of \$22,500 for a full-time magistrate, but this figure, which is three-fourths the salary of a district judge, is the maximum in effect for a full-time referee in bankruptcy. We feel that the importance of the magistrate's duties in the Federal criminal process justifies compensation at least as great as that of a full-time referee.

Mr. HALL. Mr. Chairman, if the gentleman will yield further, first of all I appreciate that help; but, second, I do not believe it has anything to do with the point at hand.

If we erred once by putting one group under this abominable Commission I do not know why we should repeat the same Frankenstein-like error in the blessed name of comparability.

I am prepared to admit that a ceiling of \$22,000 or whatever it is at the present time, is too low, and they certainly should have cost-of-living increases. I, for one, have not heard from any of my magistrates that they are unhappy with their service.

I do notice that over and above what was promised in the report of September 18, 1968, and contrary to the statement made by the chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary yesterday, we have

many more permanent magistrates and many more part-time magistrates than was planned at that time.

So I would make a plea that we not commit another error but that we simply remove the ceiling and allow the necessary increases under the control of the Congress where all pay raises should be controlled, and preferably with the recommendation not only of the Committee on the Judiciary and its subcommittees but those of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I thank the gentleman for his contribution.

I made the same search for precedents, and I do thank the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. KEATING) for pointing out to the committee where it originated.

Mr. KEATING. Will the gentleman yield for 10 or 15 seconds?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I yield to the gentleman from Ohio.

Mr. KEATING. There was some comment made about hearing from judges or magistrates. During the consideration of this legislation Judge David Porter of the southern district of Ohio wrote to me and said:

We are having good success with our magistrate set-up and are fortunate in the appointment of Perleman, who is a magistrate in that area. He has a good head, and we are already feeling the benefit of his good services. The professional demands on our magistrate will be as much or greater than those on the referees.

Judge Timothy Hogan of the southern district wrote to me and said:

Here in Cincinnati as a practical matter a magistrate is a third district judge, and I am sure this is true in a great many places.

I thought I would like to offer those comments at this time in view of what preceded this.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I thank the gentleman.

At the hearings we had no opposition to the bill. We have not received one letter in opposition to the bill. The Judiciary is in unanimous approval, to the best of my knowledge.

Mr. Chairman, as I was saying, there is a problem of morale with the magistrate system, a system that was set up by the Congress 2 years ago and which we feel is very important to the proper operation of the Federal judiciary.

These are a fine group of men, and they are dedicated public officials. We have had no resignations, although I could suggest that there might be some in the future in the event that this inequity is not rectified, because the magistrates preside at judicial hearings where often the hearing officers themselves get more pay than the magistrates. Most hearing officers are commonly GS-16's and the GS-16 pay scale is from \$29,678 to \$36,000. I point out to the committee that the U.S. attorneys pay scale runs from \$28,000 to \$38,000 a year.

Mr. Chairman, I think the bill is fair. It is supported by the Judicial Conference of the United States and, indeed, the entire Federal judiciary system, and I urge the approval of the bill.

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, I yield myself 10 minutes.

Mr. Chairman, I strongly support the

enactment of H.R. 7375 as amended by the Committee on the Judiciary, because I am in complete accord with the bill's premise that the position of U.S. magistrate should be considered fully as vital and significant a component of our Federal judicial system as the referee in bankruptcy, and should be compensated accordingly.

I make this judgment having had the opportunity to serve on the Commission on the Bankruptcy Laws of the United States as well as on the subcommittee which held hearings both on this bill and on the creation of the magistrate system itself in 1968. My view that the two positions are equivalent is shared not only by the subcommittee, but by the Judicial Conference of the United States and, I am convinced, it was the view of Congress as a whole in enacting the Federal Magistrates Act 4 years ago.

A thorough congressional examination of the functioning of the old U.S. commissioner system began in the other body in December 1965. This investigation revealed serious shortcomings in the commissioner system and spotlighted the need for upgrading both the standards and the responsibilities of the Federal judicial officers serving below the district judge level.

The culmination of this reform effort was the passage of the Federal Magistrates Act in 1968. As stated in House Report No. 1629, the principal purposes of the act were to "increase the overall efficiency of the Federal judiciary," to provide "a higher standard of justice at the point where many individuals first come into contact with the courts," and "to cull from the ever-growing workload of the U.S. district court matters that are more desirably performed by the lower tier of judicial officers."

In keeping with those purposes, it was provided that magistrates would serve for definite terms of 8 years for full-time magistrates and 4 years for part-time magistrates; that they would be paid regular salaries, rather than be compensated on a fee basis; that they would receive periodic training, both introductory and follow-up, under the auspices of the Federal Judicial Center; and that they would have to be attorneys, except in extraordinary circumstances.

Federal magistrates can be assigned a number of duties which the former U.S. commissioners could not perform, the most important of which is the trial and sentencing of persons accused of minor offenses punishable by as much as 1 year in jail or a fine of \$1,000, provided the defendant agrees to be tried by a magistrate.

Mr. Chairman, I submit that sentencing a man to 12 months in jail is an important matter. Deciding whether to issue a search warrant, or an arrest warrant, is an important matter. Setting the conditions of pretrial release is an important matter. These are judicial decisions which can be of critical importance to the individual or the government in a particular case. The Federal Magistrates Act was designed to assure that the men and women who make such decisions are people of sound judgment and discretion who have an intimate knowledge of the

Constitution and laws of the United States.

The clearest evidence that Congress in 1968 intended to create a new class of Federal judicial officers of equal rank to the referees in bankruptcy can be found in the salary ceilings prescribed at that time: \$22,500 per year for full-time magistrates, and \$11,000 per year for part-time magistrates. During the entire time that Congress was studying reform of the commissioner system, up to and including the time of enactment of the Federal Magistrates Act, these figures were the actual ceilings on salaries payable to full-time and part-time referees-in-bankruptcy. I do not believe that it was mere coincidence that they were chosen to serve also as the ceilings on magistrates' salaries.

The present wide discrepancy between referees' and magistrates' salaries did not result from a conscious decision by Congress to "demote" the magistrates, but from a simple legislative oversight which we have been slow to correct.

In December 1967, after a bill establishing a Federal magistrate system had passed the other body but had not yet passed the House, the act creating the Commission on Executive, Legislative, and Judicial salaries was approved. The referees in bankruptcy were among the classes of judicial officers whose salaries were to be reviewed by the Commission and adjusted by the President without further congressional action. Naturally, the yet-to-be-created post of Federal magistrate was not so listed. In January 1969, the ceilings on salaries of full-time and part-time referees were raised to their present levels of \$36,000 and \$18,000 per year, respectively.

Since that time, the Judicial Conference of the United States, which is composed mostly of Federal district and circuit judges and is chaired by the Chief Justice of the United States, has on several occasions voiced its support for legislation to bring back into line the salaries of referees and magistrates. The report of the proceedings of the Judicial Conference for October 1971, for example, contains at page 66 the statement:

The Conference reaffirmed its prior position that the salaries of full-time magistrates and full-time referees-in-bankruptcy should be on a parity.

If there were any doubt as to the equivalency of referees and magistrates within the Federal judicial framework, this continuing assessment by the judges who oversee the work of both classes of officers should dispel it.

Mr. Chairman, I think it is important to clarify what the effects of enacting H.R. 7375 will be. While it is true that the legal limit on full-time referees' salaries is \$36,000, it is the Judicial Conference which must fix the actual salary of each referee. The same is true as to magistrates. Since 1969, the Judicial Conference has consistently imposed an actual ceiling on full-time referees' salaries which is considerably lower than the ceiling authorized by the Salary Commission.

At its October 1971, meeting, the Judicial Conference approved a new ceiling of \$32,000 for full-time referees, and

also voted to apply the same ceiling to full-time magistrates, if Congress passes legislation like H.R. 7375 raising the legal limit on such salaries.

With respect to full-time magistrates, therefore, we are actually talking about a raise from \$22,500 per year to \$32,000—not \$36,000—in the foreseeable future.

I do not contend that such a hike in pay is negligible; to the contrary, it is substantial. But we must take such a step in order to effectuate the sound policy of parity between referees and magistrates embodied in the original Federal Magistrates Act and from which there is no good cause to retreat.

Mr. Chairman, it is often said that in the marketplace, "you get what you pay for and you pay for what you get." This is as true for legal talent as for any other valuable commodity. We cannot, consistently with the purposes of the Federal Magistrates Act, continue to allow the economic attractiveness of the position of U.S. magistrate to diminish, either in absolute or relative terms. The Director of the Administrative Office of U.S. Courts testified at the hearings which were held on this bill that judges in some parts of the country had already encountered some difficulty in filling full-time magistrate positions because the salary offered has become less competitive in the 4 years since the present ceiling was first imposed. On the other hand, we should not be insensitive to the predicament of those magistrates who agreed to assume their positions upon well-founded assurance by their district judges that magistrates' salaries would probably shortly be brought back into line with those of referees by Congress.

I do not lightly ask the House to approve H.R. 7375, for I did not readily come to support it myself. I am convinced, however, that any effort which this body may make toward improving the soundness and efficiency of the administration of our Federal judicial system will be severely undercut if we do not pass this bill.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, I yield such time as he may consume to the gentleman from Missouri (Mr. HUNGATE).

Mr. HUNGATE. Mr. Chairman, I strongly support the Judiciary Committee's recommendation that H.R. 7375, as amended, be approved by the Congress and signed by the President.

When the 90th Congress passed Public Law 90-578 and established the magistrate system, it was our intent that a magistrate and a bankruptcy referee be equally compensated. Because magistrates were not in office at the time the Commission on Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Salaries was established, magistrates' salaries were not subject to the Commission's recommendations which raised the ceiling on bankruptcy referees' salaries to \$36,000 a year. As a result, full-time bankruptcy referees presently receive almost \$10,000 a year more than full-time magistrates.

Aside from congressional intent, the present statutory ceiling creates an absurd situation by prohibiting a magistrate from receiving compensation which is commensurate with his responsibilities or

comparable to that of other attorneys employed by the Federal Government. For example, the most common salary grade for a hearing examiner in the executive branch is GS-\$29,678 to \$36,000; and U.S. attorneys earn from \$28,000 to \$38,000 per year depending on the size of their judicial district. Although a magistrate is often called upon to review finding of one of these hearing examiners or to decide an issue argued by a U.S. attorney, he is limited by statute today to a considerably lower salary than either of these Federal employees.

Mr. Chairman, in passing the original Magistrate Act we sought to assist our Federal judges by establishing a new level of judicial officers who could assume many of a judge's more routine functions and thereby free Federal judges for more complex matters. Members of the Judiciary Committee believe that magistrates are performing admirably. Their duties include issuing warrants, conducting pretrial conferences and hearing minor criminal cases. They are diligently carrying out the responsibilities we have assigned, but we are not compensating them fairly for a job well done.

Mr. Chairman, H.R. 7375 will remedy the present sad state of affairs. Its passage was contemplated by Congress in the original Magistrate Act. Its passage is urged by numerous Federal judges and by the Judicial Conference of the United States. Mr. Chairman, its passage is demanded by our system of justice.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, at this time I have no further requests for time.

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, I yield 5 minutes to the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. McCLODY).

Mr. McCLODY. Mr. Chairman, I rise in support of H.R. 7375, a bill to impose the same statutory ceilings on salaries of U.S. magistrates as are imposed on salaries of referees in bankruptcy.

Mr. Chairman, when the 90th Congress enacted the Federal Magistrates Act of 1968, it made an important improvement in the administration of justice in U.S. district courts. The 88 men and women now serving as full-time magistrates, and the 470 individuals serving in part-time capacities, are performing a vital task in freeing district court judges to devote their time to more complex duties. These magistrates try persons accused of violating Federal penal statutes and may sentence persons convicted of crimes to terms of imprisonment up to 1 year and assess fines up to \$1,000. They may decide, or make recommendations regarding the decision to be entered, in a variety of pretrial matters arising in civil and criminal cases. They may issue search and arrest warrants, conduct bail hearings, screen prisoner petitions, and make postindictment arraignments in criminal cases.

Mr. Chairman, U.S. magistrates perform a function analogous to Federal referees in bankruptcy. When we enacted the Magistrates Act 4 years ago, we modeled it in large part after the Bankruptcy Referees Salary and Expense Act of 1946, indicating our intention to pay magistrates and referees equivalent

salaries. Subsequently, salaries of referees in bankruptcy were brought under the coverage of the Commission on Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Salaries. The Commission recommended that the ceiling for a referee's salary be raised from \$22,500 to \$36,000—and the Judicial Conference of the United States accepted this recommendation. But magistrates were not yet in office, so their salaries were not covered by the Commission's report. Although we in the Congress had intended that they rise in parity with referees' salaries, they remained at \$22,500.

Mr. Chairman, the result of this conjunction of circumstances is that while magistrates perform a role similar in function and responsibility to that of referees in bankruptcies, they are paid considerably less. This situation is not only inequitable, but also would have unfortunate ramifications for our judicial system if we were to allow it to continue. Judge John P. Fullam of the U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania testified before my Judiciary Subcommittee No. 4 on H.R. 7375. He said:

I think obviously you could always get somebody who would meet the statutory qualifications to take a job as full-time magistrate for \$22,500, but what you would get, it seems to me in the long run, would be lawyers who would take the job for a year or two as an upward step or a beginning step in their legal career.

In my view, there is a big difference between the practice of law and the judicial function . . . The (magistrates) system would work best if we can get people who will take these positions on a permanent commission sort of thing, and I don't think you could get the right kind of people in the long run to take these positions at these salaries on a permanent basis.

Chief Judge Edwin A. Robson of my own U.S. District Court for the Northern District of Illinois has written to me that the danger to the magistrates system is imminent. Judge Robson says:

If the legislation is not adopted, our judges fear that we will not be able to retain our present magistrates. It is our considered opinion that we have been very fortunate in being able to obtain the services of the very competent magistrates, and unless they receive some assurance that their salaries will soon be adjusted, we fear that we would lose their services. This would be a difficult situation to remedy.

Mr. Chairman, if U.S. district courts are to continue to administer justice well—if they are not to fall even further behind on their calendars—we in the Congress shall have only one real alternative to reestablishing parity of salaries between magistrates and bankruptcy referees. That alternative is to increase the number of district court judges. To my mind, Mr. Chairman, that would be most unwise course of action. In terms of the Federal budget, it would be expensive. According to the Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts, the annual cost of maintaining a district judge in office is in excess of \$126,000—but the annual cost of maintaining a full-time magistrate, even with the salary increase proposed in this bill, would be only \$60,000. More important, in terms of the quality of men serving on the bench, this

alternative would mean that each judge's day would be more filled with the work now performed by subordinates, and this might dissuade some of our best lawyers from accepting Federal judgeships.

Mr. Chairman, there is a simple way in which we can correct an untended inequity for which the Congress is responsible, and at the same time the necessity of creating additional Federal judgeships: I urge support of H.R. 7375.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, I yield 5 minutes to the distinguished majority leader, the gentleman from Louisiana (Mr. Boggs).

Mr. BOGGS. Mr. Chairman, I rise in support of H.R. 7375, which, as amended, is a bill to establish the same statutory ceiling on salaries of U.S. magistrates as are imposed on the salaries of referees in bankruptcy. This measure has been recommended by the Judicial Conference and has the strong support of the Chief Justice of the United States.

Mr. Chairman, Public Law 90-578, which established the magistrate program, enjoyed strong bipartisan support both in the Judiciary Committee, where it originated, and on the floor of the House of Representatives. The magistrate program has been in operation for over a year, and it has lost none of this bipartisan support. The amended bill comes to the floor with enthusiastic committee support from both sides of the aisle.

The Magistrate Act was intended to relieve the work load of this Federal district courts and to upgrade the position of U.S. commissioner, which served as the first echelon of judicial officers. We have all seen that the objectives of the Magistrate Act are being achieved and we are aware of the numerous ways in which U.S. magistrates have contributed to the improvement of our judicial system.

Since the passage of the Magistrate Act in the 90th Congress, we have much to our distress, noted increased delays in our system of justice. Obviously, these problems would have been considerably more severe had Federal judges not had the benefit of the services of competent, well-qualified magistrates.

Mr. Chairman, when Congress passed the Magistrate Act, it intended parity between the salaries of bankruptcy referees and magistrates. One Federal judge stated in testimony on H.R. 7375 before the Judiciary Committee—

There is simply no basis on which to justify the inequity between the salaries paid to U.S. magistrates and referees in bankruptcy.

I agree, Mr. Chairman, and feel that at a time when our courts are facing an ever-increasing burden of litigation, we should be assisting them in every way possible. I strongly urge support of this bill.

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, I yield 5 minutes to the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE).

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Chairman, I thank the gentleman for yielding. At the very outset I want to make it clear that I am not opposed to an increase, and a very substantial increase, in salaries for Federal magistrates. From most reports many of these newly created officials,

who were not authorized until the fall of 1968, are performing well, and the positions should certainly carry with them salaries which are sufficient to attract capable men. However, I do feel that the increase in their salary ceiling should be held to reasonable limits. I do not see how anyone in this chamber could stand up and contend that the committee bill is reasonable when it increases the ceiling 60 percent in one fell swoop. That is a whopper of an increase which, in my humble judgment, is very unreasonable, unfair, and unwise. It is the kind of runaway increase in Government spending which this Congress should be putting the brakes on. It is a 60 percent increase to go from the present \$22,500 ceiling to a \$36,000 ceiling.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield at that point?

Mr. MAYNE. I am happy to yield to the gentleman from California.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Will the gentleman concede that there is a built-in limitation at present? There is an administrative ceiling on the salaries of referees and that would also be imposed on the salaries of magistrates, in that the Judicial Conference of the United States must still establish the salaries within the ceiling. The gentleman does not think for a moment that the Judicial Conference would bring the salaries of subordinate judiciary officers within 90 percent of a District judge, does the gentleman?

Mr. MAYNE. I would not concede for a moment that this Congress should abdicate its responsibility with reference to the fixing of salaries of Federal officials under the Constitution. I will say that the Judicial Conference, for whom I have the greatest respect, and I do not criticize them for it, have gone to the present maximum statutory ceiling on the position of magistrate, and while I would want to share the gentleman's confidence that they would not immediately go to the maximum if we passed this law, I do not think that we should leave it up to them to make that decision. Not when it would mean putting it within their power to put a magistrate at 90 percent of a Federal judge's salary and give that magistrate a 60 percent increase.

It seems to me this is a responsibility we in the Congress have ourselves which we should not shirk.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. The gentleman's real problem is with the President's Commission on Salaries, is that not correct, since it was the Commission that established a ceiling for referees at \$36,000?

Mr. MAYNE. No, as I understand it, the referees are now receiving \$30,000, which is the amount which the amendment which I and some of my colleagues on the committee will offer proposes as the ceiling for magistrates. There were reports that the referees' salaries had actually been increased but this is only tentative. I understand the Judicial Conference is waiting to see what we do on this bill before taking any final action.

The referees' salary is still \$30,000, and I want to compliment the Judicial Conference on recognizing that this Con-

gress should have some oversight over Federal salaries, and I compliment them for waiting to see what this Chamber does today and what the other body does.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Can the gentleman point out anywhere else in the federal system where the idea of the gentleman's amendment applies—fixing one salary as a percentage of another salary where the work is, in fact, not the same?

Mr. MAYNE. I would say to the gentleman that this is a unique situation in that the position of magistrate, about which we are talking, is a servant of the district court.

It is definite public policy not to have the servant receive as much pay or substantially as much as the master.

I would be glad to yield further if there is sufficient time and if the gentleman from California will be in a position to extend some time. I certainly do not want to cut off the distinguished gentleman.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, I will be glad to yield time at the gentleman's request, because I think the colloquy is valuable.

So the gentleman from Iowa must also object to the ceiling set by the President's Commission on Salaries of \$36,000 for a referee in bankruptcy.

Mr. MAYNE. No; I do not.

The CHAIRMAN. The time of the gentleman from Iowa has expired.

Mr. EDWARDS of California, I yield the gentleman from Iowa 5 minutes.

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Chairman, I thank the gentleman from California for yielding.

Mr. Chairman, I have no quarrel with the referees in bankruptcy. I think this is a position which has been established and proven its merit over many years. At least 30 years ago when I started to practice in the Federal courts of this country, we already had referees in bankruptcy who were well established then. But these magistrates are brand new. They were clearly conceived of and presented to the Congress as being subordinates, assistants to the district judges. It just does not make sense to raise their ceiling to \$36,000 when the judges receive only \$40,000.

I think a 33 1/3-percent increase in ceiling should be very acceptable and adequate from the magistrates' point of view. And that is what we will propose in an amendment.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, I thank the gentleman.

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Chairman, I would say while my good friend, the gentleman from California (Mr. WIGGINS) has talked about the importance of the magistrate's position—and I agree that it is an important position, any Federal position is an important position—surely my friend did not mean to indicate that he would equate or even approximate an equation of a magistrate with a U.S. district judge, one of the most prestigious and powerful positions in this land. While the magistrates are important, they are not as important as district judges, and certainly they should not have nearly equal salaries. Certainly they should not have 90 percent or nine-tenths of the judge's salary.

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. MAYNE. I yield to the gentleman from California.

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, I think the record should be clear and Members should have no misunderstanding as to the facts.

The fact is that the referee is also a subordinate officer, answerable to the district judge, and the referee's decisions are reviewable by the judge.

It is also a fact that the referees, the subordinate officers, are authorized \$36,000 now under the law.

It is a fact they are now being paid \$30,000.

It is a final fact that this bill does not permit the magistrates to exceed the pay received by referees. In other words, they, too, would go to \$30,000, although the authority, identically with the referees, would go to \$36,000.

So those facts, I think, should be before this Congress when it acts on the legislation.

Mr. MAYNE. I believe I said—and I hope the gentleman will correct me if I am wrong—either he or one other proponent of the committee bill said it was contemplated to put the magistrates at \$32,000 immediately if this bill passes. Am I not correct?

Mr. WIGGINS. If the gentleman will yield further, I would like that to be clear. The Judicial Conference has indicated an intention to move the referees from \$30,000, and the Judicial Conference has indicated a tentative intention to pay the referees \$32,000, and the Judicial Conference has indicated a firm intention, if this bill passes, to keep the referees and the magistrates together.

Mr. MAYNE. When the Office of the Magistrate was created as recently as the fall of 1968, Congress set the salary ceiling at a figure which was 75 percent of the \$30,000 pay received by district judges at that time. Seventy-five percent of \$30,000 is \$22,500. There is no question under the Constitution or under the Magistrates' Act that these magistrates were clearly conceived of and presented to the Congress as assistants to and subordinates to district judges. I would like to recall the language of the distinguished gentleman from Virginia (Mr. POFF) during the debate on that magistrates' bill in his House on September 18, 1968—and this is to be found at page 8908 of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

He said:

In S. 945 the Congress is by law vesting the appointment of U.S. magistrates, "such inferior officers, as the Congress thinks proper" in "the courts of law." * * * it is proper to create the "inferior" office of U.S. magistrate, and it is proper to vest the appointment of magistrates in the courts of law, that is, in a majority of the judges in regular active service on the U.S. District court or courts that the magistrate will serve as an "inferior" officer.

Mr. Chairman, it simply does not make sense to enact legislation which establishes a ceiling for such an inferior officer—

The CHAIRMAN. The time of the gentleman from Iowa has expired.

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, I yield the gentleman 1 additional minute.

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Chairman, it simply does not make sense to establish a ceiling for such an inferior officer of a district court at 90 percent of the salary of the district judge himself and only \$4,000 less than the judge himself receives. To raise this ceiling to \$36,000, only \$4,000 less than a judge, would be like raising the salary of our administrative assistants to within \$4,000 of a Congressman's salary.

That is what is involved here, except that the magistrate has a boss who has lifetime tenure. He does not have to count on having an employer who must be re-elected every 2 years in order for him to have the prospect of continued employment.

It has been argued that this does not necessarily mean that the salary will be increased to \$36,000, but I say again we should not abdicate that responsibility to the Judicial Conference.

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, I have no further requests for time.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, I have no further requests for time.

The CHAIRMAN. The Clerk will read. The Clerk read as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the first sentence of subsection (a) of section 634 of title 28, United States Code, is amended to read as follows:

"Officers appointed under this chapter shall receive as full compensation for their services salaries to be fixed by the conference, except that the salary of a part-time United States magistrate shall not be less than \$100 per annum."

With the following committee amendment:

On page 1, lines 5 through 8: strike out all of lines 5 through 8 and insert in lieu thereof the following:

"Officers appointed under this chapter shall receive as full compensation for their services salaries to be fixed by the conference pursuant to section 633 of this title, at rates for full-time and part-time U.S. magistrates not to exceed the rates now or hereafter provided for full-time and part-time referees in bankruptcy, respectively, referred to in section 40a of the Bankruptcy Act (11 U.S.C. 68(a)), as amended, except that the salary of a part-time U.S. magistrate shall not be less than \$100 per annum."

AMENDMENT OFFERED BY MR. MAYNE TO THE COMMITTEE AMENDMENT

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Chairman, I offer an amendment to the committee amendment.

The Clerk read as follows:

Amendment offered by Mr. MAYNE to the committee amendment:

Page 2, line 6, insert immediately after "per annum" the following: ", and except that the salary of a full-time United States magistrate shall not exceed 75 percent of the salary now or hereafter provided for a judge of a district court of the United States referred to in section 135 of title 28 of the United States Code".

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Chairman, I make the point of order that a quorum is not present.

The CHAIRMAN. Evidently a quorum is not present. The Clerk will call the roll.

The Clerk called the roll, and the following Members failed to answer to their names:

[Roll No. 154]

Abbott	Frelinghuysen	Mitchell
Abernethy	Galifianakis	Montgomery
Abourezk	Gallagher	Murphy, N.Y.
Abzug	Garmatz	Nix
Addabbo	Gettys	Patman
Arends	Glaimo	Price, Tex.
Ashley	Goldwater	Pryor, Ark.
Badillo	Green, Pa.	Randall
Belcher	Hagan	Rees
Blaggi	Harrington	Reuss
Blackburn	Hawkins	Rodino
Blanton	Horton	Rooney, N.Y.
Bow	Howard	Rooney, Pa.
Buchanan	Jonas	Rostenkowski
Burke, Fla.	Jones, N.C.	Rousselot
Carey, N.Y.	Karth	Ruppe
Celler	Kyl	Sarbanes
Chisholm	Link	Scheuer
Clark	Long, La.	Schmitz
Clay	Long, Md.	Schwengel
Conyers	Lujan	Springer
Daniels, N.J.	McCormack	Steiger, Ariz.
de la Garza	McDonald,	Stubblefield
Denholm	Mich.	Thompson, N.J.
Diggs	McEwen	Vander Jagt
Dowdy	McKay	Williams
Dulski	McKevitt	Wilson,
Eshleman	Macdonald,	Charles H.
Evins, Tenn.	Mass.	Wright
Fish	Miller, Calif.	Wylder
Fisher	Minish	
Fraser	Minshall	

Accordingly, the Committee rose; and the Speaker having resumed the chair, Mr. FUQUA, Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, reported that that Committee, having had under consideration the bill H.R. 7375, and finding itself without a quorum, he had directed the roll to be called, when 340 Members responded to their names, a quorum, and he submitted herewith the names of the absentees to be spread upon the Journal.

The Committee resumed its sitting.

The CHAIRMAN. When the point of order was sustained that a quorum was not present the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE) had offered an amendment to the committee amendment. The gentleman from Iowa is recognized for 5 minutes in support of his amendment to the committee amendment.

Mr. MAYNE. Mr. Chairman, this amendment will allow a reasonable increase to U.S. magistrates. It will raise the ceiling on their salaries 33 1/2 percent. That is a very hefty increase by anybody's standards, from \$22,500 which they are presently paid to \$30,000, a \$7,500 increase.

The Members of the Judiciary Committee who sent Members the "Dear Colleague" letter yesterday and who are supporting this amendment feel that the committee bill, which permits a 60-percent increase in the ceiling for salaries of U.S. magistrates, is unreasonable and should be defeated if not reduced by adoption of this amendment.

These U.S. magistrates are relatively new officials. They were not created until the fall of 1968. It was presented to the Members of Congress at that time that they were to be subordinate officers of the U.S. district courts. They are not appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. They are appointed by the district judges themselves and answerable to the district judges.

They are, as they were described in the debate in 1968, intended to be subordinate officers to the district judges to whom they report. They can only try minor offenses and even then only when

the defendant does not insist that a district judge try the case. They report to and make recommendations to the district judge.

They were at all times to be considered to be assistants to the judges, not equals or comparable to them in prestige, power, authority, or certainly salary; yet the committee bill would raise their salary ceiling to 90 percent of a Federal judge's salary. That would be like having one of your administrative assistants getting 90 percent as much as a Congressman's salary. The committee bill would put the magistrates' ceiling at only \$4,000 less than a district judge receives.

To allow the committee bill to go through without this amendment will be to throw the comparability of Federal judges' salaries way out of whack. It will also put great pressure on the State judicial systems, because the \$36,000 which the committee bill would authorize as a ceiling for U.S. magistrates is more than all but five States in this country pay to their highest State court judges.

There are only five States—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, California, and Illinois—that pay as much as \$36,000 to their highest judges. Enactment of the committee bill will create dissatisfaction in the State judiciary, and it is just not fair or reasonable to go to 90 percent of a Federal judge's salary for these new magistrates. They perform important functions, but they are not judges and should not receive substantially as much pay as judges.

This is the kind of runaway spending that this Congress should do something about. Certainly a 33 1/2-percent increase, which our amendment now before you provides for, is fair and adequate. I sincerely urge the support of all my colleagues in support of this amendment so that we can have a reasonable increase for these magistrates and not an exorbitant and ridiculous one. I believe adoption of my amendment is necessary before the bill will have any real chance of carrying on final passage.

Mr. DICKINSON. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. MAYNE. I will be happy to yield to the gentleman from Alabama.

Mr. DICKINSON. I wonder if the gentleman could give us some idea as to the amount of time that magistrates spend in their duties.

Mr. MAYNE. I am talking about full-time magistrates who receive the \$22,500 now and who would be authorized to receive \$36,000 under the committee bill and \$30,000 under the Mayne amendment. They devote full time to their duties.

Mr. DICKINSON. I understand that, but I was wondering if the gentleman could give the House some idea as to the total amount of time they spend. Are they, as judges are, sitting continuously, or do they have a great deal of time off or serve just when there is business before them? I wonder if you have any information along that line.

Mr. MAYNE. I do not want to derogate the fine service being performed by many magistrates. I understand the reports show a good many of them are doing an excellent job. But they are very new, and

it is still largely an untested position. The position was not created and the act did not go into effect until 1968. I do not think it is reasonable that they should be brought along so fast as to have the ceiling on their salaries raised 60 percent at one time as the committee bill proposes. I urge all Members to vote "aye" on the Mayne amendment.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, I rise in opposition to the amendment to the committee amendment.

Mr. Chairman, I rise in opposition to the amendment offered by the gentleman from Iowa. This amendment was not brought up in three separate executive sessions of the Committee on the Judiciary. It has never been brought up or discussed by the Judicial Conference of the United States. I suggest it is not a very good way of legislating to bring up such an amendment without consideration either by the Committee on the Judiciary or by the Judicial Conference of the United States.

Also, Mr. Chairman, I would like also to say that the gentleman's amendment, if enacted, would be without precedent. There is no other judicial employee that has a salary fixed by this type of formula. Under the amendment a magistrate can only get a certain percentage of what somebody else gets. There is no precedent for that at all, to my knowledge, in the entire Federal salary structure.

The purpose of this bill and the purpose of the bill that came to us from the Judicial Conference of the United States is to tie the magistrate salary to the referee salary. That is all this bill does. If this amendment prevails, it would damage this intent, because it would take the magistrate salary and tie the magistrate salary not to the referee salary, which is the purpose of the bill, but to the salary of the Federal judge.

The Judicial Conference of the United States, believe me, is not going to set a salary of a magistrate or of a referee in bankruptcy so close to the salary of a district judge as to make the district judge dissatisfied. Indeed, the district judges of the United States are in unanimous support of the bill as it is being presented to you today.

Mr. BOGGS. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I am glad to yield to the majority leader.

Mr. BOGGS. I missed a part of the gentleman's statement, but was this amendment considered in the committee?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. This amendment was not considered in the three executive sessions of the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. BOGGS. So, that the very persuasive argument that the gentleman is making is the fact that the amendment was not even discussed in the committee and the gentleman had no opportunity to discuss the amendment before the full committee?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. No. I regret that the amendment was not brought up before the full Judiciary Committee and that we did not have an opportunity to discuss it.

Mr. BOGGS. And, is it not a fact that, if this amendment were adopted, it would be the only such formula in existence in the entire judicial system?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. To my knowledge, in answer to the gentleman from Louisiana, I can think of no area in the Federal salary structure where such a formula is being used.

Mr. BOGGS. I think the gentleman from California has made a very fine statement and I shall oppose the amendment.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Yes, I yield to the gentleman from Iowa.

Mr. GROSS. Since when did it become a matter of absolute necessity that every amendment to a bill be cleared by a committee? There is nothing complex or complicated about this amendment. Since when?

Amendments are offered by the dozens to various bills on the floor of the House.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. In answer to the gentleman, I certainly am not objecting to the offering of amendments on the floor, but I would point out to the membership of the committees that this particular amendment, a very important amendment, was not considered important enough to be brought before the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. DENT. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania.

Mr. DENT. I intend to support the committee amendment.

However, it appears that full committee action does not carry much strength in the House because just a few days ago we voted a substitute which was a complete change of the original bill which was brought out by the Committee on Education and Labor. However, that was all right, if that was the will of the House. I support the committee amendment although I recognize the fact that the gentleman has a right to offer his amendment. I recall when we were talking about a raise of \$800 a year this House insisted upon cutting it down to 10 cents an hour and now you are talking about a raise that is so great. However, I believe in paying for the work done, and if that work is done by the magistrates they ought to be paid as the individual worker ought to be paid. Let us hope that the next time that the raise for the individual worker will go over 10 cents an hour.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. The gentleman's point is well taken.

Mr. DENNIS. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. EDWARDS of California. I yield to the gentleman from Indiana.

Mr. DENNIS. The gentleman, of course, is quite correct when he says that no amendment such as this was offered in the committee. However, I am sure the gentleman would not wish to give the impression, or disagree with me when I say that the idea of this amendment was discussed in the committee. We did talk about it and several Members at that time expressed their points of view to the effect that something of this kind should be put in the bill.

I think the gentleman will agree to that statement.

Mr. EDWARDS of California. The gentleman, of course, is correct. There was a lively discussion at three sessions of the Judiciary Committee about this as well as other problems.

The CHAIRMAN. The time of the gentleman from California has expired.

(By unanimous consent, Mr. EDWARDS of California was allowed to proceed for 1 additional minute.)

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Chairman, I think that it is going to be a mistake if we do not tie the referees and magistrates salaries together. They are both subordinate judicial officials appointed by the district judges. Both the salaries of the referees and the magistrates are fixed by the Judicial Conference of the United States.

Mr. Chairman, the last point I want to make is that a vote for this amendment to the committee amendment is not an economy vote.

The practical effect of this amendment would be that whenever the salary of a district judge would be raised automatically from a practical standpoint the salary of a magistrate would be raised and I do not think that is entirely appropriate.

Mr. Chairman, I conclude my remarks by pointing out again the fact that this bill came to us from the Judicial Conference with the strong recommendation of the Chief Justice of the United States and, indeed, all of the Federal Judiciary.

Mr. Chairman, I urge a "no" vote on the amendment to the committee amendment.

Mr. HUTCHINSON. Mr. Chairman, I rise in support of the amendment offered by the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE) to the committee amendment.

Mr. Chairman, I think that the House has a policy decision to make, and one which I have every reason to believe will be respected by the Judicial Conference. On the one hand, the bill as reported by the committee, although not as originally introduced, ties the salaries of the magistrates to the salaries of the referees in bankruptcy. And on the other hand the amendment offered by the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE) to the committee amendment would in effect tie the salary of the magistrates to a percentage of the salaries of the district judges. Both of those are valid concepts, it seems to me. But I am impressed with the fact that it is important that we maintain a proper spread in our salary system between different offices. It does not make very good sense to me to permit a magistrate's salary to rise to within 10 percent of the salary of the Federal judges.

Now, maybe the fault was the fault of the President's Salary Commission which met 4 years ago. I would criticize that Commission's decision that a referee in bankruptcy should have a salary of \$36,000, while a Federal judge receives only \$40,000. I do not think that was a good decision. I think that the Congress of the United States can make a policy decision along those lines which hopefully the President's Commission, which will be meeting this year or next, will

respect, and one that we certainly hope the Judicial Conference will respect.

I think that we should adopt the amendment offered the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE) today, providing that these magistrates should not receive more than 75 percent of the salary of a district judge, and I believe that the Judicial Conference would hold the salaries of the referees to 75 percent of the salary of the Federal judges. That makes good sense to me, and I think it would be good congressional policy.

So, Mr. Chairman, I hope that the amendment offered by the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE) to the committee amendment, will be adopted.

Mr. JACOBS. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike the requisite number of words.

Mr. Chairman, I am interested in the remarks of the preceding speaker, and I would like to propound a question to the gentleman from Michigan (Mr. HUTCHINSON) as to whether he would favor our committee bringing out a bill in short order to require by statute a 75-percent limit on the salaries of the referees in bankruptcy as well as those of the magistrates?

Mr. HUTCHINSON. Mr. Chairman, if the gentleman will yield, my answer is that I would be.

Mr. JACOBS. Mr. Chairman, I would like to join with the gentleman from Michigan in that effort.

Further, Mr. Chairman, I would like to point out just for the consideration of the Committee here today that there is one additional rather serious injustice, I think, to the taxpayers in the entire Federal salary schedules of most Federal officers throughout the United States, and that is it takes more money to buy a bowl of soup in New York City than it does to buy one in Bean Blossom, Ind. I think we have come to the place where we should begin to think in terms of the prevailing cost of living in the various regions of the United States. If a Federal judge in an area where the cost of living is relatively low receives \$40,000 a year in salary, and a Federal judge, let us say, who lives in New York City where the cost of living is considerably higher, receives the same \$40,000 salary, then somebody is being overpaid or somebody is being underpaid now, because it is wrong. They both should be paid the same salary.

So I would hope that in considering Federal offices, Federal judicial officers, that our committee in fairly rapid order would consider this factor as well as the factor regarding the relative differences between the Federal judge's salaries and the salaries of the magistrates or the referees in bankruptcy.

Mr. Chairman, I yield back the balance of my time.

Mr. DENNIS. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word.

Mr. Chairman, I rise briefly in support of the amendment offered by the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE). In my view of the matter, both a Federal referee in bankruptcy and a Federal magistrate are important officials and both of them are, and should be, subordinate to a U.S. district judge.

I favor the principle of comparability

between them. As a matter of fact, at the present time the ceiling set for a referee, and the most a referee is actually getting, is \$30,000 or 75 percent of the salary of the district court judge, although the law would provide a possibility, as it now stands, of going higher.

Under this amendment, the ceiling for a magistrate under the Mayne amendment will likewise be \$30,000 or 75 percent of the salary of the district court judge; so you get practical comparability between the two, in fact and in practice, by adopting this amendment.

I would agree with the gentleman from Michigan and my colleague, the gentleman from Indiana, that it would be well to set the referee's ceiling at 75 percent of the district judge's salary by statute in subsequent legislation. But here in this bill we can do that with the magistrate, and, as a practical matter, it will take care of the referee also because that is where he is now, and I do not think they will raise the referee's salary if we hold the magistrate to the \$30,000 level.

So, in effect, we are holding them both at 75 percent of the salary of the district judge, if we adopt this amendment. It seems to me that is a sound thing to do. 75 percent of what a district judge draws is enough for a referee, and it is enough for a magistrate, and that is where we set the magistrate by this amendment offered by the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE).

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word and rise in opposition to the amendment.

Mr. Chairman, I will speak only briefly, but I do not want to indicate my opposition to the Mayne amendment.

Everyone knows, I believe, what it does. Quite simply, it establishes a maximum 75 percent relationship between the salary of the magistrate and the U.S. district court judges.

I do not oppose the concept of an orderly relationship between the two. But the question is—should it be 75 percent in the case of magistrates, but potentially as high as 90 percent in the case of referees?

The answer to that is—"No."

Congress addressed itself to the question of the relationship between the salaries of referees and judges nearly 4 years ago. We answered that by granting the authority to pay referees \$36,000 by failing to interpose any objection to that ceiling when it was submitted to Congress by the President early in 1969 pursuant to the recommendations of the Presidential Salary Commission. The Presidential Salary Commission, of course, was created by an act of Congress. Our tacit adoption of its recommendations was likewise an "act" of Congress. To limit magistrates to \$30,000 but permit referees to move to \$36,000 is to tolerate a disparity between them, when their responsibilities are comparable. That, I suggest ladies and gentlemen, is not fair.

It is ironic that we should still today be thinking of perpetuating an injustice in the judicial system. To those of you who may feel that it is offensive to pay a magistrate—a lesser judicial officer—the sum of even \$30,000, just bear these facts in mind.

We customarily pay the chief counsel on committees of this Congress \$36,000. We pay U.S. attorneys who appear before magistrates up to \$38,000 in this country. We pay most hearing examiners, who are not judges at all but who do perform a judicial function, between \$29,000 and \$36,000 a year.

Now it is wholly appropriate to talk about comparability between the Federal judges and State judges, but I would urge you gentlemen to address yourselves to the question of comparability between and among Federal officers. Where is the justice in paying a U.S. attorney \$38,000 and the very judge before whom he appears only \$30,000? There is no sense whatever to that.

I understand that this amendment is appealing. I confess that. I, too, would like to see some fairly rigid percentage relationship established between both referees and magistrates and U.S. district judges. But we will be merely perpetuating an injustice that will cause us many problems in the future if we now impose a 75-percent ceiling on magistrates while permitting referees conceivably to move up to as high as 90 percent.

I urge a "no" vote on this amendment.

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike the necessary number of words.

Mr. Chairman, what the gentleman from California (Mr. WIGGINS) and some of the other proponents of this bill are saying, in effect, is that Congress probably made a mistake in making it possible for referees to get the salaries they are now getting, so let us today compound that mistake by putting the magistrates up to the same figure. I have heard every word of the debate this afternoon, and there has been some question as to how we got this predicament in the first place as to intention of pay for these magistrates. It has now become clear that we got that way by delegating the power to the Judicial Conference to fix their salaries, and it is the Judicial Conference that has been assuring these magistrates that they are going to eat just as high on the hog as the referees. That is the situation, is it not, Mr. WIGGINS?

Mr. WIGGINS. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. GROSS. I yield to the gentleman from California.

Mr. WIGGINS. I agree. I agree that the Congress dug this hole it finds itself in when it approved the recommendations of the Executive Salary Commission. But the question now is, I say to the gentleman from Iowa, what do we do about it? The recommendation of the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE) is that we deal with it on a piecemeal basis. I would recommend to you—

Mr. GROSS. Rather than giving them a 60-percent increase in salary, let us adopt the Mayne amendment to make it 32 percent, 33½ percent, or whatever it is in that area and then move later on. I think what ought to be done is to take away the fixing of these salaries by the Judicial Conference. I oppose this business of delegating to the executive branch of Government the authority to fix the salary of every Member of the

House of Representatives, and every Member of Congress. What in the world was the majority in both the House and Senate thinking about when they delegated to the executive branch of the Government the authority to fix your salary and mine? How comfortable can we get around here by turning over to the executive branch, the President, this function? How far are we going to go in delegating control of the purse strings?

Talk about responsibility and maintaining the power to handle the purse strings. Here again today you seek to turn the purse strings over to another area of Government, the judiciary, completely out of the hands of Members of the Congress.

The Judiciary Committee ought to take some definitive action immediately to correct this situation, and Congress ought to recapture the power to fix the salaries of Members of Congress.

Mr. Chairman, I support the amendment only because it makes the committee bill less worse, but if there is not to be a final vote I want the RECORD to show that I am opposed to the bill for it is a continuation of the delegated power to the judiciary to fix salaries, a power that ought to be recaptured and retained by Congress.

The CHAIRMAN. The question is on the amendment offered by the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. MAYNE) to the committee amendment.

The question was taken; and on a division (demanded by Mr. MAYNE) there were—ayes 72, noes 23.

So the amendment to the committee amendment was agreed to.

The CHAIRMAN. The question is on the committee amendment, as amended.

The committee amendment as amended, was agreed to.

The CHAIRMAN. Under the rule, the Committee rises.

Accordingly the Committee rose; and the Speaker having resumed the chair, Mr. FURQUA, Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, reported that that Committee having had under consideration the bill (H.R. 7375) to remove the statutory ceiling on salaries payable to U.S. magistrates, pursuant to House Resolution 969, he reported the bill back to the House with an amendment adopted by the Committee of the Whole.

The SPEAKER. Under the rule, the previous question is ordered.

The question is on the amendment.

The amendment was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The question is on the engrossment and third reading of the bill.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time, and was read the third time.

The SPEAKER. The question is on the passage of the bill.

The bill was passed.

By unanimous consent, the title was amended so as to read: "A bill to amend the statutory ceiling on salaries payable to U.S. magistrates."

A motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

GENERAL LEAVE

Mr. EDWARDS of California. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have 5 legislative days in which to extend their remarks on the bill (H.R. 7375) just passed.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from California?

There was no objection.

RADICAL PROFESSORS SOW INTOLERANCE ON CAMPUS

(Mr. NELSEN asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks and include extraneous matter.)

Mr. NELSEN. Mr. Speaker, in a recent editorial in the Mankato Free Press, the newspaper's editor, Kenneth Berg, offered a thoughtful analysis of one of the causes of collegiate disenchantment with our country: Academic radicalism on the campus.

He observes:

Perhaps the clue, and indeed a tragic clue, to the attitude of almost a third of our college students lies not in their own experience but in what they hear from an intellectual elite which has abandoned fair criticism for the almost uniform polemics of vilification of country.

Having had some direct and personal encounters with the radical attitudes which Mr. Berg describes, I do believe his analysis has great merit. All of us in public life who have been subjected to these attitudes during our visits to campus communities in recent years have special reason to appreciate such an honest appraisal. I am pleased to insert the full text of his commentary in the RECORD at this point in my remarks:

RADICALIZING OF TEACHERS

About a month ago we read the results of a foundation-financed poll of college students. The results were not very startling given the context of life in this country today, but one fact—if polls do bring out facts—has been bothering us ever since.

Thirty per cent of the students interviewed told the interviewers they would rather live in another country.

Our first reaction and perhaps yours if you are over 30 was "good luck and goodbye."

But, of course, this tremendous dissatisfaction with the nation cannot be dismissed that easily. Nor can it be ascribed to the old dreams of Walden Pond and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Surely it reflects a belief that somehow America has become a sick society.

Where does this notion come from. The inequities are there—as they have been, and are, in every civilization and every nation—though a dispassionate look back shows few efforts or as much progress in overcoming these inequities as have been or are being made in this country.

Why are our college students so eager to flee a country that French sociologist Jean-Francois Revel says is the only true hope of the second world revolution—the only nation that allows dissent plus free access to information.

It would be interesting and revealing to see a similar survey of non-college youth. Would such a high percentage of them, too, want to leave and live elsewhere. Somehow, we doubt it.

Perhaps the clue, and indeed a tragic clue, to the attitude of almost a third of our college students lies not in their own experience but in what they hear from an intellectual elite which has abandoned fair criticism for the almost uniform polemics of vilification of country.

So many intellectuals have shouted that we are a genocidal society that it begins to be believable. So believable, in fact, that to argue the point is to be branded a fascist by your peers.

Far more students with a liberal bent have been influenced by the president of Yale's statement that a black radical could not receive a fair trial in this country than have been affected by the real record of justice to black radicals.

How many speakers who believe that our pluralistic society offers—and has demonstrated—great capacity for reform appear before college audiences. You need go no farther than Mankato State College's presentations to answer that one.

The real tragedy, it seems to us, may not be with those students who want to flee a sick society, but with an intellectual leadership which, confronted with an undeniable need for reform, can only coin demagogic epithets and not reasoned, and suggestive criticism.

It may lay in a faculty philosophy that has turned from tolerant, critical liberalism to one of adverse radicalism; a political stance that, while it encourages active political dissent, would deny the right of dissent from its own elite views.

Thus we find faculty-led protests against the presentation of conservative speakers on the campus and we find faculties seeking to bar the return of public servants to university jobs, not for what they have stood for but because they served a "paranoid" administration.

And off the campus we find fashionable radical-liberal book reviewers blasting a Daniel Moynihan because not always have his views confirmed to radical clichés.

It is an over-simplification, of course. But just perhaps the sickness of our society, if it is sick, lies not with government or the nebulous establishment—though there is plenty to be fixed there—but with the teachers of our alienated students.

GEORGE C. WALLACE

(Mr. RARICK asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks and include extraneous matter.)

Mr. RARICK. Mr. Speaker, the sordid attempt on Governor Wallace's life yesterday while he was campaigning for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency is a sad commentary on the fate of those who speak for the people—when a popular fellow American is threatened with the loss of his life for voicing his opinions or for daring to run for public office. I have high regard for Gov. George C. Wallace and respect his courageous and outspoken leadership in standing up for America.

George C. Wallace is his own man, beyond the control of the powers that manipulate American public opinion. His is the voice of the average American who, sick and tired of what is taking place in his society, is reaching out in an attempt to correct the wrongs in his Government. George Wallace speaks, more than anything else, for those Americans who want to bring our Government back to

those basic constitutional principles which brought us recognition as the most advanced country with the greatest individual freedom in the world.

I join my people in rejoicing at the progress that Governor Wallace has made and wish him a speedy recovery to full health.

I include Governor Wallace's speech "We Can Stop America's Retreat from Greatness":

WE CAN STOP AMERICA'S RETREAT FROM GREATNESS

(By Honorable George C. Wallace)

In our nearly two hundred years as a nation, we Americans have withstood many crises. But at no time in the past has the United States been so decisively challenged both at home and abroad. It has become increasingly obvious during the past three years that our national leaders have let us down. Their failure to resist effectively the Communist onslaught from abroad, and their wholesale promotion of socialism at home, have heralded a retreat from greatness of which all Americans should be truly ashamed. Yet at precisely the time when good citizens should be rising angry, many appear to be in a state of narcosis.

The primary reason for this is that the incumbent President brought to office with him a reputation as an arch foe of Communism abroad and of the Welfare State at home. You remember how he made statement after statement to that effect, both before and during his Presidential campaign. But the proof of politics is in the practice. And the real Mr. Nixon has proved to be as different from Candidate Nixon as was Mr. Hyde from Dr. Jekyll.

The problem is that millions of Americans who would be highly agitated if Mr. Humphrey were doing what Mr. Nixon is doing are telling each other that nothing can be very wrong because the "Liberals" aren't holding the reins of state. If you think that, I've got news for you: Richard Nixon ran on my platform and is running the country on Hubert Humphrey's.

The major reason that President Nixon has been able to have his cake and eat it too is that the longhairs of the "Liberal" media treat him as if he were still breathing down the neck of Alger Hiss. That was more than twenty years ago, and the anti-Communist days of Richard Nixon are long gone. But radical TV and newspaper journalists continue to provide protective coloring for Mr. Nixon as he moves the country Leftward towards total government.

You know, I think that before America can be returned to sanity and justice, something must be done to bring balance to the giant news media, particularly television. Contrary to what they might think, I don't want to dump the Brinkleys, Cronkites, Reasoners, et al, in some electronic junkyard. It isn't necessary, and I wouldn't do it if it were. I just want to make sure that such overstuffed shirts no longer have a monopoly on television news. Think about it a minute. You've got room for more than a dozen channels on your television dial. Why is it, then, that the only national TV news you get is packaged in but three network newsrooms in New York? When you figure that there are nearly nine hundred television stations in this country, and only about three national TV news reports, you just know that something is mighty wrong!

But every time the TV news monopolists are attacked for their flagrant prejudices and dishonesty they scream that their freedom of speech is being threatened. Nobody is threatening their freedom of speech, and nobody should. I am not a rich man, but I will personally buy soap boxes for every one of them, fly them to Montgomery, and as-

sign a State Trooper to guard them while they stand on those boxes and shout any lie they please. That would be fine. As I say, I'd even pay for it. I just don't like to hear those glib phonies tell lies on television to 70 million Americans.

The government has given the three major networks a virtual license to lie by restricting access to the TV audience through dangerous federal licensing restrictions. It is ironic that those who claim they are most threatened are the very ones who have been most protected.

Meanwhile, independent radio and television stations with Conservative editorial policies have been regularly harassed by the government, and the licenses of some of them have been removed by the bureaucrats in Washington. The solution is not to censor the professionals who distort our news, but to allow access to the airwaves to those who will tell America the truth. What the nation needs is more television stations to assure real freedom of speech. All those who are truly in favor of the free exchange of ideas, and opposed to monopoly, should join me in this stand.

It seems to me that the "Liberals" of the media need a bath in lye soap. They not only concoct every possible alibi to justify Mr. Nixon's kowtowing to the Maoist thugs who have murdered nearly 64 million Chinese, but they trumpet that every crook, punk, and thug in the streets here at home is a victim of an oppressive society in general and of the police in particular. What society in all the world is less "oppressive" than ours? Not one. And because we are so free, America's policemen are the thin blue line between anarchy and the survival of our Christian civilization. Our local police deserve our total support. No law-abiding citizen has anything to fear from our police officers. But if you are a law violator you not only have something to fear, you should have!

As a group, our local police are overworked and underpaid while daily risking their lives to protect our loved ones. Our police are under attack from the Communists, anarchists, and professional demagogues of the Left. They have been handcuffed by venal politicians seeking votes, and by sociology-spouting judges who have more sympathy for the criminal than for his victims. As a result, our police officers are openly gunned down by Communists like Black Panther leader Huey Newton, and our women and children and old people are in danger on the streets of their own neighborhoods.

A basic purpose of government is to protect the life and property of its citizens. No nation can long endure if, for any reason, the government ceases to serve the purpose for which it was created. Certainly the Supreme Court is the worst offender in substituting sociology for justice. Because of this, millions of Americans, trapped in our urban centers and unable to escape to the suburbs and countryside, are regularly made victims of the thugs, punks, and criminals who are allowed to roam free. Today, if you are the victim of an assault in New York, your attacker will probably be out of jail before you even get to the hospital—and his legal bills will be paid by the government. When a person steals a pocketbook, the judge plays social worker and tells him that he can keep the pocketbook if he won't do it again.

There was an old saying that crime doesn't pay. Now, thanks largely to the Supreme Court, it often pays very well. The laws of supply and demand being what they are, as the pay goes up so does the supply of criminals. According to the F.B.I.'s *Uniform Crime Reports*, the crime rate in the United States rose 144 percent in the last ten years, with crimes of violence up 156 percent. Women employees leaving many buildings in Washington after dark must often be accompanied by armed guards.

It is not enough for the High Court to re-

frain from making things worse. The damage has already been done, and it is only a matter of time before that damage destroys our country. In order to reestablish Constitutional government the Attorney General must re-submit cases in areas where the Warren Court handed down radical decisions based upon fuzzy sociology rather than sound jurisprudence. So far the Attorney General has shown no more desire to do this than he has to prosecute the revolutionaries and rioters who provided such fruitful rhetoric during the last campaign.

Promoting the breakdown of law and order are whole armies of militants, revolutionaries, anarchists, and Communists. They shoot our police, march many thousands strong in our cities, spit on our flag and burn it, and bomb our public buildings—but the internal threat of Communism is an issue which Mr. Nixon abandoned long ago. When it comes to protecting hard-working, decent colored people in our cities from the terrorism of, say, the Communist Black Panthers, he is silent . . . even as he is silent when top Panther and Communist leaders beat the very path to Peking that he will tread himself.

Meanwhile, Mr. Nixon's highly publicized campaign promises about a "war on crime" have had all the explosive effect of a pop gun. His drum beaters claim that crime is now increasing at a slightly lower rate than it did under President Johnson, implying that crime has been reduced under the Nixon Administration. The F.B.I.'s *Uniform Crime Reports* indicate that is just not true.

And let me tell you something else. Because of the continuing push for coddling criminals in our prisons, in the courts, and everywhere else, there have been some 633 police officers shot dead in our streets in the last ten years. The mass media and the revolutionaries and the "Liberals" have been promoting the idea that our local police are brutal, and need to be punished by civilian review boards, and are pigs—and so criminals figure it's Open Season on policemen. A F.B.I. survey of the killers of those 633 police officers revealed that 71 percent of their murderers had previous criminal arrests; 57 percent had previous convictions; 322 of them had been arrested for violent crimes; 324 had been granted leniency from prior sentences; 199 were on parole or probation when they killed a police officer; and, 20 of those killers of policemen had actually been previously convicted of murder and set free to kill again.

During the 1968 campaign our law and order theme was appropriated by both the Republicans and Democrats because it was and is a priority concern of our citizens. During the 1970 mid-term elections even Teddy Kennedy was pressured by public opinion into putting on the sheriff's badge and shootin' irons and making noises like Wyatt Earp. The day after the election the star and the six-guns were tossed off a bridge into the political depths. However, none of the country's political commentators, all so concerned about "the public's right to know," whispered a word about such hypocrisy.

If I run again for national public office I just might come up with an issue that Teddy Kennedy and Richard Nixon can't steal. We might make the "Liberal" Establishment itself a major campaign issue. Can you imagine the Hero of Chappaquiddick and the Great Protector of Peking running campaigns aimed at exposing the "Liberal" Establishment? That would be akin to Mae West denouncing men.

And note that while the Establishment's pointy-headed pseudo-intellectuals and Harvard half-bakes promote the coddling of criminals, they also prescribe an ever-larger dole for able persons unwilling to get off their fat and go to work. Any taxi driver can tell you that if you pay people not to work, more and more people are going to decide not to work. Steelworkers, carpenters, truck drivers, po-

licemen, beauticians, and shopgirls figured that out years ago, but it is still a secret unknown to the gurus of the Harvard Sociology Department and unheard of in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Contrary to his campaign promises, our President is meanwhile trying to put 24 million people on a permanent dole through a guaranteed annual income program. He postponed the plot when it became obvious that Congress was for the moment unwilling to swallow it, but he says he means to get those extra 24 million on the welfare rolls one way or another. And you know he'll try!

Although purists from the Foundation for Economic Education may disagree with me, I am not against providing charity to the truly needy; the aged, widows, the blind, and the handicapped. But the amount of money going to people in these categories is a minuscule part of total welfare spending. I believe in help for the needy, not for the lazy and the greedy. Let me tell you, no one moves to Alabama to live off the sweat of the working people who pay the welfare bills.

But, frankly, I do not believe that the federal government should be in the welfare business. When it is, it must inevitably turn elections into vote-buying contests. If charity and relief are handled at the local level, citizens can better keep their eyes peeled for corruption, and politicians who engage in vote-buying schemes will get their comeuppance when business locates in other areas. A federal welfare system only puts the heat on the producers, the business and working people, to provide gravy for loafers.

If our commitment to being a Christian people had not been so undermined, it wouldn't be necessary for the counties and states to handle charity. But, as the reality exists today, the only delivery system capable of making certain that those truly in need are cared for is the local or state government. I don't like it, maybe it won't always be necessary, but I'm not going to see the helpless suffer real pain and hurt by denying the local government the authority to help those who can't help themselves.

I have sponsored pensions for the elderly in Alabama, for example, because many working people who are retired today were, during the height of their productive years, working for fifty cents an hour in an era when bread was seven cents a loaf. The federal government has since produced so much inflation that these people couldn't possibly have saved enough out of their fifty-cent wages even to survive in retirement at today's prices. It is ironic that it was the very "Liberal" politicians who claimed they wanted to help the poor who destroyed the purchasing power of our currency and left those elderly people poverty stricken.

If we are to solve the nation's tremendous welfare problem, we must unwind the mess from the top down, keeping the federal government from turning welfare into the biggest boondoggle in history, and turning it back to the states and private charities. The government must, however, make good on its Social Security pensions. Conservatives who oppose the philosophy of Social Security correctly argue that it is mismanaged, deceptive, and not even actually sound. But those who have paid into the system must not be made to suffer. In my view, however, it is time that "Liberal" demagogues stopped using Social Security as a political football. If politicians sincerely want to help the elderly they will stop deficit spending, the cause of inflation which has deprived our elderly citizens of the purchasing power of their small savings, resulted in the taxing away of their homes, and thrown so many of them on the unmerciful hooks of government charity.

It has been pointed out by my critics that

we once borrowed some money in Alabama, and they say that it is therefore unfair of me to criticize the vast deficits of Presidents Johnson and Nixon. I maintain there is a tremendous difference between what Washington is doing and what we have done in Montgomery. In the first place, when a state borrows, it borrows money that is already in existence. This is simply a transfer, and no inflationary new money is created as it is when the federal government pumps out printing-press dollars for its deficit use. Secondly, the federal government goes in debt to give money away to socialist and even Communist countries, to pay for a giant and unnecessary bureaucracy, to destroy local school systems, to subsidize the raising of illegitimate children, and for a myriad other "Liberal" programs. Such money is wasted and gone forever.

We borrowed money in Alabama to create a capital asset—roads. I realize that some libertarian theorists believe that private enterprise should build roads. Someday that may come to pass. But, in the meantime, Alabama desperately needed roads to boost its economy. We borrowed money to build roads because those roads attract industry and tourism, improve marketing, and produce tax revenue. Not only have subsequent improvements in business in Alabama justified the economics involved in our road building program but, as roads have been improved, the percentage of deaths on our highways has dropped. Selling bonds to build roads is the same sound, conservative business practice as a corporation's borrowing funds to buy wealth-producing machinery.

Still, we in Alabama have one of the smallest debt services of any state in the union. Today we pay out less than five percent of our income for debt service—and you know, in these days of the Nixon inflation, any businessman who can operate with less than five percent of his income going for debt service is doing very well indeed. Compare that with the fact that under the current Administration in Washington the third largest Budget expenditure—behind only Defense and Welfare—goes to pay the interest on the federal debt. In fact, it is a sum that comes to more than 21 billion dollars!

During my first administration, Alabama jumped to Number One in industrial expansion in the South—and held that position three years in a row. From the time I assumed office until I left office in 1966, Alabama had received a total of 1,304 new and expanded industries, representing a capital investment of nearly \$2 billion and employing approximately 100,000 people. Industrialists like our attitude toward local government and toward the Free Enterprise system. This attitude towards competitive private enterprise could bring prosperity and full employment to all America if the man in the White House would practice what he preaches. Private enterprise is the only real war on poverty which has ever been fought with any success.

But the revolutionaries, high-heeled "Liberals" of both sexes, and limp-wristed pseudo-intellectuals don't believe in the Free Enterprise system. They believe in socialism, the economic system of Karl Marx. And, strangely enough, many of the super-rich in this country also believe in socialism. They set up tax-free foundations which promote socialist programs with the taxes they evade, and then arrange to tax the working man to pay for those programs. Such limousine "Liberals" are not humanitarians. If they were they would lead by example and divide their own wealth instead of hiding it in tax shelters while they promote an ever-increasing tax burden on the middle class. In 1966 for example, the super-rich "Liberal" Nelson Rockefeller paid only \$685 in personal income taxes. Honest plumbers and steelworkers paid more than that!

I have filed a suit in the United States Supreme Court to have tax-exemption removed from any foundation that uses tax-free monies to promote socialism or revolution. The "Liberal" mass media have ignored that suit, even as they pose as friends of the common man.

Because I have attacked the fraud inherent in the giant foundations, some have accused me of being a radical or a Populist. In the sense that I have always worked to keep the little man from being shoved around by quasi-governmental interests and monopolies, I am a Populist. Take the utilities, which have a government-granted monopoly and have sometimes formed an unholy alliance with politicians to exploit the people. In Alabama I have taken on those utilities, and the giant banks and big trucking interests, to make sure they pay an equitable share of the taxes. But while concerned with genuine problems, Populists have traditionally looked to socialism as a solution. In that sense I am not a Populist because it is my view that the Free Enterprise system is the only way effectively to elevate the underprivileged.

Many politicians are now calling themselves "Populists," yet the Establishment opinion makers—who long used that term as an epithet to attack me—have not denounced them as demagogues. They are no threat to the insiders of the Establishment. They can be bought, or manipulated, or controlled. Not everybody agrees with me, but no one doubts that I am my own man and mean exactly what I say. I believe in our country and its free traditions. The pitch of the "New Populists" is an alien one—it argues that since the rich and the poor are subsidized by the government, the middle class should be also. Come and get it, they say! Get yourself a slot at the trough with the rest of the animals, like some poor serf in a Communist hell. There is really a call for total socialism as an answer to the inequities created by partial socialism.

Such regimentation is the greatest threat the ordinary American faces today. When the bureaucrats try to solve problems with collectivist theories and tyrannical decrees, poverty stays and freedom dies.

Yet America is being socialized and almost everybody knows it. Only a few Conservative Republicans refuse to admit that the President is acting as an agent for the collectivists. They pretend that it is happening because it is somehow inevitable. Let me assure them that socialism is not inevitable, though it certainly may seem so when you have as President a Republican whom even John Kenneth Galbraith calls a socialist.

In 1968, Richard Nixon made opposition to big government a major part of his campaign. Yet in his every move since election he has paid lip service to the need for decentralization while increasing federal power over the people. More and more each year the people and the states are coming under the arbitrary power of any army of bureaucrats in Washington who are telling us how to run our schools, our businesses, and even our personal lives. Much of this is done in the name of ending "discrimination." Let me tell you, I believe in the right of people to discriminate. When we say a fine lady is discriminating, we are complimenting her as having good taste. The right to discriminate is nothing but the right to choose, and the right to choose is the essence of liberty.

I do not, however, believe the government has the right to discriminate between its citizens on the basis of race, creed, or color—and that is exactly what it is doing through federal programs which set up racial quota systems or force busing for racial balance. The left says Wallace is a racist. I say, and my record shows, that Wallace is for freedom of choice, and that it is the federal government that is racist!

Indicative of the growing arrogance of the nearly all-powerful government in Washington is the virtual takeover of local schools by the guideline writers at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Nationwide polls show that Americans of all races are overwhelmingly opposed to racist busing. It is criminal to move students out of their neighborhoods to distant locations for the sole purpose of satisfying the cattle-car racial lusts of a bunch of jackbooted guideline writers in Washington. While professing to believe in the democratic concepts of majority rule, these bureaucrats are forcing little children to be hauled for fifty miles or more in the interest of a racist experiment in sociology. Millions of dollars which could be spent enriching the education of our children are going out the exhaust pipes of those diesel motor buses. Worse, the bureaucrats in Washington are treating our little children like a hutch of guinea pigs in a laboratory.

Mr. Nixon claims to be opposed to all the busing—he swears he really is—yet he has appointed men to run the H.E.W. whose family crests might as well be a highway rampant with greyhounds. Richard Nixon appointed those H.E.W. bureaucrats who instituted suits to force busing on local school boards. They serve at his pleasure. If he meant business he would have cleaned house! But he doesn't mean what he says, any more than he meant it when he swore to us that he would never institute a wage-price freeze or betray our anti-Communist allies on Formosa or promote a guaranteed annual income for welfare loafers.

School boards, under the Nixon guidelines, have become local appendages and agents of a bureau in Washington, answering only to that bureau, not to the people. If that isn't exactly what Mr. Nixon directed, why hasn't he fired those who have "disobeyed" his orders? I think the answer to that is all too clear.

The guideline dictators have gone far beyond the busing issue. In many places they have ordered that indoctrination replace education. The bureaucrats have ordained that our schools, in effect, are to be turned into propaganda factories for international socialism. In order for these edicts to be carried out, history books are being rewritten to conform with alien doctrines; moral values are being replaced; humanism is becoming the official state religion; traditions, patriotism, responsibility to family and country, are being subverted and, the students—our children—are being regimented to serve the socialist Establishment. Good Teachers know these things are happening, and they are doing their best to stop them, but the federal Office of Education in Washington carries a very big stick.

Granting control over the education of our children to a central government will guarantee the establishment of a dictatorship in America. Whatever objections, real or imagined, which may be raised about inadequacies or duplications or shortcomings of local schools are insignificant compared to the threat to the liberties of every American posed by federal control of education. The federal government must get out of the education business if freedom is to survive in America. This means that the guideline bureaucrats must be stripped of their authority over our local schools and sent out to earn an honest living doing productive work.

The situation is serious. As a result of the growing power of Washington, we have already become a government-fearing people instead of a God-fearing people. For decades now, politicians have encouraged us to look to government for strength instead of to our God. It is no accident that where the state becomes all-powerful, faith in Christ is no longer carried like a banner by Christian soldiers, workers, mothers, and businessmen. I have accepted Christ as my personal Savior,

and that is one important reason why I have pledged my life to opposing tyranny wherever I find it. So long as God gives me the strength, I shall continue to do so.

It has been pointed out by libertarian purists who question my Conservative credentials that as Governor of Alabama I let my state receive federal money. We do this because Alabama pays federal taxes. We know that federal money brings federal guidelines, but the realities of politics and fiscal survival of the states leave us little choice but to participate in federal programs which we would prefer to handle by ourselves. There is no question but that federal funds are bait with which the federal government is attempting to take over the authority of the states and of the people, but this must be stopped at the top by getting Washington out of the subsidy business, not by asking any one state to commit fiscal suicide. The solution for this problem is to be found in Washington, not Montgomery, or Sacramento, or Topeka.

"Liberal" news commentators often characterize me as an "angry man." I plead guilty to that description. For years Americans were the most admired people in the world because of their capacity for righteous indignation. Many Americans still rise to anger at evil, but our pseudo-intellectual leaders have used our colleges and mass media to preach moral and ethical relativism until many of our people have adopted a pretended sophistication and blasé attitude toward corruption, immorality, and even treason. America is in the midst of a full-scale retreat from greatness, and every honest American knows it. That retreat was begun by the treason of the intellectuals who, jaded and morally corrupt, lost their capacity for righteous indignation.

I will tell you that I feel indignant that some American corporations, with the full encouragement of the U.S. Government, have been supplying the Vietcong and North Vietnam, however indirectly, with war materials with which to kill American soldiers. If ever there was an act which deserved the condemnation, contempt, and fury of every American, it is that one. Instead, our knee-jerk intelligentsia have hailed it as a sign of "maturity" and "sophistication" by the "progressive" business community.

Another crime of the pseudo-intellectuals has been to take the natural idealism of youth and to pervert it into hatred of our country. Young people who have desecrated the flag, burned draft cards, and engaged in violent protest over the Vietnam War, did not learn to hate their country, its flag, and our national traditions, from their parents. They learned such hatred from the mental amoebae whose poisonous culture is spewed from the lecterns in our college classrooms.

Young people have been conned into believing that Communism is some kind of worldwide humanitarian movement, instead of an evil conspiracy to conquer the world—a conspiracy already responsible for the murders of over 100 million human beings. When I see how our youths are duped and conned and manipulated by the Establishment Left, my anger rises hot and fresh. Deprived of a solid grounding in history, our own sons and daughters are being used as the cadres of the nation's enemies.

America's youth has never been told that it was the "Liberal" politicians who turned the fruits of victory in World War II over to the Communists, and in doing so condemned tens of millions to perpetual slavery. They do not know that it was the "Liberal" politicians who committed our Armed Forces in Korea, and then tied General MacArthur's hands so that he could not win. They have never learned that it was the "Liberal" politicians who put us into the morass of Vietnam and, as in Korea, again tied the hands of the military. Hundreds of thousands of good men who answered their

country's call to the colors will never come home from places like Heartbreak Ridge, the Chosin Reservoir, and Khe Sanh. They gave their lives for their country while our "Liberal" politicians made sure that the only real victors would be the Communists.

I take a solemn oath before Almighty God that if I ever become President of the United States I will never commit American soldiers to action without making every possible effort to ensure their victory. General of the Army Douglas MacArthur was right when he said that there is no substitute for victory. If we had listened to MacArthur, the Communists would not be in Vietnam today and neither would we.

I have always maintained that we should never have let ourselves be drawn into the Vietnam War. If troops are required to contain Communism in Asia, they should be provided by Chiang Kai-shek and other Asian anti-Communists who are more than willing to provide them. But the "Liberals" have consistently refused Chiang's offer of troops. Apparently they prefer to let Americans die instead. Once in, however, we should have won that war and then got out! But you can be sure that Richard Nixon will have lost it before another President is inaugurated.

I think that is cause for righteous indignation. It fills me with anger and shame for my country.

And I do not believe that it is an accident that America has been led from one foreign-policy disaster to another until our retreat from greatness seems a rout. To think that stretches credibility further than Mama Cass would stretch Twiggy's bathing suit.

A little over a decade ago, Scott McLeod, head of the State Department's Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs notified the Secretary of State of the names and records of some 800 security risks then employed by the State Department. Mr. McLeod noted that of the 800, some 250 were "serious" cases—sixty percent of which were "incumbents in high level assignments," with one-half "assigned to what can be categorized as critical intelligence slots in the Department." McLeod was quickly shipped off to be Ambassador to Ireland, and nothing (repeat: nothing) was done about those security risks. Presumably, they are still there! While campaigning for the Presidency, Richard Nixon promised to clean out the State Department. He repudiated that promise even before he was inaugurated.

I think the President's failure to assure the security of our State Department is cause for righteous indignation, but I don't see any emanating from the "Liberals." Little wonder that Mr. Nixon "lost" the vote to save Free China in the U.N. and is heading for Peking. The fact is that more than one of his China intelligence specialists was on the Scott McLeod list.

America must stop helping her enemies and help herself. Richard Nixon promised America military superiority, and has instead continued to disarm us. For this, the "Liberal" pseudo-intellectuals cheer him. Let me tell you, I have been to war. I have seen close friends killed in battle. I never want to see this country have to go to war again. But I am a realist. I have read enough history to know that if we are weak, if we follow policies of appeasement, we will have war whether we like it or not. Why should the Communists abandon their goal of world conquest when we are in full retreat?

The Communists have such contempt for our "Liberal" politicians and opinion makers that they don't even bother to deny that their goal is world conquest. They affirm it at every opportunity, and all one has to do is look at their own literature to see it written in big bold letters. It is only our "Liberals" who deny that the Communists seek world conquest and claim that the Reds have "mellowed." Such men must be removed from positions of power and influence.

I have fought for this country, and I am still fighting for it. I have travelled America from Augusta to San Diego, and from Miami to Seattle. I have met Americans from every section, from all walks of life, from all strata of society. I love the real, decent, patriotic, and hard-working people who are America. I am in love with this country. I love its traditions and its heritage. And I mean to labor to preserve them from those who would destroy the fabric of freedom either by design or from innocent error.

I am not an ideologue. There are a lot of fancy philosopher's and libertarian pundits whose books and pamphlets I haven't read and am not likely to read. But I believe that government governs best which governs least, and that whatever the people will have their government do is best done at that level closest to the people. I mean to defend my country against her enemies—foremost of which is the International Communist Conspiracy. I mean to labor at being the best Christian, and the best citizen, that I can be. And I mean to try to serve my country with an unashamed patriotism. If enough of us do that—if enough of us Stand Up For America—we can stop America's retreat from victory.

But the stakes are high. We know that if we fail, liberty in all the world might flicker and die for a thousand years. America can be the land of the free only so long as it is the home of the brave. Join me, brave friends, and together let us Stand Up For America!

CHILD DEVELOPMENT

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. BRINKLEY). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. CRANE) is recognized for 15 minutes.

Mr. CRANE. Mr. Speaker, when President Nixon vetoed the OEO bill last winter he did so primarily due to the child development title, which he described as "far-reaching" and potentially "family-weakening." The President contended that such legislation must not be adopted before a great debate has been held. Well, Mr. Speaker, surely there is no question but that the national debate has yet to occur. Only now, as the child development bill approaches a second vote in the U.S. Senate, are there signs that the debate is finally getting underway. To be sure, those who contend the grand scheme called child development is essential have discussed among themselves why this legislation ought to be adopted. But it is only now that critics, people who have reviewed the proposal in light of experience, are forming the questions which the proponents of child development must answer. It is insufficient to contend, as some have, that to oppose this far-reaching scheme is to oppose children. Such contentions are irresponsible and ought to be absent from the debate.

One contribution to this debate is an essay which appeared in the New York Times Sunday magazine, April 30, 1972, by Times editorialist William V. Shannon. In the essay, "A Radical, Direct, Simple, Utopian Alternative to Day-Care Centers," Shannon asks a number of excellent questions, among them one whether the child development/day care centers are in the best interests of the children involved.

What has been said thus far by the proponents is that the validity of certain statistics, that is, working mothers, necessitates the establishment of day care centers for more than 5 million children under the age of 6. Shannon challenges this approach of the proponents by raising the number one question: Are the centers, whether they be day care or child development—there is a difference—in the best interests of children? He writes:

The unpopular truth is that any community facility—call it a day care center or a child development center—is at best an inadequate, unsatisfactory substitute, and at worst a dangerous, destructive substitute for a child's own mother.

A second contribution to the debate was the analysis of Dr. Ernest van den Haag, a psychoanalyst who teaches at New York University, who contended that a public adventure into the field of day care or child development would have profound implications on the responsibilities which are at the core of family life. Under questioning by a member of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Children and Youth, Professor van den Haag held to the view that whatever forces are presently working at pushing the family apart, the establishment of institutions for child care would intensify them. In addition, he pointed out that the centers, whether they be of a baby-sitting or a behavior-construction nature, would not simply be used by those in need, but would be there as a permanent lure to fully competent mothers who have no reason whatsoever to make use of the centers. To have government construct these centers is to sanction their use, and to sanction such a development is to encourage good parents to pass on to another a responsibility they can and should keep to themselves.

Another contribution, perhaps most devastating to the cause of those who would see the "Big Fed" build these centers, came from Dr. Dale Meers, a child psychoanalyst at the Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C., who said:

There are clear and explicit (his emphasis) dangers in early group care and such service should be developed and administered with a clear understanding of the risks that are attendant on its misuse.

Further:

Daycare programs can not be based on "sound knowledge . . . of child development" because of the simple fact that we have only limited data on the impact of surrogate group care on early development, and such psychiatric data as is available is anything but reassuring.

What Dr. Meers is telling the Congress is that at this time the evidence is pointing in the direction that child development would be counterproductive: in other words, not good for the child. That, Mr. Speaker, is not the least of what we should appraise before considering this program. Now it is true that Dr. Meers has spoken out in favor of certain types of child development centers, and it is to those we should direct our attention. There are family situations which are, and probably will al-

ways be so broken and the atmosphere so hostile, that the Congress might be wise, after considerable study, to look toward a remedial program which would offer services to those relatively small numbers of children in circumstances definitely detrimental to their well-being. However, when Congress does look into this matter, I would remind them that: First, this has always been a concern of the States and there is little evidence to suggest that those agencies have been derelict in their duties; and second, when children are moved to collectivized circumstances there always seem to be more problems created than solved. What child development advocates first see as a convenience soon becomes a steady requirement. The self-fulfilling prophecy of the day care lobby has been fulfilled: because there are more centers, there is more need for them. To quote Shannon:

Comprehensive day care is not only a response to the increasing number of working mothers, but its existence would probably serve to accelerate that trend. . . . The Government is not setting out to cope with a limited and—if all goes well—diminishing number of impoverished children. Rather, it is embarking upon a program which could cover virtually all children and would not only recognize but confirm a profound change in the way in which Americans rear their children.

The Government is setting out to change the childrearing habits of the American people. I am reluctant to leave an important matter like that to the Government, to any government. Cost estimates for this undertaking are in the \$20 to \$30 billion range, assuming \$2,000 per year per child—Shannon contends \$2,600 might be more like it. Jerome Kagan of the White House Conference on Children, panel on day care, estimated \$39 billion as a realistic figure. That would not, of course be a firm cost. It would be undoubtedly subject to increase.

Mr. Speaker, to repeat, I concur with the President that a debate must go on. I personally intend to participate in that debate, raising questions when appropriate. I would urge my colleagues to review the Shannon article and the testimonies of Drs. van den Haag and Meers, which I now ask unanimous consent be included in the Record at the conclusion of my remarks. Although I consider the Shannon article to have been an excellent analysis of why child development centers are not in the child's best interest, I am not convinced that Shannon's counter-proposal might not be almost as bad as the "medicine" we seek to avoid.

It would be a mistake to suggest, as Shannon most certainly does, that government—or more accurately, taxpayers—ought to have to pay an individual to carry out an obligation which is already his. To suggest that a parent should be paid to rear his child is to suggest that there is some penalty being relieved. I think the ideas which lurk within the suggestions are at base part of the psychological problem which is hurting the health and vibrancy of family life.

The articles follow:

[From the New York Times Magazine,
Apr. 30, 1972]

A RADICAL, DIRECT, SIMPLE, UTOPIAN ALTERNATIVE TO DAY-CARE CENTERS

(By William V. Shannon)

WASHINGTON.—I must share the view of those of its supporters who proclaim this to be the most radical piece of legislation to emerge from the 92d Congress.

I also hold the conviction that such far-reaching national legislation should not, must not, be enacted in the absence of a great national debate upon its merit and broad public acceptance of its principles.

Few contend that such a national debate has taken place.—President Nixon, in a veto message.

One of the most irresponsible statements I have seen in my many years in public life . . . cruel, hysterical and false.—Senator Walter Mondale, commenting on the veto message.

Last Dec. 9, President Nixon vetoed an antipoverty bill which had as its major component the Comprehensive Child Development Act of 1971, sponsored by Senators Walter Mondale, Minnesota Democrat, and Jacob Javits, New York Republican. The child-development bill, one of the most far-reaching measures ever passed by Congress, ranking in financial cost and social implications with Medicare or Federal aid to education, deserves much more thorough discussion than it has received. The bill has never been the subject of a question at one of Mr. Nixon's (admittedly infrequent) news conferences. It is rarely, if ever, brought up during Sunday TV interviews, in which his Democratic rivals are regular participants. It rarely made the front page of any newspaper until Mr. Nixon vetoed it.

The "great national debate" which President Nixon called for has not taken place but the legislative scene has already been set for passing the bill again. Ignoring G.O.P. predictions of a second Nixon veto, the House of Representatives on Feb. 17 approved a poverty bill which includes a much expanded Head Start program and which Senator Mondale intends to use as a vehicle for adding a revised version of his child-development plan.

If another bill passes Congress this year, President Nixon is sure to veto it again, and conservatives have the votes to sustain that veto. Over the longer term, however, a bill bearing some resemblance to Mondale's is likely, sooner or later, to become law. The political arithmetic of the growing number of working mothers guarantees that.

If the centers set up under such a law are adequately financed, ideally staffed and well run, they would, in my judgment, help some of those youngsters who are the worst victims of poverty and neglect. The centers are, however, neither necessary nor desirable for the great majority of children. Moreover, because they are likely to be underfinanced, understaffed and overcrowded, I sincerely doubt they will achieve many of their objectives. Unless Congress undergoes a radical change of heart, it will try to do a \$30-billion job on a \$3-billion budget.

Although I am a liberal, I do not share the liberal enthusiasm for day-care centers. Such centers are not a satisfactory or desirable substitute for the full-time care and devotion of a child's own mother. President Nixon may have politically expedient motives of his own, but I nevertheless agree with the premise of his veto message, which stated: "All other factors being equal, good public policy requires that we enhance rather than diminish both parental authority and parental involvement with children—particularly in those decisive early years when social attitudes and a conscience are formed, and religious and moral principles are first inculcated."

Liberals may deprecate these Nixon words as all wet and reactionary, but much hard-earned human wisdom lies behind them. Excessive emphasis on day-care centers can weaken the family at a time when it needs strengthening. Having said that, however, I do not think the status quo is good enough. I have a radical proposal of my own to advance. It would be an alternative to day care that would enable the poor and the working poor—except those families which are most severely deprived and damaged psychologically—to take care of their own children.

But before advancing my own views, I shall set forth the argument of the advocates of comprehensive child-development centers. And it is a powerful argument.

For any child, the years from birth to 6 are critical for his physical, intellectual and psychological development. Yet traditionally in the United States, the Government takes no official interest in a child between his arrival, when a birth certificate is required, until he is 6 years old, when the compulsory school attendance law takes effect. The assumption has been that families took care of these early childhood years. Yet the evidence is all around us that for some children, the family system has completely broken down and is not doing the necessary job of nurturing their characters, and preparing them for life. For other children, the family is still a viable emotional unit providing some strengths, but the fathers and mothers are so overwhelmed by adverse circumstances—sickness, ignorance, mental illness, inability to hold a steady job, or inability to cope with competitive, sophisticated city life—that those families need help in preparing their young children for school and later life. Still other children have competent parents who can cope with life in adult terms but who—out of ignorance, or irresponsibility, or selfishness—are not giving priority to their duties as parents; these children also need help.

In the last several years of traveling around the country and holding hearings on different aspects of the poverty problem, I examined all the different approaches—manpower training, enriched education, rehousing, and so on—and I kept coming back to the view that we have to reach these children in their first five years and do everything we can to improve their chances in life. For most of us, this is a great, rich, wonderful society full of hope and opportunity. But some people are outside the mainstream of American life. Are we content to say that hundreds of thousands of children because they were cheated at birth and in their early years are to be condemned to lives of failure and frustration?

"Consider a child, white or black or brown, who grows up in a community where he doesn't have enough to eat, lives in squalid, unsanitary housing, grows up without books or any kind of help, grows up in a broken home, grows up amid a depressed environment, without any health care, and then goes to what is often the worst school in town. The reactionaries of this country are trying to describe efforts to help that child as welfare, which is the code word by which we deliver money from 'decent, hard-working Americans' to this child and others like him, when in fact the issue is justice, permitting children to have the same chance in American society."

If a desire to improve the lot of impoverished children is one force behind proposals for comprehensive child development, the program's political appeal is enhanced by the benefits it offers three other groups of families. There are the families in modest economic circumstances with husbands who work but barely earn a subsistence income and wives who work part-time or full-time to pay for a few comforts beyond the family's necessities; these are the "working poor." A

second group consists of middle-class women who ordinarily would not have to work when their children are small but who are driven back into the job market prematurely because of divorce, or the death or illness of their husbands. Third, there are the families in which husbands earn a satisfactory income but the women work by choice. These middle-class wives often argue for day care in terms of women's "liberation."

A fourth category might be families in which the husbands earn adequate incomes and wives do not pursue careers, but might do so if high-quality day care were available. In other words, comprehensive day care is not only a response to the increasing number of working mothers but its existence would probably serve to accelerate that trend.

Since the working poor, the widowed or divorced heads of middle-class families, and the "liberated" career women comprise a huge number of people, it is not astonishing that politicians in both parties climbed aboard the comprehensive child-development bandwagon. The bill passed the Senate, 63 to 17. Yet it is the inclusion of these other categories of people that also triggers the opposition. Their coverage makes it unmistakably clear that the Government is not setting out to cope with a limited and—if all goes well—diminishing number of impoverished children. Rather, it is embarking upon a program which could cover virtually all children and would not only recognize but confirm a profound change in the way in which Americans rear their children.

The opposition in and out of Congress has formed on both economic and cultural grounds. In the original version of his bill, Mondale proposed spending \$2-billion in the first year of operation, \$4-billion in the second and \$7-billion in the third. These subsequent authorizations were dropped from the modified version that passed the Senate and news stories usually referred to the bill as having "a \$2-billion price tag." Once the program was fully under way, however, even if all eligible children did not participate and many of those who did were charged modest fees, the annual cost would be in the range of \$20-billion to \$30-billion a year. The cost of quality care for children in which food, toys, equipment and medical care are provided is at least \$2,000 a year for each child. Dr. Jerome Kagan, chairman of the White House Conference's panel on day care, offered these rough estimates in Senate testimony:

"As you might expect, private centers run more efficiently than public centers. My impression is that, if you are working with preschool children 2½ to 5 years of age, \$45 a week [per child] will run a pretty good private center. A public center which has more bureaucracy will probably be given \$55 or \$60 a week. You have to add 10 to 20 per cent for infants. It is more expensive to have a center for the first two years of life. . . . If this becomes a popular and approved way of raising American children, one could have half the population of children aged 0 to 6 requesting day care. You could spend all the money you want: 13 million children at \$60 a week, which is \$3,000 a child a year. If you pause to multiply those figures you have an enormous amount of money—\$39-billion."

As it developed, President Nixon vetoed the bill for broad reasons having little to do with fee schedules or financial cost. The cost is probably not a decisive consideration for those on either side of the argument.

It gives hostile critics a handle with which to attack the bill, but most conservatives when candid, admit that they would not like the program even if it cost only half as much. Liberals meanwhile dismiss the financial argument with the assertion that if this country can afford to subsidize aerospace companies and build a space shuttle, it can afford to invest huge sums in its own children.

More fundamental to the debate is the

philosophy underlying the bill, which President Nixon attacked head-on, thereby evoking the angriest response from the bill's advocates. Liberals were quick to point out that his veto was a sop to the right wing of the President's party and that the Presidential candidacy of Representative John Ashbrook, a convinced conservative ideologue, may have had that is not true in all of the cases—and the needs run in this order, as far as we could ascertain them:

"First of all, these adults are physically ill. Secondly, they live in constant physical fear—and very real fear. Fear of the pusher, fear of the person breaking in and stealing everything out of your meager little apartment, fear of the children getting run over in the heavy traffic in the streets. . . .

"And then the third great need, particularly on the part of mothers, is help with loneliness, with a tremendous feeling of vacancy in their lives. In fact, I am inclined to believe one of the problems that surrounds the whole question of . . . birth control, and so on, with people of this kind, is the problem of loneliness. Because I feel that many of these mothers, [when they have a baby] for two or three years have something to love and to fondle, and so on. I really think this fills a void in their lives, and I don't think that a knowledge of birth control will make a significant difference as long as we have these particular human emotional needs. . . .

"Now this seems almost unbelievable, but I think that it is easy for us to put ourselves into the position of a person like this, women who spend all day in bed because there is nothing in the home except a television. And the television, of course, has been the great pacifier and mesmerizer of children because almost the minute they can see, they are propped up to watch this image that is flickering there—it's almost, I think, like hypnotism."

In what is rather an understatement, Niemeyer concluded: "These are the parents and families for which intervention is necessary."

Not all welfare mothers and their children are in the desperate circumstances described by Niemeyer. Some have personal strengths. But the apathy, physical squalor and fear are brutal realities. So are the low-grade infections and correctible physical defects which sap their energies. The question is what the state can effectively do to help. In an interview, Senator Mondale told me:

Society can ignore the needs of the children in these various unfortunate circumstances but it cannot ignore them indefinitely or without cost. Sooner or later, a sizable number of them are going to show up as juvenile delinquents, as mentally retarded children, as emotionally disturbed patients in institutions, as adolescent drug addicts. Some may survive the school years but show up in prisons as young adult criminals, or in hospitals as mentally ill, or on the welfare rolls as unemployables. One or two may even show up on television screens as a Presidential assassin.

(Why all deprived, damaged children do not come to a dismal end, why some actually develop from this adversity a thriving will to succeed, is a blessing and a mystery. But one can speculate that behind each hard-hit child who later makes it in life there is someone—an older brother or sister, a devoted grandmother, a minister, a teacher, an athletic coach—who cared a lot and provided the youngster with a model and with guidance.)

The Mondale bill which President Nixon vetoed is based on the theory that a big investment of money and effort in children, especially in the years from birth to 6, would save some of them from disasters later on and might actually reduce the amount of money that society now has to spend on juvenile-delinquent centers, prisons, mental

hospitals, and other kinds of human repair and rehabilitation. In asserting the Government's comprehensive interest in these formative early years, the bill has many precedents, such as the long campaign against child labor, the public health effort to cut down infant mortality, the White House conferences on children and youth held once a decade since 1909, and the widely popular Head Start program enacted as a part of the poverty program.

Building on the Head Start model, the bill would go far beyond merely providing a convenient place near home or work where an employed mother could leave a child. It would establish child-development centers in every community. A child could get one, two or more meals, depending upon how many hours he stayed each day. A center would contract with outside doctors or clinics to provide medical, dental and psychiatric diagnosis and care. It would begin the education of preschool children and make available to them, as well as to older children, "summer, weekend, vacation and overnight programs." Parents would serve on the board of the center, and, if unemployed, they might be enlisted as volunteer workers or paid employees. In some circumstances, a mother might be paid to care for four or five children—her own as well as others—in her own home. This is called "family day care." Where needed, a professional or a trained volunteer would be sent out from the center to instruct and assist uneducated, inexperienced or under-confident mothers in baby and child care.

In short, this comprehensive approach is intended to be an active, responsible partner to every mother and if a mother is absent, ill or indifferent, to serve as the best possible substitute. An ambitious concept realized in only a comparatively few existing centers, it signifies much more than the less expensive and more common day-care centers where children are, in effect, only in protective custody. "Custodial" child care is a dirty word among the experts in this field.

The Mondale bill covers all children from birth through 14. There is comparatively little controversy, however, about the older children in the 6-to-14 age group who attend school. For them, the problem is primarily to find a place where they can play or otherwise usefully occupy themselves for two or three hours after school until their parents pick them up.

The conflict over comprehensive child-development programs concerns the 22 million children under the age of 6. In theory, the bill would permit a rich woman—Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller or Mrs. Robert Kennedy—to send her child to a development center if she wanted to pay the fee. But, as a practical matter, the bill is primarily intended to help the children of working mothers and those in poverty families. About seven million children in the under-6 age group have mothers who work. (The number of mothers in the work force has doubled since 1950, and the trend seems to be steadily upward.) About four million children live in families which are in dire poverty and about an equal number in families which are above the poverty line but still in straitened circumstances.

Poverty children are not identical with the children of working mothers, although the two groups overlap. In fact, proportionately more mothers work in families with annual incomes above \$10,000 than in families with incomes below \$3,000. This paradox is understandable because more middle-class women have marketable skills and have the money to pay for maids, babysitters, private nursery schools and other forms of child care. But some of the confusion that surrounds the child-development issue is caused by the fact that mothers in quite different circumstances—the highly paid advertising woman who lives in Scarsdale, the factory worker's wife trying to eke out her budget in Queens,

the 17-year-old unwed mother just arrived in Bedford-Stuyvesant from a farm in South Carolina—are lumped together for purposes of discussions, and arguments which would be applicable to the family circumstances of one woman are used to justify or attack programs to help women in entirely different circumstances.

Although children from every kind of family could conceivably participate, the real emotional force behind the drive for comprehensive child development is the desire of liberal, compassionate people to improve the chances in life of children from the nation's worst-off families—migrant laborers and sharecroppers, unemployed miners in Appalachia, impoverished Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Indians and blacks. Two-thirds of the places in the child-development centers would be reserved for the children of these low-income families.

In testimony before a Senate subcommittee, John Niemeyer, president of the Bank Street College of Education in New York City, graphically described the plight of families trapped in a city slum. "These families needed all kinds of help," Niemeyer reported. "Typically there was a mother with four or five children, a father not in the picture regularly—although more than a little to do with Mr. Nixon's decision."

Most conservatives in Congress bitterly oppose President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan, better known as "welfare reform," a creditable if modest attempt to introduce the principle of a minimum income for every family. In opposing to the Comprehensive Child-Development Bill, they argue in much the same way as they do against President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan. Unstated but clearly visible is their conviction that a guaranteed minimum income for poor families would merely encourage them to have more babies. Their second conviction is that the poor are financial failures solely because of moral turpitude or personal weakness. If they are poor, they deserve to suffer the consequences. (This is the converse of the sentimental liberal view that the poor cannot be held morally accountable to any degree for their behavior and that society is to blame for everything.) Rejecting the evidence of new psychology and old common sense, conservatives insist upon applying a rationalistic carrot-and-stick economic theory as if welfare mothers were so many calculating Benthamites. If only the right economic pressures can be found, these conservatives believe, welfare mothers can be squeezed off welfare and onto private payrolls—as if a woman's employability in the market place were the highest test of her moral worth or her usefulness to society.

In trying to sell the Family Assistance Plan, Mr. Nixon has pandered to these conservative prejudices—and involved himself in a glaring contradiction. Thus, his welfare bill would provide \$750 million annually to pay for day-care centers for the children of welfare mothers, so that these women can be trained and can work. It would apply initially to women with children over 6 and, after a short time, to those with children over 3. But in vetoing the Mondale child-development bill last December, Mr. Nixon piously warned against committing "the vast moral authority of the national Government to the side of communal approaches to child rearing over against the family-centered approach." Why is it right to coerce welfare mothers to put their children in Government-financed day-care centers in order to go to work and wrong to assist other women who voluntarily want to do the same thing?

Liberals and radicals, on the other hand, argue vigorously in behalf of comprehensive child-development centers for reasons which have only indirectly, if at all, to do with children and the family. They want child-care centers to energize the parents

and get them involved in the community. Mrs. Maurien McKinley, associate director of the Black Child Development Institute in Washington, expressed a view put forward by numerous witnesses: "We believe that child-development centers can be the catalyst for total community development. It is to the advantage of the entire nation to view the provision of day-care/child-development services within the context of the need for a readjustment of societal power relationships. . . . As day-care centers are utilized to catalyze development in black and other communities, the enhanced political and economic power that results can provide effective leverage for the improvement of the over-all social and economic condition of the nation."

Translated from sociological jargon, this is the community-action theory which underlies the poverty program and the Model Cities program. It is the theory that only if the poor are organized and power taken away from "the Establishment" is progress possible. All the establishments—the politicians, the schoolteachers, the social workers, the doctors and medical administrators—are regarded as more harmful than helpful to the poor because of their heavy-handed paternalism. Without getting into the pros and cons of this complicated argument, one can see that the theory of community action has more to do with helping adults to fight City Hall than with helping fathers and mothers to rear their children.

Politics aside, however, President Nixon's argument against actively encouraging the shift from the family to the day-care center as the prime agent in child-rearing goes to the heart of the issue. Are child-development centers desirable for any children other than the most damaged and deprived? The unpopular truth is that any community facility—call it a day-care center or a child-development center—is at best an inadequate, unsatisfactory substitute, and at worst a dangerous, destructive substitute for a child's own mother.

In the months of infancy, a child's whole universe consists of himself and the person who feeds him, dresses him and responds to his cries and other signals for attention. Although the development of a human being is imperfectly understood since babies cannot talk, intensive research by Dr. Margaret Mahler and other experts on what psychiatrists call the "separation-individuation process" shows that in the period from approximately 6 months of age to 2 years, critically important events are taking place in the formation of a child's personality. During those months, he learns that his mother is not just an extension of himself, that he is a person in his own right, that his mother can leave him and that there are other persons in the world besides himself and her.

Superficially, it is true that anybody can feed a baby or change his diapers. But in the most profound emotional sense, a baby's whole sense of himself depends upon the warmth and consistency of the relationship that he has with the person who takes care of him. If he is indifferently or inconsistently treated by a succession of various adults—as he would tend to be if left in a day-care center for 8 or 10 hours a day—he is truly a deprived child. Psychological research indicates that anxieties, depression, passivity and other serious handicaps may develop. From 2 to 3 years of age, a toddler learning to talk and to run about can begin to stutter or suffer other impairments, from slight to serious, if he is subjected to severe emotional upheaval—such as a shift from family care to day care. In the years from 3 to 6, other important though less dramatic stages of development unfold in the child's life. For these reasons, most well-run nursery schools which serve middle-class and upper-class families rarely take children before they are

2½ or 3 years old, and do not keep them more than three or four hours a day until they are at least 5 years old.

Day-care centers have become important institutions in this country in recent years as the number of working mothers has increased, but other nations have had much longer and more extensive experience with them. Dr. Dale Meers, a Washington psychiatrist, has reported on a study of programs in the Soviet Union, Hungary, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Israel and France. The report, published by the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity and entitled, "International Day Care: A Selective Review and Psychoanalytic Critique," is hardly an encouraging document. In the Soviet Union, Dr. Meers reports, senior officials who run the day-care centers do not make use of them for their own children. "Their preference [is] to use their incomes to employ someone to care for their children at home." Dr. Meers found that Hungarian officials hoped eventually to eliminate day care for children under 3 because of the "manifest unhappiness" of the child. In Czechoslovakia, the best day care "appeared hygienic, sterile and depressing." In every country, Communist and non-Communist alike, officials encountered serious problems of staffing and rapid turnover.

"Nursing staff covertly resist continuity of care of one or more babies. Indeed, it was a common experience, internationally, that care-givers often could not readily identify their children by name and, with babies, did not know with certitude whether each one had been fed. . . . The younger and less active the child in the day nursery, the smaller the amount of attention he received."

"Multiple mothering all too frequently provides an uncoordinated octopus. The multiplicity of care-givers, their overlapping of shifts, their replaceability for illness or holidays, their departures for other employment, all leave the very young child accommodating first to one and then to another."

The enthusiasts of day care more often point to Israel where many children are communally reared in the kibbutz. But more sophisticated advocates agree that Americans have a tendency to idealize the Israeli situation. "One must draw on one's own cultural tradition, one's own identities," for the institutions that will solve the problems, Dr. Urie Bronfenbrenner of Cornell University observed to the Mondale subcommittee. Israel is a small, beleaguered nation with the uniquely high morale of a people who feel themselves under siege and fighting for their very existence. No comparable sense of common danger and common destiny informs communal life in the United States, a vast, rich, diverse and relatively sheltered country. A kibbutz, moreover, is a small, agricultural community where the parents work in the fields close by the "children's house" and are available to their children for three or four hours a day in the late afternoon and early evening.

Israeli practices in communal child rearing are the subject of intense controversy both within Israel and among outside experts. The evidence is not all in because really thorough scientific studies are only now being conducted, but there is some indication, as Dr. Bruno Bettelheim reported in his book, "The Children of the Dream," that kibbutz-raised children show significant personality differences from children raised in the conventional family. For example, the kibbutz children get along well with their peers and are very loyal to their group, but often seem incapable of deep emotional attachments and creative intensity.

In short, the experience of other countries with state-provided communal child care on a large scale does not suggest that this is a course on which the United States should enthusiastically embark. The risks for many, though not all, children range from mild

neuroses and developmental lags to serious maladjustments.

Nor does the evidence cited in the Mondale Subcommittee's own hearings support the exaggerated claims made for parental involvement and control. The AFL-CIO, a principal supporter of the bill, submitted a lengthy, glowing report on a day-care center operated in Chicago by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union for its own members. The report states: "Because the parents work, they are not free to come into the center during the day to investigate its benefits; after work, they are tired, with little interest in coming to evening parents' meetings. Therefore, education of the parents with regard to center capabilities is a slow process. There has been only one parents' meeting held, on a Sunday. Attendance was 50 per cent. The parents do bring the children in the morning and pick them up at night, so there is a brief opportunity to see what the children are doing and to visit with the staff."

That is the actual degree of parent participation in a center which the AFL-CIO describes as "a Rolls-Royce of day care."

There is a radical alternative to child-care centers which I believe would avoid the staffing difficulties, the psychic risks and the other drawbacks of communal care: Pay mothers to take care of their own children in their own homes.

Many years ago, Dr. Benjamin Spock put forward the ideal solution in his characteristically simple, straightforward language. In "Baby and Child Care," he wrote: "Some mothers have to work to make a living. Usually their children turn out all right because some reasonably good arrangement is made for their care. But others grow up neglected and maladjusted. It would save money in the end if the Government paid a comfortable allowance to all mothers of young children who would otherwise be compelled to work. . . . It doesn't make sense to let mothers go to work making dresses in a factory or tapping typewriters in an office, and have them pay other people to do a poorer job of bringing up their children."

A comparison of costs suggests that the Federal Government, if it chooses to do so, can as easily pay a mother to take care of her own children as to finance them in a day-care facility. Most working mothers, unless they have high professional qualifications, would consider themselves fortunate if they found work paying \$150 a week (\$7,800 a year). After deductions for Federal and state income taxes, Social Security, union dues, lunches and carfare, their take-home pay would be about \$100 a week, or \$5,200 a year. To provide the kind of comprehensive child care which the Mondale bill envisages could easily cost \$2,600 a year a child. If that sum were paid directly to the mother of two children, she would have as much income as if she went out to work.

Such an approach would not solve all the problems of all the broken and overwhelmed families at the bottom of the heap. They and their children would still need the kind of direct help that social workers have long tried to provide. But the direct approach would meet the needs of the millions of children of the working poor and of those middle-class single parents—widows, widowers and divorcees—who are perfectly capable of coping with life and taking care of their own children if only they had more money. The financially well-off mothers who work only for their own satisfaction would not benefit, because any family allowance they received could be largely offset by higher taxes.

True equality between the sexes is wholly desirable, but the liberation of women must not become a potential defeat for young preschool children. Women should not try to combine a full-time job with raising small children. It is a rare and exceptionally gifted woman who does something more important in the outside world than she does during those critical first six years when she is help-

ing to form the personality and character of a child.

Essentially, it is a matter of making a rational choice. If a young woman decided to join the Peace Corps, she would know that she was signing up for two years of her life. If she decided to go to medical school, she would know that she was committing herself to four years of hard work. I suggest that if a woman decides to have a baby, she should know that she is signing up for six years before she can return to work full time.

The direct, simple method of paying parents to stay at home with their children is perhaps utopian, basically because Americans do not believe in the family as much as they think they do. No one can say when or if Americans will reinvigorate those values which make parenthood the most serious human vocation, which are essential to sustain happy, effective families and which, if practiced, would truly make this country what it now mistakenly thinks it is—a child-centered society.

STATEMENT BEFORE SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE ON CHILDREN AND YOUTH AND SUBCOMMITTEE ON EMPLOYMENT, MANPOWER, AND POVERTY

My name is Ernest van den Haag. I am currently professor of social philosophy at New York University and lecturer in sociology and psychology at the New School for Social Research in New York City. I am a member of many professional organizations and was a Guggenheim Fellow and a Freud Memorial Lecturer. A psychoanalyst in private practice, I am the author of four books and about seventy articles in learned journals and perhaps a dozen chapters in books edited by others. My work has been concerned with many kinds of socio-psychological problems, including the rearing of infants and children.

I

The bills before this committee are meant to help children. Nobody could quarrel with this end. Unhappily, the preponderance of evidence indicates that the means proposed would harm children, perhaps irreparably. For these bills would lead to the progressive bureaucratization and depersonalization of child raising.

We are witnessing severe political struggles about the public schools and their control. People fight about teaching methods, teachers, curricula, busing, etc. Students themselves have become so politicized, and the authority of teachers so weakened, that the schools have become battlegrounds, with violence, drug addiction and far too little learning. The bills before you do not intend such an effect; however they seem likely to extend the politicization and bureaucratization of children farther down the line—on the assumption that the government knows how to provide "healthful and stimulating development" of children. If the government has such knowledge it is a well kept secret of which the scientific community is quite unaware.

The major purpose of S. 3228 and S. 3193 is to take care of the children of working parents in day care centers federally funded and locally controlled. It is assumed

(1) that the care to be given to children in the centers to be subsidized is as good or better, or not much worse, as the care now received at home;

(2) that the parents cannot or should not be helped by alternative means to take care of their children; that the means proposed have been demonstrated effective and better than alternatives; and that the help proposed is needed;

(3) that parents, particularly low income parents could not, or would not, or are not experts enough to provide for their children themselves; (Obviously if low income alone were the trouble, if disinclination, ineptness, or malevolence, were not assumed, an income

subsidy would be the remedy, and not government sponsored institutions.)

(4) that the provisions of these bills will not encourage parents to wantonly shift the upbringing of children to the government, or to bring into the world children they are unwilling or unable to raise themselves.

II

Let me turn first to the last point (4). Most welfare measures in the past have made the mistake of assuming that we are dealing with a fixed quantity of cases to be subsidized. But usually the subsidy given tends to encourage and multiply the very situations being subsidized. The bills before you ignore this lesson and repeat this mistake. They will encourage, almost morally and materially entitle, women to bring children into the world when they are not, or not yet, willing or able to devote to their children all the time and effort needed. We should instead help such women not to have children, until, and unless, they do want children and are willing, ready, and able to bring them up themselves.

The problem addressed by the bills before you was generated not by increased poverty but by greater opportunity. At the turn of the century 4% of all married women were in the labor force. At the present time more than one third are—double the number of single women. The percentage of mothers of young children at work has steadily risen. Nearly one fourth of these mothers are now working. They entered the labor force as their family income increased. Their working is hardly due to direct economic pressure, although heightened aspiration may play a role. The trend developed first among middle class women when there was very little economic benefit: the cost of replacing the mother at home often offset her earnings outside. Apparently many mothers work largely because outside work is more interesting to them, or prestige bearing, than taking care of their children. The bills before you will permit families to shift more of the cost of child raising to the taxpayer. This will increase the net gain from the outside work of mothers.

I can see no reason for Congress to encourage or to morally legitimize this practice. Our society still can let women have as many children as they wish, if they enjoy bringing up children and can devote themselves to them and want to do so. But why should our society encourage women to have children unless they are willing and able to bring them up themselves? The U.S. is not underpopulated. Women who do not want to bring up children should be helped not to have children—not encouraged to have children when they cannot, or will not, take the time to bring them up. More is involved than the inequitable shift of the cost to the taxpayers: the upbringing provided outside the family by the care centers to be subsidized is unlikely to help us raise healthy children and likely to cause frequent psychological harm.

III

Let me turn now to points (2) and (3). Changes in circumstances, or motivations, may lead parents who intended to bring up their children themselves to delegate this task to others. How can we help these parents without increasing their number?

Many private institutions, formal and informal, now take care of these children. There is no reason whatsoever to believe that officially sponsored institutions would do any better, or will be less expensive, or will indeed have any advantage over present private arrangements. Experience indicates that the return on the dollars spent will be much less than at present, and the care given children more bureaucratized, the flexibility of institutions reduced. One need only compare present private and public schools in any major city.

The present arrangements range from neighborhood mothers taking care of each others' children to a variety of formal institutions. If and where help is needed it would be far better to help mothers make their own arrangements than to create a new layer of bureaucracy. Money could be allocated through presently existing social agencies to help insolvent parents to make whatever arrangements they prefer for their children. Such money should first be allocated on an experimental basis.

IV

I turn now to the first question. (1) Are day care centers likely to improve child rearing? Can they replace, or improve upon, the home?

Far too little is known about child rearing. However what is known suggest that even the best of institutions cannot serve a small child as well as the average family. Yet most of the institutions proposed will not be the best.

Chances are that they will be staffed by people no less average than those that staff our schools now.

The public has been misled for many years to believe that teaching can be improved by training prospective teachers in specialized institutions—schools of education. There has been no indication, let alone demonstration, that teachers teach better, that pupils learn more, or, that the "whole child" benefits from this training. No better result may be expected from training people for day care centers proposed by the bills before you.

Such training will be fruitless for we do not know what the "right" way is of dealing with children. Possibly there are as many "right" ways as there are "right" persons. Infants and children react to the personalities and the emotions of those who deal with them and not to what these persons may have learned. Personalities cannot be shaped or even influenced by cognitive "training." And there is no reason to believe that we will hit on any selection process to insure that day care centers are staffed by the right kind of person. Experience with teacher selection or with social workers is highly discouraging. Yet infants and children are far more vulnerable to even the subtlest of malpractices than are adults.

Up to the present the development of children has been left to families who have brought up their children largely by traditional means. Scientific theories of child rearing have veered from one extreme to the other. In the 1920's Dr. Watson's behaviorist prescriptions had great scientific prestige. He insisted on inflexible schedules from the beginning, warned against any manifestation of affection and particularly against cuddling infants, picking them up when they cry, etc. Today, Dr. Spock's quite opposite theories prevail, though they are beginning to lose prestige. In addition, there are more sophisticated psychoanalytic theories, some of which, in vulgarized form, have reached schools of education and other institutions.

Suppose the bills before you had passed in Dr. Watson's time. The damage to children would have been literally immeasurable if presently prevailing theories are true. But the evidence for the presently prevailing theories is no more conclusive than the evidence was for Dr. Watson's theories.

We know very little about the right institutional handling of children. Where we have some measure of success it is due to extraordinary people, such as Bruno Bettelheim in his institution in Chicago. But we cannot hope to staff the proposed institutions with extraordinary people. On the contrary, chances are that the position to be staffed—low in income and prestige—will attract indifferent people. Physicians learn: *primum non nocere*—above all do no harm. Perhaps social physicians can adopt this motto from medical man.

V

The belief, implied in the bills before you, that we know and can deliver by social mechanisms the right way of bringing up children is not only undemonstrated but demonstrably false. Infants, and children of tender age, need, above all, firm yet affectionate, concerned, spontaneous, individual attention, in a stable and lasting relationship with maternal and paternal figures who provide support, models, and sources, as well as objects of affection.

Such relationships need not be provided by actual parents. Parental figures can take their place if parents are not available. But a changing staff of government sponsored centers cannot. It lacks the all important element of stability. Nothing is more important for a small child. Nothing could be more harmful than the repeated disappearance of adult figures in whom the child has invested affection. Depending on age, the development of "object relations," and later of a "supergo," will suffer if the child repeatedly has important relationships with people who disappear. And nothing could be more cruel than to impose on small children these perceived abandonments. Yet the bills before you could do no less. Apart from instability I believe that the spontaneous individual affection hired hands can provide will in most cases be distinctly inferior to that of parents, be they ever so poor.*

VI

Every effort should be made to make it clear to women that to truly want children implies wanting to bring them up and waiting until one is able to do so. There is no point in having children only to entrust them to day care centers for most of the time at a tender age. It is only the totally unwanted child that might be better off in a day care center. We should minimize the number of these unwanted children first. Secondly, we might help mothers, when required, to place children they will not or cannot take care of, into already existing private, or privately organized, institutions.

Congress might want to finance a few small experimental institutions to try out how effective or useful government sponsored day care centers could be. As Daniel P. Moynihan has shown rather conclusively in his *Marimum Feasible Misunderstanding*, social science, at the present time, is in a position to produce testable theories, and the methods by means of which they can be tested. However the assumption that social science has as yet produced a tested theory of child rearing is sheer fantasy. Only a few variables have been detected. And they suggest that family care should be encouraged, not replaced.

VII

Good men, with good intentions often have produced undesired effects. I am convinced that the bills before you would do immeasurable harm to children and I urge you not to pass them. Previous governmental appropriations have had "so little effect" on education according to Dr. Moynihan (*The New York Times*, Jan. 10, 1972) "... as to be naught." "School inputs," he continues, "such as per pupil expenditure" have "an extraordinarily weak influence on educational outputs." Whether or not one accepts the reasons that Dr. Arthur Jensen has given for the failure of the Headstart program to achieve any permanent improvement in the learning ability of pupils, no one has seriously questioned the bare fact of the failure itself. That failure was, and is costly. But the harm it does is largely financial. It harms the taxpayers and fails to benefit the children. The bills before you are much worse: they would harm the children as well.

*It is for this reason that wherever possible, homeless children are now entrusted to foster parents, rather than institutions.

VIII

Congress has long realized that the war in Vietnam cannot be won by throwing in more and more resources. Unlike his predecessors, Mr. Nixon agreed, and has gradually reduced the resources used. Perhaps it is time for Congress to realize that the "war" against whatever actually or presumptively ails our society, including difficulties in child rearing, cannot be won by throwing in more and more resources, after those previously used have been shown not to improve matters. Congress might even want to consider whether what is held out as the cure may actually be the disease.

STATEMENT TO THE SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE ON CHILDREN AND YOUTH

(By Dale R. Meers)

As an introduction, I would note my ambivalence in accepting, an invitation to testify on daycare legislation. My professional and research commitments are essentially clinical and my past evaluations of daycare were incidental, if not fortuitous. But it appears that my work and observations have been unusual in that I have observed daycare from the point of view of its impact on psychiatric vulnerability. In 1971, a majority of Congress, and a range of other experts clearly stated their approval of early daycare. If a majority vote could make group care of young children psychiatrically safe, I would be most pleased. The good intentions and enormous labor that have gone into your deliberations on daycare leaves me hesitant to criticize. Yet, as presently presented and I refer hereafter primarily to S. 3193, the proposed daycare legislation contains a range of contradictions and dangerously false assumptions.

I received a long distance telephone call from a national TV program researcher last week who wondered if she had reached the right person, i.e. she asked if I was the person who was against daycare. I would assure you, as I did that lady, I am no more against daycare than I am against birth defects, morphine for surgical patients or methadone for heroin addicts. Group daycare is needed today, and urgently so, because of other failures in our social institutions. There are clear and explicit dangers in early group care and such services should be developed and administered with a clear understanding of the risks that are attendant on its misuse: For the past eight years I have worked with three research projects, all of which have concerned our innercity black families and the vulnerability of their children to intellectual and psychiatric damage. I am convinced that intellectual dysfunction and academic retardation of the ghetto reared child is directly related to his exposure to early and continuing traumatizations. My present research has extended to a representative sample of 26 families in the inner city. It is dramatically clear that even severe psychopathology goes undiagnosed, and of course untreated. I wish to emphasize here that the needs of the children of our inner city families are far greater than this legislation assumes.

I am both a psychoanalyst and a social worker. My concerns for the impact of malignant environments on the mental health and intelligence of children has extended over almost two decades. Skeels' controversial and exciting research on the reversibility of retardation via modifications in environments, and Kanner's contrasting studies on the brilliance of autistic, psychotic children of gifted families were particularly influential in my own research. My concern for the total lack of psychoanalytic treatment for disadvantaged black children led to my affiliation, in 1964, with Children's Hospital and my subsequent research work there. My interest in daycare derived directly from research sponsored by NIMH. Our planning began with the idea that early daycare

might prove both a valuable service to the innercity family and also a vehicle through which childhood retardation might be reversed. Eight years ago I would have been unreservedly supportive of daycare for the very young.

It is rare that psychoanalysts or psychiatrists have direct concerns for normal populations of children, i.e. other than as consultants or researchers. We are more accustomed to treatment of existing forms of psychopathology, and to the exploration of the causes of types of illness. Intrigued by Bronfenbrenner's accounts of Soviet experience with early childcare, and further challenged by a USSR text bequeathed us by Professor Zaporozhets in 1964, I began a literature review and correspondence with child development staff and researchers in East Berlin, Prague, Budapest—and later Moscow. In two separate trips I reviewed an extended range of daycare, and institutional facilities, under most auspicious sponsorship. My colleague, Dr. Allen Marans, studied daycare in Paris, Israel and Athens in 1963. From such studies and from a more direct experience in Washington, I became increasingly concerned that the use of early daycare was fraught with psychiatric dangers that are as severe as those of the latch-key child of the streets.

Legislative alternatives

I gather that there are several daycare bills that are in differing stages of consideration. I am not familiar with their differences, though I understand that they vary enormously. I will restrict myself to S. 3193. I have been advised by well intentioned colleagues and friends that I might be stigmatized by accepting Senator Buckley's invitation, and that my critical testimony would be used to damage this legislation. I think I am more exploitive than exploited since my intent is to underscore inherent limitations of this bill so that they might, hopefully, be remedied before this bill is considered by the Senate.

There are several aspects of this bill that I think are clinically dangerous. I have been advised that this Committee has accepted an ambiguous recommendation by the Joint Commission on Mental Health of Children as indicating that the field of psychiatry sees no danger in early daycare. The Joint Commission recommended "the creation of high quality, universally available pre-school education and day care programs which are continuous, based on sound knowledge of child development" (emphasis supplied). That recommendation represents a compromise between good intentions and professional ignorance. Daycare programs can not be based on "sound knowledge of child development" because of the simple fact that we have only limited data on the impact of surrogate group care on early development, and such psychiatric data as is available is anything but reassuring. This recommendation of the Joint Commission needs to be directly juxtaposed to its other recommendations on research, viz. that "there is a drastic need for longitudinal studies of human development; multivariate research; and for more epidemiological studies. It is apparent that those who drafted this legislation could not have been oblivious to some sense of danger since Sec. 551, 552, which provides for research, clearly implies the obvious, viz. that little enough is known of the impact of group care on normal psychological maturation at this time.

Any casual observer of the inner cities, of Appalachia and our migrant workers will appreciate that the needs of our damaged families and their distressed children is now. They cannot wait for the evidence of research which is necessarily protracted over many years. Given the fact that particular distressed families merit the earliest of relief, it does not follow that it is in any way desirable that otherwise adequate families should be led to believe that early day care is necessarily safe for their youngsters.

The risks of early day care

It is salient to recall the severity of damage that can derive from depersonalization of infant care. I quote here from a paper prepared by my former colleague, Dr. Allen Marans, from our NIMH study:

"In 1908, Dr. Henry Chapin, who later conceived the foster home idea, published his observations on "atrophic" infants who had been in institutional settings for long periods of time. In 1915, at the annual meeting of the American Pediatrics Society, the high institutional mortality of infants was discussed. Chapin discussed ten infant asylums located in different cities of the United States. In all but one institution every infant under two years of age died. Among those who discussed Chapin's paper was Dr. Knox, who described a study which he had made in Baltimore. Ninety percent of 200 infants admitted to various institutions in the city died within a year. He attributed the survival of the remaining ten percent to the fact that they were removed from the institution for short times and given the care of foster parents and relatives."

Chapin's "atrophic" disability is better known by the name of marasmus. It is rarely found today in modern facilities, but it took some twenty years of research to convince our established institutions and concerned legislatures to evacuate infants from such care—and we still see residual resurgences of infants placed in institutions even in this city, *vide* Junior Village. The research of the 1920's clarified that marasmatic deaths could be avoided by TLC. But in its place a lesser but more insidious malady soon became evident. Psychobiological failures that are manifest in apathy, motoric and intellectual retardation appeared commonly in hospitals. The dysfunction was labeled "hospitalism." The term is a guilt reducing misnomer in that the label implies that a physical setting is responsible rather than a failure in human nurture. Levy, Spitz and later Bowlby extended the clinical study of forms of developmental failures and depression in small children separated from parents. Studies on maternal and affective deprivation have questioned, time and again, that typical accommodations include mild retardation, and sociopathic and psychopathic personalities.

I know of few researchers who dispute the probability that mild to severe developmental failures derive from "institutionalization." What is usually argued, however, is that institutionalization syndromes are an all-or-nothing matter. If true, and if the pathologies were only a consequence of long term separations from a family, then such findings would be irrelevant to daycare.

Children reared by their own families within institutional walls do not suffer from developmental insults. The problem is one of human relatedness, of an invested child-parent interaction, an emotional engagement that blossoms into a love affair with life. For the infant who spends the predominance of his waking hours in group daycare, relationships are fractured. The USSR and the East European nations appear to have some 50% of their preschool children now in daycare. It is clear that they are concerned about the prospects of "hospitalism" in their centers, and Professors Tur, Aksarina and Schelovanova are notable for their technical innovations in child management (that are introduced to avoid the malady). I gather from rereading one of Dr. Caldwell's papers that she and her staff were also concerned, that they restricted their child placements to babies over six months and most of their study population had started after the age of one. I was advised by a member of your staff that the child ratio to adult caretaker was reduced by 50%, i.e. from 8 children per adult to 4 or 5 per adult. If those who drafted this change were secure in the idea that group daycare was not potentially hazardous, why should the ratio be kept low?

The point I wish to stress is that in attempting to remedy known ills of street-corner daycare, present legislation can inadvertently supplant one malady with another that is equally severe. Early daycare is not an unmixed blessing, yet this legislation infers that daycare is desirable, rather than specifically, remedial.

In August of 1967 I sat in the Budapest office of Mrs. Magda Lazlow, an ageless, powerful woman whose gnarled face seemed almost more communicative than her interpreter. Mrs. Lazlow, as best I could understand, was the Director of the Hungarian Bureau of Child Care. My interpreter was a pediatrician who had difficulty conveying my research interests. In an exchange with her colleagues, Mrs. Lazlow nodded with evident whimsey as she made some pronouncement. As her colleagues smiled in response, I wondered about the exchange. My interpreter, with some embarrassment, replied that it was Mrs. Lazlow's reflection on a Hungarian proverb that had somewhat the same meaning as "coals to Newcastle." The allusion quite escaped me and I asked for clarification. Mrs. Lazlow then detailed her early involvement in daycare, at the time when the war made daycare a literal matter of survival. The aftermath of the war brought such further economic hardships that it was essential to have the labor of all healthy adults. Daycare continued as an economic necessity that simply outweighed the obvious pain and suffering of the youngsters in such care. Mrs. Lazlow concluded that it was their intent to limit daycare for children under the age of three as quickly as economics permitted. Her surprise over my research interests derived from the fact that the United States was accepted as the richest nation in the world. Why then should the most affluent of nations wish to inflict on itself something that they, among the poorest of Europeans, were trying to rid themselves of?

Such concerns derived from humanitarian motives, and were quite similar to those that sustained the research of Langmeier and Matejcek in Czechoslovakia. In updating my data for my 1971 OEO paper on daycare, I corresponded with researchers in Prague, and elsewhere.

Despite the Stalinization of the government, to my surprise, the research on the distress of young children in daycare had sufficed that Czechoslovakia had reversed its national policy and was actively dissuading its citizens, by national TV, from further placements of children under the age of three.

I would like to emphasize in this context, that such attitudes towards daycare were based on humanitarian concerns, and not on research related to psychological impairments or psychiatric symptomatology. Communist nations are as misguidedly dedicated to Pavlov in matters of psychiatry as they have been to Lysenko in agronomy. Research on the effects of social institutions was forbidden by law in the USSR and in Czechoslovakia; the question of psychiatric consequences has been almost totally ignored. In my own study and observations of Communist centers, I was singularly depressed by what I saw, so much so that it seemed inane to continue to photograph room after room, center after center of passive and despondent youngsters. In speaking with staff about the age at which different children had entered particular daycare centers, it seemed to me that one could visually discern direct relationship between the passivity and length of time the children had been enrolled.

Psychoanalytic experience over the past seventy years has contributed a considerable literature on the vulnerability of the young to psychiatric damage. The younger the age at which excessive accommodation is demanded, the more severe the psychobiological outcome. I have heard advocates of early daycare urge that since it is not pos-

sible to demonstrate that severe pathology necessarily results from such care, that there are no grounds for opposing it. The speciousness of such a contention is evident if one asks if such a criterion should have been applied to Thalidomide.

As I understand S. 3193, it would support, and implicitly encourage, intact families within particular income levels to use daycare. The popular media has extended the erroneous notion, which was implicit in Senator Mondale's previous, 1971 bill, that daycare offers some educational advantages. I do not understand where this idea originated, though I once shared it as a prejudice. The USSR does not try to use daycare as an educational vehicle; indeed, that country initiates its educational efforts a year later than we do in our public schools. While I have heard daycare offered as a remedial effort, one that is programatically related to Head Start, I do not know of documented successes. Dr. Caldwell's paper, "Infant Day Care and Attachment" notes that her data showed that it was possible to devise programs which circumvent developmental decline. Since she is here today, I would be interested in learning if she would cite published studies that document that such declines have been reversed in later school years.

Let me summarize my objectives to this bill: (1) it infers that there is no danger in early daycare, which I think is singularly untrue; (2) in failing to designate that daycare is remedial in its intent, the legislation infers that intact families can securely use such facilities; and (3) since daycare is only remedial at best, it bypasses the basic problem of prevention.

I would like to extend the latter point by recalling Senator Mondale's conclusion that something occurs within the disadvantaged family that stunts and cripples the minds and motivations of their children. Referring to the greater advantages of middle class families, Senator Mondale contrasted the higher level of functioning of their children. If it is true that secure families can produce brighter and healthier children, and if it is true that daycare can only "circumvent developmental decline", then daycare is simply not enough. The major problems that beset the innercity family are extended, chronic and severe. They are not only familial, but are a function of failures of the community to effectively ensure adequate housing, protection from incipient and chronic violence, employment security, etc. I'm certain the Senator knows this better than I. My point here is that daycare has particular value if used appropriately. But if it is oversold like Head Start, or if it is inadequately funded and structured, then failures will be inevitable and a worthwhile, albeit limited, service may be needlessly discredited.

Staffing and financing of daycare

If daycare were to be limited to only those families that could not provide adequately for the developmental wellbeing of their children, there would still remain particular problems of organization and staffing essential to the psychiatric health of the children. All child care programs that I know of internationally, including those of the Kibbutzim, have had chronic problems in obtaining and keeping appropriate staff. The Mondale bill contains a most interesting staffing possibility, viz, that of recruiting and educating parents who might use the centers. The notion is innovative and seductive, but I fear that it is both impractical and ill advised. Those families who have greatest need for protective and supportive help via daycare are the least able to invest themselves. Many such women are clinically depressed, many are physically exhausted, and the failures they have experienced with their own children leave them ill prepared to participate. I suspect that those who drafted this provision will be concerned with costs, and concluded that an

economy might be realized by use of families or volunteers. I would also conjecture that some well intentioned, clinically minded aides might see in this provision a type of group education for distressed mothers. If so, the sponsors of this provision grossly underestimate the severity of depression and overwork of our most needful black mothers.

My earlier limited experience with Washington, D.C.'s Capitol Day Care Association left me singularly impressed that those self-conscious and active women who fought for daycare did so to obtain better supervision of their youngsters so that the mothers could be free to obtain the best paying jobs possible. I cannot imagine such ladies accepting part time, low paid employment if they could help it.

Daycare is expensive if it is to be organized and directed effectively. The most apparent reasons for the high rate of staff turnover in other countries appears to be the fact that daycare staff have been paid less than competitively. As a second and dramatically important consideration to the children, when adult-to-child ratios go as high as eight or ten children to one adult caretaker, then childhood distress increases astronomically. In the face of evident and continuous childhood distress, empathic and emotionally responsive women experience sufficient pain themselves that they do not continue in such employment.

If we are to have effective daycare that minimizes depersonalization of young children, then staff ratio of this bill may still be too high. The costs of such centers and such staffing is very high. The estimates of costs per child of \$1600, when compared to Communist data, appears less than half of what will be needed. Let me recall that the children we are concerned with suffer quite disproportionately from personal injuries, illnesses and familial problems that make their care all the more problematic. If Congress is loath to expend a greater amount of money for any particular fiscal year, it is better by far to limit the intake of children so that they can be adequately cared for than it is to extend the service by cutting the cost per child. The latter course, it seems to me, is certain to cripple daycare, if other problems do not.

Morality, Ideology and the Structure of Society: I gather from a speech of Senator Buckley's that he is deeply concerned about an indirect assault on the conventions of the family by those who purport to be experts in child care. I can easily understand the source of his concern. In a position statement intended as a response to the recommendations of the Joint Commission on Mental Health of Children, a group of prominent educators have noted their conviction that the conventional family is abandoning its role in moral education and that the educator is prepared to fulfill this function as the child is exposed to ever earlier educational direction. Dr. Caldwell and her associates go even further, and echo Bronfenbrenner's conclusions in the ideological orientation of Soviet daycare. In the Caldwell paper previously mentioned there is a most exceptional judgment. The authors are disarming in first noting "When we talk about 'group care for infants', it is easy to have it sound as though we are proposing something radically deviant for the children."

If they do not believe that their next idea is not "radically deviant," I would surely like to know what would qualify for that label. That quotation continues:

"In the Western world of today with its ticky-tacky houses, Dick and Jane and mother and dad readers, and our carefully nurtured concern for territoriality and for 'mine' and 'yours,' it is easy to forget that historically speaking and right up until recent times, 'group care' was the species pattern for infants and children of Homo Sapiens."

Two sentences later they conclude, rhapsodically, that in extended family settings that day care approximates, there is never a question about who belongs to whom. Bronfenbrenner, it should be added, has probably exacerbated concerns such as those of Senator Buckley by his conclusions that day care is a deliberate Soviet vehicle for bypassing the family to educate the new Communist Man.

In my observations of the functioning of Communist systems, I could never find substance to the idea that group day care could ever be effective in inculcating ideological views. The problems of day-to-day management in the best of centers give rise to exhausted staff and a constant struggle to maintain the system. I am less than troubled by those who would see day care as a vehicle for purposeful modification of the family and our social system. But I am most concerned that the conditions of group care may lead to inhibitions in independent functioning as an inevitable consequence of early conditioning. If social disaster is to come insidiously through massive programs in childhood experiments, then it will come, I am convinced, via depersonalization, subtle developmental failures in personality structure, and in marginal intellectual capabilities.

I will conclude my comments with one brief vignette. Our interpreter in Leningrad, Mr. Boris Lavitman, was a rather remarkable young man who happened fortuitously to be the director of the city's staff of professional interpreters. Mr. Lavitman courteously translated, time and again, a range of socio-cultural questions that, as he later noted, struck him as odd because they appeared so distant from the subject of daycare. Over vodka on a very cold day, when we were concluding our study with a lunch, Mr. Lavitman confided that he had been talking with his wife (who suffered, incidentally, from a severe claustrophobia) about the long range consequences of daycare that I was concerned with. He and his wife had reviewed the number of married couples they knew personally, and the total was something like 50. Both Mr. Lavitman and his wife had each been married three times and they had two children. Of the fifty couples they knew, only one or two had not been married three times—and they estimated that the average number of children per couple was about one per family. As survivors of the selge of Leningrad, both of these adults had been reared in group daycare. They speculated, as I now do: is there a relationship between early daycare and the adults subsequent incapacity for family intimacy and constancy?

Recommendations

I cannot imagine that you would be prepared to revise existing bills on the basis of any one person's criticisms. There are a number of eminent psychiatrists and psychoanalysts both here and abroad who have twenty to forty more years of experience than I. Of those who are particularly distinguished in research on child development and psychopathology, I would recommend the following for your consideration:

Dr. Rene Spitz, the University of Colorado.
Dr. Margaret Mahler, Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

Dr. Humberto Nagera, the University of Michigan.

Dr. Sally Provence, Yale University.

There are many distinguished psychoanalysts resident here in Washington. If your Committee aides should wish to confirm the clinical views of the dangers of daycare for the very young, I would be pleased to provide a distinguished local roster.

I would repeat my conviction that effective daycare is urgently needed today—as a remedial program that with all its limitations, is undoubtedly better than the neglect of our most disadvantaged children. But, I would also urge as strongly as possible, that

daycare should be initially restricted to demonstration projects so that you, and the new profession of caretakers that follow may have time to work out both programs and psychiatric evaluations of their effects. This should be a basic precondition to the extension of daycare on any massive basis. While the types of psychopathology I have referred to may not be manifest until school age or later years, it is clearly possible to at least verify in the immediate future, the direct effect on health, developmental quotients, and socialization. Such research control, it is obvious, needs to be centralized in an authority independent of the centers themselves.

My task this morning has not been comfortable for me. I fully appreciate that your task in designing legislative programs is arduous, requiring a judicious weighing of alternatives and an assumption of responsibility that your critics are spared.

ANDERSON AND KGB INSERTS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New York (Mr. KEMP) is recognized for 15 minutes.

Mr. KEMP. Mr. Speaker, Jack Anderson's outstanding exposé on "Brainwashing With Microwaves" should refocus our attention on the constant danger to freedom which continues in the midst of efforts for East-West detente. The article follows:

BRAINWASHING WITH MICROWAVES

(By Jack Anderson)

WASHINGTON.—Hidden in the Central Intelligence Agency's most secret files is an account of a possible Soviet attempt to "brainwash" our embassy personnel in Moscow with mysterious microwaves.

The fantastic details are contained in a file marked "Operation Pandora," which describes how the Russians bombarded our embassy with eerie, low-radiation impulses. Their secret intent, it was suspected, may have been to alter the personalities of our diplomats.

The bizarre story began in 1945 when a Russian presented Averell Harriman, then our ambassador, with a handsome carved Great Seal of the United States. Harriman proudly hung it in the embassy.

The seal contained a tiny electronic eavesdropping device, which monitored conversations inside the embassy until 1952, when it was detected. From this shocking discovery came urgent orders that all embassies must be periodically checked for electronic signals.

In the 1960s, U.S. security men discovered the strange microwave impulses, some steady, some pulsating, directed into our Moscow embassy from a neighboring building.

The CIA quickly learned that Russian medical literature suggested microwaves can cause nervous tension, irritability, even disorders. They speculated that the Russians were trying to drive American diplomats stir-crazy with the waves.

Neither the CIA nor the State Department had the facilities to test the effects of the silent rays on human beings. At the Pentagon, however, the super-secret Advanced Research Project Agency had worked on electronic sensors and other weird projects.

The agency quietly began a study, under the direction of Richard Cesaro, into the effects of microwaves on people. Cesaro gave the project the code name, "Operation Pandora," and called in a physician, Dr. Herb Pollack, and two crack military scientists, Dr. Joseph Sharp of Walter Reed Army hospital, and engineer-microwave expert Mark Grove of the Air Force.

Sharp and Grove, supplied with the micro-

wave data monitored in the embassy, duplicated the embassy environment, using monkeys for diplomats.

The monkeys actually were trained to perform tasks and then were rewarded with food, much as embassy employees might be rewarded with a dry martini at the end of the day.

The monkeys were studied night and day for months at Walter Reed, while a collateral experiment was also conducted on rabbits by consultant Dr. Milton Zaret in his own laboratory.

In the embassy in Moscow, meanwhile, no one except the highest diplomats and security men were aware of the secret microwave drama.

By 1967, the scientists felt they had watched the monkeys long enough for a tentative reading. Some felt there were signs of "aberrant behavior" caused by microwaves, but the majority disagreed. Only the rabbits showed clear changes—in their heart rate—which Zaret attributed to heat from the rays.

The disagreements on psychological changes were sent to a top-secret reviewing board, which also could reach no absolute conclusion that the rays affected the monkeys' minds.

Nevertheless, the suspicion lingered, and the White House decided that even if the microwaves were not "brainwashing" embassy people, they should be halted. It was also suspected that the waves might be part of some radical new surveillance technique.

At the June, 1967, Glassboro meeting between President Lyndon Johnson and Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, the question of the microwave rays came up. One informant insists Johnson personally asked Kosygin to end the ray bombardment, although other sources say the request was made at a lower level.

By 1968, most of Cesaro's scientists were convinced that the microwaves were not psychologically harmful and the embassy experiments ended in early 1969.

The brilliant work done by the team, however, has now led to important research on the effects of microwaves. So far, tests show high radiation can injure eyes, genital organs and perhaps other parts of the body. But, as yet, there is no conclusive proof that low-level radiation is harmful.

Footnote: We have spoken with Cesaro, Pollack, Sharp, Zaret and Grove. All acknowledge they worked on "Operation Pandora," but all refuse to go into details. As Sharp put it: "Pandora was classified in those days and still is."

The extent to which the Soviets have gone to perfect age-old ploys of espionage into a new and lethal art has been depicted, as well, in a thoroughly engrossing Reader's Digest condensation of John Barron's book, *KGB*. Certainly the foremost examination of the Soviet secret police to date, Mr. Barron's book should be required reading for every American who wishes to become alert to the modus operandi of this massive Soviet intelligence agency.

It is a compelling work and will not, unfortunately, be published until late this year or early next.

I insert the Reader's Digest condensation at this point in the RECORD:

THE SPY WHO CHANGED HIS MIND

(By John Barron)

For nine years in the Russian city of Kirov, where he taught English, Kaarlo Tuomi also worked for the KGB, the Soviet Union's mighty intelligence agency. Then, for 20 grueling months, he underwent intensive training to become an espionage agent in the United States. Now it was March 1959, and

on a sidewalk in Milwaukee he faced a terrifying decision.

"Do we take you directly to jail, or do you want to talk and see what might be worked out?"

Kaarlo Tuomi, 42, a man with a broad, pleasant face and blue eyes that normally radiated good humor, felt his arms and legs quiver. As he faced the two well-dressed athletic young men who had stopped him, he knew automatically what they were: FBI agents. He thought his training in Moscow had steeled him for every emergency, but nothing could really have prepared him for this moment. It seemed inconceivable that all the years of labor and planning could evaporate so suddenly on this street in Milwaukee. Yet, somehow, the FBI had found him. Desperately he tried to order his thoughts. But the sole advice he could remember from his KGB schooling was: Your legend is your only defense. No matter what happens, stick with your legend.

"Gentlemen, there must be some mistake," he said. "I'll be glad to straighten it out if I can."

"All right, then, get into the car," one of the men ordered, motioning to a black Dodge sedan occupied by two other men.

They were well into the countryside before the man in the right front seat spoke. "We might as well get acquainted. I'm Don, and this is Gene," he said, pointing to the driver. "Steve is on your left, Jack on your right." Don was tall, slender and handsome. It was his voice that Tuomi had heard first on the street, and he was clearly in command. Gene was freckle-faced and boyish in appearance. Steve had wavy blond hair, a ruddy complexion and the quiet, quizzical look of a professor, which in fact he once had been. But Jack looked like a professional wrestler who had progressed to better things. His black eyes fixed Tuomi with a stare of unconcealed contempt.

After a drive of about an hour, the car turned off a back road down a narrow, dark lane which ended at a hunting lodge set deep in the woods. There a young man admitted Tuomi and the group. As the door shut behind them, Don ordered, "Take off your clothes."

"But why?" Tuomi protested.

"It's our duty to make sure you're not carrying anything to harm yourself with," Jack answered.

Tuomi stripped and stood in the middle of the main room of the lodge. It had a high, vaulted ceiling, random-width floorboards, and a huge stone fireplace where four or five big logs were beginning to blaze. Overhead, an open balcony lined with bunks evidently served as a dormitory. To the right were two bedrooms, a bath and a kitchen. Faintly, from a room behind the fireplace wall, Tuomi could hear bits of unintelligible conversation being conducted by radio.

Tuomi held his hands against his ribs to keep them from trembling as Steve, wearing rubber gloves, methodically examined him. The other three agents went through his clothes, briefcase and wallet. "You're shaking," Don observed when the physical search ended. "Would you like something to eat or drink?"

During the ride and the search, he had reviewed in detail the legend that his Soviet instructors had prepared for him. In reality, Kaarlo R. Tuomi was a KGB agent who had been intensively trained to conduct espionage in the United States. He was using his actual name because he had been born in America. His family had moved to the Soviet Union in 1933, but the KGB had created an elaborate biography to cover the 25 years he had spent in Russia. In fact, ever since his arrival in the United States two months before, he had been familiarizing himself with the places where he was supposed to have lived and worked. He was completing

this phase of his mission in Milwaukee when the FBI agents stopped him.

After a lunch of soup and sandwiches, the interrogation began. Tuomi sat on a sofa facing the fire. So intent was he on maintaining his legend that he seldom was conscious of which interrogator asked which question.

"What are you doing in Milwaukee?"

"Looking for a job."

"Who do you know in Milwaukee?"

"No one, really. I used to work in a machine shop here, then at the General Electric plant, in the shipping department. After that I had a cabinetmaking shop. But my wife walked out in 1956, so I went to New York to start over. All my friends here seem to have drifted away."

"Why did you come here, then?"

"I was tired of New York. I grew up around the Lakes, and I wanted to get back."

"Where did you live in New York?"

"In an apartment house at 4738 Decatur Avenue in the Bronx—until last December. I had to move because the building was being torn down. I stayed at the George Washington Hotel until I came here."

"Where did you work?"

"At a lumber company in the Bronx."

"You don't have a driver's license with you. Do you own a car?"

"No."

"How did you get to work in New York?"

"By bus."

"Which bus? Describe its route."

Both in Moscow and during his first weeks in New York, Tuomi had studied the neighborhoods in which the apartment building and the lumber company were located. But no one had foreseen that he would have to know which bus traveled between them, much less its route. "Actually, I don't remember the exact number of the bus," he said.

"You've been riding a bus week in, week out," Jack snapped, "but you can't tell us which one?" Tuomi remained silent.

"Let's put New York aside for a while," Don said finally. "Tell us about your early life."

END OF A LEGEND

Tuomi began to recite the legend he had practiced thousands of times. He had been born in Michigan in 1916. He had attended school through the tenth grade in the town of Rock, but after his sister died in 1932, his Finnish-born stepfather abandoned the family, and his mother took him to his grandmother's farm in Minnesota. In 1938, when he was 22, he married Helen Matson, a childhood sweetheart from Michigan. They worked his grandmother's farm for a while, until it began to fail in 1941. A draft board exempted him from wartime military service because his wife, mother and ailing grandmother were all dependent on him.

After the farm failed, he was employed at various jobs. He went to Canada and worked in a lumber camp on the Fraser River in British Columbia, then was transferred to a lumberyard in Vancouver. In 1949, he moved to Milwaukee. His wife had been unfaithful, and deserted him in 1956, causing him some emotional problems. His mother and grandmother were dead. The farm in Minnesota had long since been merged with others.

It was a sound legend, with a strong factual foundation. The KGB had spent months perfecting it, meshing actual details of Tuomi's early life with information supplied by other spies to make a plausible history. In 1938, for example, a Helen Matson did leave an upper Michigan town to be married. She was never heard from again. Tuomi had spent countless hours in Moscow looking at snapshots and at films taken inside three of the places where he had supposedly worked. As he talked, Tuomi inserted reminiscences of these jobs which added to the verisimilitude of the story.

The agents listened attentively. It all sounded so believable that, for the first time

since confronting the FBI, Tuomi thought he might have a chance. But, late in the afternoon, a fifth agent emerged from the room behind the fireplace and whispered to Don.

"Kaarlo, our colleagues have been doing some checking," Don said. "We've talked to G.E. in Milwaukee, the Bronx lumber company, and the last two managers of the apartment building where you claim you lived. There is no record of you anywhere. How do you explain that?"

Tuomi shrugged. "You must have talked to the wrong people."

"I think it is more logical to assume that you're lying to us," said Don. "Take a look at this picture. Do you recognize that man?"

"Yes," said Tuomi, stunned. "It's my stepfather."

"And these people?" Don asked, handing him another photograph.

"My mother, stepfather, my sister and me when I was a boy."

"Do you remember when that picture was taken?" Don asked.

"No, I've never seen it before," Tuomi replied.

"Think hard," Don said. "Wasn't it in 1933—just before all four of you went to the Soviet Union?" Tuomi put the photograph down and saw that the agents were smiling at him.

"Let's take a break," Don said.

Standing around the fire, the agents were polite, even friendly. They talked about the weather, speculated about the severity of an approaching snowstorm. Then Steve casually said, "By the way, Kaarlo, when you were staying at the George Washington in New York, what were you typing in your room all the time?"

He had merely been practicing with a newly purchased portable typewriter. But to Tuomi the question was devastating. It told him how closely the FBI had watched him since he had entered the country. And this evidence, together with the photographs, obtained perhaps from distant relatives or friends of his parents, was proof that the FBI knew what he actually was. His legend was now a shambles. Still, he vowed not to give up.

BAD NEWS

At the start of the next interrogation, Tuomi announced, "I've decided to tell you the truth."

The agents stared at him, waiting.

"You were partly right yesterday," Tuomi said. "My stepfather did take us out of the country back in 1933—but we went to Finland, not to the Soviet Union. I always planned to get back to America. Last fall, I got a job as a deckhand on a Finnish freighter. When it docked in Quebec, I jumped ship and came to the United States. I know this is illegal. But I did it because I wanted to live in my own country."

A hall of questions instantly beat down on him: What was the name of the ship? Who was the captain? The first mate? What was the cargo? From which port did it sail? What was the date it arrived in Canada? Where did Tuomi get all his false papers?

Later, Don came out of the room behind the fireplace to confront him again. "I have more bad news for you, Kaarlo," he said. "Naval authorities tell us there is no Finnish ship such as you describe. We also have discovered something else."

He put on the table a bottle of laxative tablets given to Tuomi in Moscow. "We found this in your briefcase," he said. "What's in it?"

"Medicine," Tuomi answered.

The tablets bore a common American brand name. Don placed an identical bottle on the table. Then he took one tablet from each bottle, placed them side by side and sliced each in half with a pocketknife. "Look at this, Kaarlo," he said. "This tablet is

white all the way through. But the one from your bottle is pink on the inside. How do you explain that?"

"I don't know," Tuomi replied.

"Well, our laboratory has a pretty good idea," Don said. "It tells us that your pills contain a special chemical compound not manufactured in the United States. It also advises us that the only conceivable use for this compound would be in developing some sort of invisible writing. What do you say about that?"

"I have nothing to say."

"It's time we talked frankly," Don continued. "All the evidence shows that you are a Soviet agent, sent here on an espionage mission. We happen to know that this is the case. You are in this country illegally. All we have to do is deport you—turn you back to the Russians. They'll take care of you for us." He paused.

"Reason it out for yourself. If you explain what happened over here, nobody will buy it. The people who planned your mission simply will not believe that they made the mistakes. At best, they will think you are lying to cover up some stupid blunder, and you will be stigmatized as a failure. More likely you will be suspected of something far worse. Nothing you do or say will quite convince your superiors that you didn't make a deal with us and that we didn't send you back as an American agent."

"Now, on the other hand, should you choose to cooperate with us..."

The words were hardly spoken before Tuomi exploded. "Why should I cooperate with representatives of a system that is collapsing?" he shouted. "Your side is losing! We are winning!"

It was the first crack in Tuomi's facade, and the agents took advantage of it.

"You've been traveling around the country quite a bit the last couple of months," Jack retorted. "Does the system look as if it's collapsing?"

"It won't happen overnight," answered Tuomi. "But historically the collapse of capitalism is inevitable."

Thereupon, Tuomi and the FBI agents plunged into ardent ideological argument. Tuomi earnestly repeated all the Marxist, socialist, anti-American doctrine absorbed during 25 years in the Soviet Union. The agents granted certain points and ridiculed others. "Kaarlo, we have real problems in this country," Don said. "But at least we can try to solve them with the ballot box." The debate raged through the evening meal and late into the night.

"This is getting us nowhere," Don said finally. "Let me finish what I started to say. If you work with us, we can make it appear that you have accomplished all your assignments. Someday you will be recalled, and you can go home with no one the wiser. You will enjoy all the rewards given a successful illegal. You can lead a normal life in your own country."

Tuomi did not reply, but he could not help thinking of the family he had left in the U.S.S.R.—his wife, Nina, and their children, Viktor 11, Irina 7, and Nadezhda, only 5.

"I know that at the moment things look very black to you," Don went on. "And I appreciate that the decision you have to make is hard. But you're going to have to make it soon. Every day you stay out of circulation increases the danger to you. The Center* often makes secret checks on its illegals. It could have a man out looking for you today."

TERMS OF SURRENDER

Tuomi sank into a profound depression. The prospect of betraying his teachers, his country and all he believed in made him feel weak and sick. He thought of feigning col-

*In the parlance of Soviet intelligence: Moscow headquarters.

laboration with the FBI just long enough to flee to Mexico or perhaps to take refuge in the Soviet embassy in Washington. Yet no matter what escape he charted, it always ended in a confrontation with the KGB. Ultimately he would have to convince his superiors that he had not sold out, that he had been discovered through no fault of his own. And the more he reflected, the more he doubted that he could make anyone in Moscow believe him.

He thought of the labor camps in which the KGB imprisoned people who were "suspect." (Once the KGB had forced him to spy on inmates of a camp near the peat bogs of Kirov Province.) As if in a delirium, he saw grotesque images of himself and his family huddled in a single stall at a camp barracks. Alternatively he visualized the poverty they would endure if he alone were sent to camp. More than anything else, it was this concern for his family that made him ask, "This cooperation—what would it mean?"

"Well, first you would proceed just as if you had never met us," Don answered. "You'd get a job, build up your cover, maintain normal communications with the Center and carry out every assignment it gave you. Of course, you would report everything to us."

"What would you do?" Tuomi asked.

"We would give you guidance and some assistance in getting set up. But it is very important, especially at first, that you do things for yourself just as you normally would. If we helped you advance too fast, the Center would wonder why you were doing so much better than the average illegal, and would become suspicious."

"Would I draft the messages to the Center, or would you?" Tuomi inquired.

"By and large, you would," Don replied. "But we would have the final say about what goes out."

Tuomi shook his head. "It won't work. Some way the Center will find out."

"Kaarlo, I assure you that it has worked before, and it will work again," Don said.

Tuomi brooded in silence. "All right," he said. "I will try, if you will agree to something. I'll tell you all about my mission and what happens from here on. But not about my training, or my teachers or my colleagues, or any other secrets I learned in the Soviet Union."

"Fair enough," said Don. "Naturally, there are a lot of things we would like to know. But we won't press you. Eventually, I think, you'll want to tell us of your own free will. Whenever you're ready, just pass the word to Jack or Steve. They will be taking care of you from now on."

MESSAGE FROM MOSCOW

Tuomi returned to New York alone by bus, and moved into the Seville Hotel. The next afternoon, he spent nearly two hours switching from subway to bus to taxi before slipping into the Statler Hilton Hotel to meet Jack and Steve. The three of them carefully composed a letter informing the Center that Tuomi's familiarization tour of the Midwest had been an uneventful success. Jack relayed the proposed text to FBI headquarters and, within the hour, Washington telephoned approval. As Tuomi wrote the final draft of the letter in invisible ink, he was aware that both agents were scrutinizing every movement of his hand, and he sensed why.

"I didn't put in any signal, if that's what you're worried about," he said as he finished.

"Kaarlo, that's something we've been waiting for you to bring up," said Steven. "Were you given any signal for use in event of detection?"

"No," Tuomi replied, "and I can't understand why not. It would have been so easy. Just by leaving out a comma, I could have let them know."

Tuomi addressed the envelope to an office

in Helsinki and handed it to Jack, who handed it back. "You're going to trust me to mail it?" Tuomi asked.

"From now on we have no choice but to trust each other."

In the following weeks, Tuomi's melancholy and fear intensified daily. He could see no real alternative to the deal he had made with the FBI; yet he felt guilt and shame at collaborating with the enemy. He began to lose weight, and at night he awoke with terrifying nightmares. Every stranger on the street became a possible assassin from Moscow, every ring of the phone or knock on the door a sound of danger. He dreaded the next message from the Center, fearing it might contain some proclamation of his doom.

The message was due April 21. As dawn broke over Queens that morning, Tuomi followed instructions that he had memorized in Moscow. He warily approached an underpass beneath a railroad bridge at 69th Street, the site of one of the "drops" that the KGB had established for him to use for leaving or picking up messages. The place was silent; his footsteps echoed. Crouching down, he pretended to tie his shoelace. He could see no one. Quickly he shuffled a magnetic metal container from a bridge girder and hid it in a rolled copy of the New York Times. He reached the Statler Hilton back in Manhattan two hours later. There Jack and Steve were waiting with hot coffee.

The container yielded \$3000 in \$20 bills, plus two sheets of secret writing. "Why don't you develop that sheet, and we'll work on this one," Jack said. Tuomi watched intently as the tray of chemicals he held brought the message slowly to life. It said: "Congratulations on your successful trip. Legalization is proceeding normally. Remain cautious and do not hurry. All the best Chief."

Steve patted Tuomi on the shoulder. "You see, they have no idea of what has happened," he said. "You've been worrying for nothing."

With unusual politeness, Jack passed over the second sheet, still wet with chemicals. It contained three brief letters that the Center had rewritten in invisible ink. As Tuomi read them, he could almost hear the voices of his family. Wrote his wife: "My Dearest One . . . My work is hard, but all difficulties disappear when I see our children . . . We all kiss you." From Viktor: "I am very glad to get your presents. But the best thing I am dreaming of is to see you." From Irina: "Papa, please come back to us. Good-by, Papa."

In silence, he reread the words.

"Kaarlo, let's knock off early this afternoon and go out to my place for the evening," Jack said. "I'd like you to meet my family and see what a great cook my wife is."

THE SPY WHO CAME TO DINNER

Jack's home stood on a tree-shaded side street in a Long Island town, about an hour's drive from Manhattan. It was a white, two-story frame house of eight rooms built in the early 1930s. Jack had added a second bath and a small den, remodeled the kitchen, built a stone patio and fenced the back yard.

In the living room, Jack's wife, a handsome, red-haired woman of about 40, greeted Tuomi with a warm handshake and a welcoming smile. "We're delighted you could come. It's always a treat for us to meet Jack's friends," she said.

Tuomi could not discern precisely how much his hostess knew about him, but it soon became obvious that she was aware he was an alien and alone in New York. After they had chatted for a while, she invited him into the kitchen. "If you'll excuse the mess, I'll try to give you some tips that might help when you start housekeeping for yourself." As she finished making dinner, she instructed Tuomi about various frozen foods, explained the merits of various detergents and cleaning powders, and suggested menus

for quick meals. Tuomi marveled at the array of products, but even more at the ingenuity with which the kitchen was designed and equipped.

Just before dinner, Jack's two teenage sons appeared in the dining room and introduced themselves. When all sat down, Jack offered grace, and Tuomi remembered a Soviet instructor's admonition to bow his head and close his eyes. Dinner—roast veal with gravy, and hot biscuits—was excellent. The conversation was easy and natural. No one seemed inhibited by Tuomi's presence, and the family routinely discussed private questions as if he were one of them. Whose turn was it to use the car on Saturday night? The television set needed repairs for the second time in five weeks. Would it be best to have it fixed again, buy a new one or use the money to replace the aging hi-fi? Would everyone be willing to get up for 6 a.m. Mass on Sunday so Jack could accept a nine-o'clock golf invitation?

Jack's sons helped clear the table, and his wife served coffee and dessert. After the first bite, Tuomi put down his fork and exclaimed, "I've never tasted anything so delicious!"

Jack's wife smiled. "It's blueberry pie. I baked it this afternoon."

Later, the boys excused themselves to attend to homework, and Jack proposed a quick tour of the house. Tuomi was astonished that there was an unused bedroom set aside for guests. In the den, he saw hanging above Jack's desk a bachelor's degree from one university, a law degree from another and four framed FBI commendations. On the bookshelves he spotted *Das Kapital* and a dozen or so other volumes pertaining to communism. He grinned and pulled out a 1958 English edition of *Fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism*, published in Moscow. "I didn't know the FBI had any Marxists," he said.

"You can't fight what you don't understand," Jack answered. "But no shop talk tonight. How about a nightcap before I drive you back? We ought to leave fairly soon, because it wouldn't be wise for me to take you all the way to the hotel. I'll drop you off near the subway."

When they left, Tuomi told Jack's wife, "You have a wonderful family and a wonderful home. It meant a great deal to me to be here."

"It was fun having you," she replied. "Oh, just a minute. I forgot something." Returning from the kitchen, she handed Tuomi a blueberry pie wrapped in foil. "I baked two," she said.

Alone with the roar of the subway, Tuomi felt another wave of guilt as he acknowledged to himself just how much he appreciated the evening. The fact that Jack had a home utterly luxurious by Soviet standards was explainable in terms of Tuomi's training; the freedom from fear, the atmosphere of trust that permeated it was not. Jack had knowingly exposed his own family to a Soviet agent, and they had accepted him as a friend. To Tuomi the United States was still an enemy. He knew that he should also regard Jack as an enemy. But he realized now that he did not.

It had been an unusual evening for Jack as well. Normally, an FBI agent would not reveal his true name or anything else to a double agent, much less admit him into his home. But the FBI considered the winning of Tuomi's allegiance so vital that it authorized Jack to employ any prudent means to establish a personal relationship. Jack concluded that the best way to make a friend was genuinely to be one.

A DIAMOND BRACELET

Because the FBI insisted that he do everything possible for himself, Tuomi had to find an apartment on his own. After weeks of searching, he located one on 80th Street off

Roosevelt Avenue, in the Jackson Heights section of Queens. It was on the fifth floor of an old building ideally suited for conspiracy. The building had four entrances, two in front and two in the rear. Most of the occupants were transients or short-term residents who paid little heed to each other. Equally important, the FBI was able to locate and lease an apartment nearby—a secure, convenient hideout where Tuomi could rendezvous with Jack and Steve.

Once settled, Tuomi enrolled in a bookkeeping and clerical course at a business school. He studied so diligently that he completed the course three months ahead of schedule—in late September 1959—and with the help of a Manhattan employment agency began job-hunting. "I think we may have something for you," a girl at the agency told him in mid-October. "There's a clerical opening at Tiffany and Co. That's a lovely place to work."

To Tuomi, who had worked as a lumberjack in the backwoods of eastern Karelia before being drafted into the Red army in 1939, it seemed almost ludicrous to seek employment in the jeweled magnificence of Tiffany's, a symbolic citadel of capitalism. But Jack insisted: "Go ahead. What have you got to lose?"

The personnel officer at Tiffany's interviewed Tuomi for some 50 minutes, inquiring about his schooling, his interests and past employment. Tuomi recounted his legend and presented his certificate from the bookkeeping school. "I think you're a good bet," the man concluded. "We'll give you a three-month trial in the auditing department at \$65 a week. If that works out, you'll have a good future here."

The Center was delighted, three months later, when Tuomi received permanent tenure as a cost-analysis clerk, along with a five-dollar raise. It recognized Tiffany's as a perfect haven in which their man could hide while building his credentials as an American and readying himself for espionage missions. "Continue to solidify your position," the Center instructed. "Begin to widen your circle of acquaintances." The regular flow of money and messages showed that, from the perspective of Moscow, the operation appeared to be developing flawlessly.

For Tuomi personally, Tiffany's unveiled a glittering and heretofore unimagined world. The first evening he had to work overtime, he found himself alone amid millions of dollars' worth of jewelry. Back in Kirov, even after years of KGB service, he knew that he was still spied upon, that traps were still set for him. Yet here, after only a few months, Tiffany's trusted him to wander about at will, unwatched and unguarded.

While taking inventory with another clerk late one afternoon, Tuomi picked up a dazzling diamond bracelet which bore no tag. He started to take it to the Registry Department so the price could be ascertained and a tag affixed. Just then the phone rang, and he dropped the bracelet into his jacket pocket as he hurried to answer. "Come on, Kaarlo," his partner pleaded when he hung up. "We'll have to hurry if we're going to finish before closing."

While he was hanging up the jacket at his apartment that night, Tuomi felt the bracelet. Panic nearly overcame him. As he stared at the diamonds, he imagined swarms of detectives heading up the stairway after him, and television bulletins announcing his imminent arrest. He saw himself reading a *Daily News* headline: SOVIET SPY STEALS TIFFANY BRACELET.

The next morning, pale from sleeplessness, Tuomi waited outside Tiffany's until a guard opened the door. "Here's an item without a price tag on it," he said urgently to the manager of the Registry Department. "Please make out a proper one."

Picking up his magnifying glass, the manager calmly analyzed the price code scratched

inside the bracelet. "Eighteen thousand dollars," he said. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" Tuomi was too relieved to reply.

SNAPSHOT OF THE PRESIDENT

Throughout these months, Tuomi still considered himself an unrepentant, if captive, communist. He continued to provoke debates with Jack and Steve, disparaging the United States and extolling the Soviet Union. With the beginning of the 1960 Presidential campaign, both FBI agents often cited the forthcoming election as a fundamental example of the basic freedoms in America.

"It doesn't mean a thing," Tuomi retorted. "Both parties are dedicated to exploiting the masses. It doesn't matter which wins."

But after the nomination of John F. Kennedy, Tuomi's manner began to change. During the campaign, he got up early to read campaign news, and in the afternoons he rushed home from work to listen to the early-evening telecasts. Kennedy came to personify for him a kind of glamour utterly foreign to Soviet policies. When several public-opinion polls in September indicated that Richard Nixon was leading, Tuomi was beside himself with alarm, as if he himself were on the verge of a personal disaster.

One day he asked Jack, "Don't you think I should register to vote?"

"Well, every good citizen should vote," Jack agreed, "and it's our job to make sure you're a good citizen."

He became so personally involved that he studied registration procedures and qualified as a New York voter. On Election Day, he joined other Americans at the polls, thus becoming probably the only man who ever cast ballots for both Nikita Khrushchev and John Kennedy. At 7 p.m. he settled before his television set to watch the returns. At 3:20 a.m., when Nixon in effect conceded defeat, Tuomi grabbed the phone, called Jack and fairly shouted, "Did you hear? Kennedy won!"

"You woke me up to tell me that?" Jack replied. "I thought it didn't make any difference who won."

The two agents continually urged Tuomi to explore America by himself. Partly at their suggestion, he bought an excellent 1954 sedan. No American teen-ager could have been prouder of his first car. After work, Tuomi often drove about the city just for the sheer pleasure of driving. He ventured out on his own to the Catskills and the Poconos, to Philadelphia, Washington, Chesapeake Bay and Williamsburg. During his first two-week vacation from Tiffany's, he toured the Michigan and Minnesota woods and lakes where he had spent his boyhood.

His intelligence training, with its emphasis upon observation and analysis, intensified his reactions to what he saw. For a while, traffic jams were a source not of frustration but of wonder. Why could capitalist workers have cars, but not communist workers? One Sunday afternoon, he drove past thousands of suburban homes. Though modest by U.S. standards, the houses still were neat and attractive. Tuomi watched people loafing, working, or cooking on grills in their yards. Why could so many American children play on green lawns of their own, but not his children? The KGB had prepared him for the fact that the United States was wealthy, but no one had suggested how much of the population shared the wealth.

Another Sunday, Jack casually suggested that Tuomi join him at Mass. Both by his evangelistic Finnish stepfather and by communism, Tuomi had been trained to be militant atheist. Yet his Soviet instructors had emphasized that he should attend church. So he agreed to go along, expecting to be amused by superstitious ceremonies. But the quiet of the church, the solemnity of the service, the hymns and the worshippers' sincerity, left him with an unexpected feeling of respect.

Thereafter he sometimes went to church on his own, usually to small Lutheran or Methodist churches. He neither accepted nor understood all that the ministers preached. But ultimately he asked himself: "If this means so much to so many people, what's so bad about it?" Consciously he changed from an atheist to an agnostic. And he kept returning to church in a vague quest for spiritual peace.

In February 1961, the Center sent a new cipher system, and Tuomi flew with Jack to Washington, D.C., on a Saturday afternoon to study it with FBI cryptologists. Ironically, Tuomi felt more secure in Washington than in New York. For, as a "deep cover" illegal, he was confident that Soviet diplomats in Washington were unaware of his existence. And on Sunday morning at the Mayflower Hotel it was he who asked, "Well, where should we go to church?"

"Let's try St. Matthew's" Jack said. "It ought to be safe enough for us to go there together." As they neared the cathedral just off Connecticut Avenue, Jack tapped Tuomi on the shoulder. "Look, Kaarlo!" he exclaimed. "There's a friend of yours." Tuomi turned and saw a handsome, bareheaded young man wearing a dark-blue overcoat striding up the church steps. It was John F. Kennedy.

"Is it allowed, to take a picture?" Tuomi whispered.

"It's a free country," Jack told him.

Seeing that Tuomi and others wanted to photograph him, the President paused momentarily, grinned and waved. "Wasn't that something!" said Tuomi. "Wasn't that really something!"

COVER THE WATERFRONT

A few months later, President Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev met in Vienna. There, Khrushchev threatened war unless the United States yielded West Berlin. Sober and grim after the confrontation, Kennedy flew back to Washington to mobilize reserves and fortify American defenses. Khrushchev returned to Moscow to begin the elaborate clandestine operation that was to bring the world the closest it has ever been to nuclear holocaust. As he did so, new instructions went out from Moscow to Soviet spies throughout the United States.

Tuomi's orders arrived in secret writing. "The situation is becoming more complex," it began. "You must now be more active in your work. On the basis of your own observations, report to the Center any preparations for further mobilization of the country. Organize your recreation in places where military personnel gather, near the docks, near the warehouses of Army bases in Brooklyn in the area of Bay Ridge Station, and near Docks 11, 12 and 13 in Richmond. Ascertain the character and destination of arms shipments, troop movements and the movement of military vessels. Be more alert. Wife and family are well. Chief."

"Well, Kaarlo, the Center thinks you're ready to play in the big leagues," Jack said.

"How can I work at Tiffany's and hang around the waterfront?" Tuomi asked.

"You can't," said Steve. "Some way you're going to have to get a job down there, and that may take some doing."

On a Sunday afternoon, Jack and Steve signaled Tuomi to meet them in the safe apartment. They arrived with a bulging copy of the New York Times, which they opened to the Help Wanted ad section. "Here's something that looks as if it was written just for you," Jack said with an author's pride. He pointed out an ad for a bookkeeper's position at a steamship firm.

After evaluating dozens of potential employers, the FBI had approached Peter Burbank, president of A. L. Burbank & Co. and Pier 8 Terminals, Inc. FBI agents told him only that in the interests of national security they needed to place a man on the water-

front. Burbank agreed to employ anyone the FBI sent, provided he could actually do the work required. Cordially going through the motions of an interview, Burbank hired Tuomi at \$80 a week.

For Tuomi the abrupt shift from Tiffany's to the waterfront was like jumping from civilization into a jungle. The docks were peopled with brawling, profane characters and ruled like baronial fiefs by union bosses. Moreover, his primary duty consisted of trying to collect loading and unloading fees from truckers, many of whom were notorious for their belligerent refusal to pay their bills. But, as an ex-lumberjack and a long-time combat infantryman, Tuomi was ready to be tough.

The fourth day at the pier, a waterfront thug stopped in the office and helped him self to a cup of coffee. As he started to leave, Tuomi, who had put himself in charge of the coffepot, said, "Wait a minute, mister. Everyone here washes his own cup."

"Do you know who you're talking to?" the man said contemptuously.

"I don't give a damn who you are," Tuomi barked. "My rule is that everybody washes his own cup." The hoodlum lunged. Tuomi sidestepped him and picked up a crowbar. This he held at the ready until the cup was washed.

Tuomi's real breakthrough came when he decreed that no truck whose owner owed Pier 8 Terminals any money would be allowed on the dock. In spite of vociferous cursing by truck drivers, Tuomi enforced the rule so adamantly that he promptly was titled "a real s.o.b." Nevertheless, the number of delinquent accounts plummeted to near zero, and Tuomi's salary was raised to \$100 a week. In time, he formed warm friendships among his fellow workers, most of whom he considered decent, if somewhat rough, Americans.

SECRETS FOR THE CENTER

Secure in his new job, Tuomi moved from Jackson Heights to a large apartment in East Orange, N.J. Demands upon his time rapidly mounted as communications to and from Moscow increased. Munching a sandwich, Tuomi sometimes drove during his lunch hour to meetings with Jack and Steve in parks, church parking lots and out-of-the-way cafes. While one of the agents maintained a protective watch, Tuomi and the other began encoding or decoding messages. The process continued at the FBI safe apartment during the evening.

The Center also imposed new and complicated communications arrangements. Each Saturday morning, Tuomi now had to walk past the intersection of 146th Street and Park Avenue looking for an orange peel. Its presence meant that he had to "unload" a drop at ten o'clock that night. Then, to acknowledge receipt of the package or message, he was required to write an anti-Soviet statement on a postcard and mail it to "Public Relations Officer, Mission of the U.S.S.R. to the United Nations," at the Mission's New York address. To advise the Center to pick up something that he was putting in a drop, he had to mail a quotation from the Bible inscribed on a religious postcard.

The character of messages from Moscow also changed markedly. Instructions heretofore had been cautious and general, always admonishing against risks. Now the Center increasingly demanded hard intelligence and specific results. It also insisted that he begin to develop intelligence sources.

Using the techniques he had been taught in Moscow, Tuomi set to work, and the FBI was impressed by what he was able to accomplish entirely on his own. He began to frequent a Brooklyn bar across the street from the Bethlehem Steel shipyard. Becoming friendly with shipyard workers and subtly prodding them to talk about their jobs, he learned that two destroyers, the *USS Callan*

and the *USS Taylor*, were being outfitted with advanced and secret electronic equipment. Although he had no scientific background, he compiled a detailed technical report, much of which he himself did not understand.

The material he gathered was so revealing that Jack confided, "It's going to have to be doctored quite a bit. We can't afford to send it as you wrote it."

Through social gatherings, Tuomi made friends with several other Americans: a Navy radar man, an Army sergeant who had just finished military intelligence school and was soon to leave on a sensitive assignment in the Middle East, an engineer in charge of sales of all new products developed by one of the nation's most important defense contractors, a young man employed at an ultra-secret installation of the Central Intelligence Agency near Washington. Unlike the shipyard workers, however, none of these men ever let slip any important information.

Yet Moscow regarded Tuomi's new friendships as a considerable accomplishment. From experience it knew that as the relations became more intimate, he might discern a hidden quirk or weakness that would make one or more of his friends susceptible to subversion. Even if he didn't, the new friends might lead him to associates who could be suborned.

However, these were all long-range prospects. To satisfy the demands of the Center for immediate, concrete intelligence, the FBI decided to recruit a source for him. It chose an official in charge of loading military supplies at both the ports of New York and Philadelphia. Assigned the code name of Frank, he knew only that he was performing a critical service for the FBI. Escorted by Jack Tuomi spent two days with him, memorizing details of his life and work, which he then reported to Moscow. Information that the FBI thereafter obtained from Frank and gave to Tuomi for transmission was authentic. For the FBI had no alternative but to give away some secrets in hope of eventually gaining many more.

EMERGENCY CONCLAVE

On September 18, 1962, when Tuomi arrived home from work, he examined his mail. There were the usual advertisements, sports magazines, and a letter from a friend he had known at Tiffany's. There was also an unusually large business envelope, postmarked in New York but bearing no return address. Enclosed were two sets of commercial patterns for a folding snack table and tray. The lower left-hand corner was folded, a sign that the reverse side of each sheet contained secret writing.

Steve whistled in astonishment when the message was deciphered at the FBI apartment. It was an order which, in its elaborate Byzantine detail, typified Soviet intelligence. But its content was utterly unexpected.

"We announce the conditions of a meeting. Time: Sunday 23 September 0900 hours. Place: bank of the river Hudson opposite the Greystone railway station in Westchester County. With fishing rods, a rose-colored plastic pail and a fishing license, drive to the northern part of the town of Yonkers. Then drive along Warburton Avenue to Greystone station and park your car in the parking lot. Cross the pedestrian bridge to the river, and then walk along the bank to the telephone pole with a figure 429. Near this pole you should be fishing. Parole*: "Excuse me, I think we met at the Yonkers Yacht Club last year." You must answer, "No, sir, I left that club in 1960." Legend of contact: you met our representative while fishing. Report your readiness for the meeting by sending a religious postcard to our United Nations mission. Sign the card R. Sands. If you do not

*Soviet term for recognition signals.

understand the conditions of meeting, sign the card D. C. Kott. Chief."

The decision of the Center to risk a personal meeting with Tuomi in the United States was extraordinary. Repeatedly he had been told in Moscow that face-to-face encounters among agents were among the most dangerous of all clandestine activities. He remembered the words of Aleksel Ivanovich Galkin, his chief KGB instructor: "You will never be approached by one of our representatives, except in an extreme emergency." Rereading the message, Tuomi wondered if it was not really a summons to abduction or liquidation.

"What do you think?" Tuomi asked. "Well," Jack answered, "obviously, there's a possibility that they've become suspicious of you. But my best guess is that they just think you're now so securely established they can take a chance. In any case, they have something important to say to you. We've got a lot of work to do before Sunday."

It was gray and chilly when the alarm clock roused Tuomi from half-sleep at 6 a.m. Sunday. The tautness in his stomach made him reject all thoughts of breakfast. He put on a checkered sport jacket, dark wool trousers, heavy shoes and a hunting cap. Driving north along the Garden State Parkway, he turned off at Route 46 to buy gas and check for surveillance. He stopped again for coffee at a diner to make sure he was not being followed.

Parked his car at the Greystone station, he noticed a man polishing an automobile at the corner of the lot. Tuomi was sure he was a Soviet agent assigned to detect any surveillance by the FBI. As he crossed over the New York Central tracks on the footbridge that led to the river, he saw four men in two small boats rocking gently in the swells offshore. In the distance northward, two men appeared to be fishing from rocks above the river. Tuomi also was sure who they were—FBI agents deployed to protect him.

His knees leaden, each step becoming harder and harder, he forced himself to walk toward the designated telephone pole. Then he saw who was standing there—and gasped. There was no need for recognition signals. Waiting for him was a short, rather ugly man with a wide nose, steel-rimmed glasses and a mass of thick black hair. It was his old teacher from Moscow, Aleksel Ivanovich Galkin.

Galkin heartily shook hands, then embraced Tuomi. Yet the warmth of the greeting did not reassure Tuomi. If Galkin was serving as the bait of a trap, this was how he would behave.

"I see you're surprised," Galkin said. "Yes, I never expected to see you here," Tuomi replied.

"You came here to fish," said Galkin. "Put your line in the water, then sit down and tell me all about yourself."

Tuomi obeyed. His trial was beginning, and Galkin was the judge. For the next 40 minutes he talked of his life in the United States, telling the truth about everything except his association with the FBI. Galkin took notes, nodded occasionally and asked few questions until Tuomi began to speak about his prospective sources.

"They are all interesting," Galkin commented. "But at the moment Frank is the most important. How good are your relations with him?"

"Very good," Tuomi answered. "Do you think he could be recruited?" asked Galkin.

"Possibly," said Tuomi. "He's divorced and needs money."

"We will consider it," Galkin said. "Meanwhile, stay close to him. Everything you can get from him in the next weeks about troop movements and arms shipments is terribly important."

Galkin paused. Then he began to speak again. "Now I want to express myself precisely. If you don't understand anything, say so. First of all, we are going to bring you home next year. Do you think you can arrange a vacation for two or three months so you can get away?"

"But why a 'vacation'?" asked Tuomi. "Won't I be staying in the Soviet Union?"

Galkin laughed. "No, my friend. You will be coming back here for a long time."

The announcement was Tuomi's first proof that in the eyes of the Center he was still in good standing. His tension began to evaporate, and he struggled to conceal his relief.

"You have started well," Galkin resumed. "We are going to turn over three sources, three of our best, for you to handle. They are Americans, and they supply a great many vital documents. We want you to start looking for two very good drops outside New York City, large enough to take big packages of documents. Once the Center approves, the other arrangements will be worked out gradually."

Galkin took a deep breath. "Now pay the strictest attention to my words. You must also go as a tourist to the New London submarine base as often as is safe. Count the number of submarines present, particularly atomic submarines. Also watch for any unusual activity in the vicinity of the base. The presence of extra guards or large numbers of big trucks would be especially significant. Should you find no submarines, notify us at once. In the area of New York harbor, watch for signs that the old World War II wharves might be put into use again. Each morning, find out if during the night there was any abnormal movement of troops or large trucks around the harbor."

By now, Galkin had succumbed to his unconscious habit of speaking rapidly whenever he got excited about the importance of what he was saying. "Through Frank and other friends, keep checking to see if individual reservists are being secretly called to duty. Listen constantly for any rumors that the population or key offices are about to be evacuated from the cities. During the next weeks, you must report anything that seems at all unusual. No matter how trivial it looks to you, it could be vital for us to know. Do you understand these instructions?"

"Yes," Tuomi answered. "Then repeat them to me," Galkin ordered. Tuomi complied flawlessly.

"Very good," said Galkin. He stood up and began reeling in his line. "Your family is well," he said. "I'm pleased to tell you that when you return you'll find them in a brand-new, two-room apartment."

The mention of his family reminded Tuomi that the Center hadn't forwarded any of their letters for nearly a year. "I'll look into it," Galkin promised. "Now, you had better go. Good luck."

Tuomi drove away from the Greystone station at 11:46 a.m. To assure himself that the Russians were not following, he weaved around the hills outside Yonkers for nearly an hour before stopping at a telephone booth next to a luncheonette.

"How did it go?" Jack asked. "There were no problems," Tuomi answered. "But I have a lot to tell you."

CHEERS FOR AMERICA

Just after 1 p.m., Tuomi joined Jack and Steve at the FBI apartment in Jackson Heights. "Tell us what happened," Jack said. "We'll save the questions for later."

The agents listened silently with professional detachment. Their faces betrayed flickers of excitement only twice: when Tuomi mentioned that three spies were to be entrusted to him, and when he recounted the new assignments from Galkin. But as soon as the summary was finished, Jack made a quick, cryptic phone call. "We have

something here you should see right away," he said over the phone. "Yes, we'll get it ready tonight."

The agents and Tuomi immediately began drafting an urgent report of all Galkin had said. They worked all that Sunday afternoon and on into the night, omitting dinner in their rush to ready the report for delivery to Washington. It was well after midnight when Tuomi started home, hungry and exhausted, yet elated. He had apparently survived as a double agent without arousing suspicion at the Center. Before long he could see and hold his children once more.

His thoughts now were all entirely personal. He did not realize that the rendezvous on the Hudson and his new assignments might be related to a historic crisis. Even less could he appreciate how much he had done to strengthen American capacity to contend with that crisis.

Between April 1959 and September 1962, Tuomi had exchanged dozens of communications with Moscow. Some were transmitted in invisible writing through the mails. But many were sent through the four drops selected for him in New York. By watching the drops, the FBI was able to identify the various Soviet agents who came to deliver or pick up messages. Carefully followed, these agents eventually led the FBI to still other drops and other spies. Gradually, a whole pattern of Soviet espionage operations in the United States was uncovered.

Some of the consequences of what the FBI thus discovered endure until this very day. For this reason, no one is likely to divulge the full magnitude of all that was gained. However, it is clear that, by analyzing the orders that Moscow was issuing to its agents in America, the FBI acquired invaluable insights into Kremlin thinking. As early as August 1961, Director J. Edgar Hoover informed the White House that the Russians had started looking for any evidence that the United States was about to mobilize for war. Beginning in 1962, instructions to Soviet spies to search for such indications steadily increased in both frequency and urgency.

By the early fall, these orders raised disturbing questions in the minds of intelligence analysts in Washington. For the United States was not doing anything—nor did it contemplate anything—that would justify Soviet belief that mobilization might be imminent. Why then did the Russians have this fear? The ultimate, chilling conclusion of some American specialists was that the Soviet Union must be engaged in an action which, if detected, could be expected to provoke the United States to start preparing for war.

The next critical question was: Where would this action most likely be taking place? From all intelligence data available, one answer emerged: Cuba.

Thus, awareness of what was happening within Soviet espionage networks contributed to the United States' decision to resume U-2 reconnaissance flights over Cuba. And the first of the renewed flights over Cuba's critical San Cristobal area, on October 14, 1962, yielded proof of what the Russians were doing: implanting nuclear-tipped missiles pointed at the heart of America.

Tuomi, of course, knew nothing of the Cuban missile crisis until President Kennedy announced it in an emergency address. But, as he listened to the President, he experienced the emotions of most Americans. He was simultaneously terrified by the prospect of nuclear war and outraged by the Soviet treachery. With a sense of shock, he realized that he completely supported the United States.

The Sunday after the crisis ended with a Soviet pledge to withdraw the missile, Tuomi went to a pro football game between the New

York Giants and the Washington Redskins. The stadium crowd sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" with rare fervor and pride, and when it ended, a great patriotic cheer rose over the stadium. Tuomi was yelling as loud as anybody else.

"I'M READY NOW"

That night, as he sat by himself in his apartment, Tuomi gave up the last pretenses about his innermost feelings. He finally acknowledged to himself that he had become wholly American. His belief in communism and his dedication to the Soviet Union had gradually eroded since he boarded the airliner at Vnukovo airport, outside Moscow in December 1958. He could not define for himself the stages of his ideological evolution, nor did he entirely understand the process. Initially, when confronted by something in America that was superior to what he had known in Russia, he had fallen back on doctrinaire-communist rationalizations, learned by rote. When he encountered facts that could not be explained away, he simply banned them from his mind. But the everyday realities he experienced in the United States had had a cumulative effect.

Moreover, as he was drawn closer to the FBI agents, he increasingly saw conditions from a unique perspective; that of an observer able to view the Soviet Union through the KGB, and the United States through the FBI. Privately, he began to compare the two societies which had produced the KGB and the FBI.

He contrasted the absurd ease of espionage in the United States with the near impossibility of espionage in the Soviet Union. In America, neither the police nor the FBI could control where a man lived, worked or traveled. In the Soviet Union, no one could live, work or travel anywhere without sanction of the KGB.

Tuomi, when first in the United States, had watched with exasperation the legal maneuvering by which the convicted rapist Caryl Chessman postponed his execution in the gas chamber. But eventually his contempt changed to almost reverent respect. He concluded that the American judicial system really did exist as much to safeguard the innocent as to punish the guilty. He remembered the one trial he had attended in the Soviet Union: a KGB officer who had killed a professor was exonerated, and an innocent truck driver was declared guilty of the crime. The memory aroused a dormant resentment that he had never before acknowledged.

All his life in the Soviet Union, Tuomi had accepted communist promises of free and decent tomorrows. He had believed that the summary arrests, purges and massacres engineered by the KGB were unpleasant yet essential means to a noble end. But the undeniable realities of contemporary America had destroyed these fantasies. Here, rights, liberties and opportunities unimaginable in the Soviet Union already existed in fact. For most Americans, freedom from fear and want was not a theoretical abstraction but a reality. In the open clamor and turbulence of American society Tuomi did not see the "seeds of self-destruction" that Marxism imputed to it. Rather, he saw the means of salvation through democratic change.

He felt none of the passion of the sudden convert, none of the dogmatism of a believer whose faith results from inheritance. Yet his convictions were all the stronger because they had been forged gradually and painfully by his own reasoning. As he picked up the phone to call Jack, he felt a serene pride.

"You remember a long time ago, when we met at the lodge, I said that there were a lot of things I wouldn't tell you?" Tuomi asked. "Well, I'm ready now to tell you everything."

"Kaarlo, you've been ready for a long time," Jack replied. "But we thought it would be best to wait until you realized that yourself.

We'll meet you at the apartment tomorrow night at seven."

"CANCEL ALL ARRANGEMENTS"

In January, Tuomi began to prepare for the "vacation trip" to Moscow, as Galkin had instructed. The Center sent him a forged American passport and birth certificate, along with orders to submit a plan which would enable him to depart in May or June. The package from Moscow also included instructions to discover whether or not there were missile sites at Swanton, Vt., and near Elizabethtown, N.Y.

The FBI interceded with Burbank, and Tuomi advised the Center that he had arranged a leave of absence from June through September. He had explained to his boss, he reported, that he yearned to spend a few months in Finland looking up lost relatives of his parents.

The mission to Vermont and upstate New York in late April was a lark. Both bases were where the Russians believed. It was so easy for Tuomi to pinpoint them on a map that he, Jack and Steve actually had time to act out their disguises as fishermen. The first night, they fried freshly caught trout over a fire by a clear stream in Vermont. The next evening they gorged themselves on sausage and pancakes at the annual Maple Sugar Festival in Elizabethtown. Tuomi drove home rested and relaxed. But when he arrived, he found a stunning message from the Center.

"By your reckless and unauthorized action you have jeopardized your security and that of your mission," it began. "You were instructed only to submit a plan for your vacation, not to proceed with any arrangements. Your trip now must be postponed. Cancel all arrangements. Disassociate yourself from all friends so that it will be unnecessary later to explain your absence to anyone. Communicate at once your understanding and readiness to comply, Chief."

To Tuomi, Moscow's reaction was irrational indeed incredible. He could scarcely offer a plan to leave the country without first having his employer's permission to take time off. And abrupt severance of carefully cultivated relations with his friends would be far more suspicious than anything he had done. That night, he encoded a detailed, reasoned protest, beseeching the Center to reconsider.

The reply from Moscow was terse: "Cut off all ties with all friends immediately and await further instructions, Chief." Tuomi was further alarmed when the Center failed to signal that it had received his report and charts of the missile sites. Slipping back to the drop he had visited two nights before, he found them still there in the magnetic container.

"What's gone wrong?" Tuomi asked Jack and Steve.

"Evidently, quite a bit," Jack answered. "There's nothing to do but play along and see what happens."

Tuomi could not know that Soviet intelligence in much of the world was suffering traumatic convulsions produced by the discovery that Col. Oleg Penkovsky was a Western spy. Through career and marriage, Penkovsky was so positioned in Soviet society that he had access to secrets worth almost any price to the West. His information had assured the United States at the time of the Cuban confrontation that it enjoyed decisive military superiority over the Soviet Union—and that the Russians knew it. Moreover, he had knowledge of some vital Soviet espionage personnel and operations. Now the Russians could not be certain who and what had been compromised. Gen. Ivan Serov, chief of military intelligence, and some of his ranking deputies were sacked. Operations were being halted in midpoint. Agents were being transferred or brought home en masse, either for their own protection or because

*Both have since been closed.

they were suspect. The result was disarray bordering on chaos.

The Center, on June 8, did acknowledge receipt of the missile-site data which Tuomi had sent through another drop. But it offered no further guidance, or hint of his future. So, after work on Friday, June 28, he drove westward, planning to see friends in Chicago and to go on to the northern lakes for a few days. But, in his first night in Chicago, he received a telephone call.

"Sorry to ruin your trip," Jack said, "but something important has come up. You've got to fly to Washington tomorrow afternoon. Make a reservation right away and call me back. I'll meet you at the airport."

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

When Tuomi landed at Washington National Airport, he was met by Jack and Don, the senior agent who had stopped him on the street in Milwaukee four years before. They drove at once to a motel suite in Arlington, Va. Two other senior FBI agents were already there.

"Kaarlo, I imagine that sometimes you've wondered what you would do if you had to decide whether you were going to spend the rest of your life in the Soviet Union or the United States," Don began. "I hate to tell you, but the time has come when you have to make that decision. We have reason to believe that very soon you will be called home. We also believe you will not be sent back here."

"I am authorized to assure you that you are completely free to go. The FBI will do everything possible to make your return seem normal. We will do everything we can to help you."

"On the other hand, Kaarlo—and again I'm speaking with the authority of our government—you are welcome to stay in the United States. If you decide to remain, we cannot promise you paradise. You will have to stand on your own feet, earn your own living. But we will do everything we can to ensure your security and to help you get settled."

"If I stay, would there be any way to get my family out?" Tuomi asked.

Don shook his head. "There is no way."

"If I go back, would I still have to work for American intelligence?"

"Absolutely not. You have our word on that," Don pledged. "As far as we are concerned, you will be as free as anyone in the Soviet Union can be. And no one will ever know what went on over here."

Tuomi had assumed—as Galkin had told him—that, after a temporary recall, he would be returned to the United States. He reasoned that he could survive personal scrutiny in the Soviet Union for two or three months, be with his children once more, and find out why he had received no word from his wife for two years. He also nurtured a hope, however unrealistic, that in Moscow he might chance upon means of eventually bringing his family to the West. But now . . .

He had no illusions about the cruel choice suddenly confronting him. To stay in America meant never to see his wife and children again. To go meant never to see America again, to live the remainder of his life in a society he had spiritually repudiated and come to abhor.

What would happen to his family if he refused to return? Would the KGB imprison them? Or would it recognize the futility of punishing a wife and children who were in no way responsible for his actions, who posed no threat to the state?

What would happen to his family if, some time after his return, the KGB learned that he had betrayed the Soviet Union? Could he withstand the countless debriefings without making the one errant remark that would expose his duplicity? Could he live in the Soviet Union, forever suppressing the convictions that had transformed him into an American? He concluded that he could not.

"Don, maybe Kaarlo would like some time alone," he heard Jack say.

"No," Tuomi replied. "I have to decide now. I decide to stay."

The FBI agents stood up and crowded around to shake his hand.

Tuomi, after that day of decision, disappeared into America. In the years since, he has built a normal life for himself. Though he has never earned a great deal of money, he enjoys a comfortable home and most of the material conveniences that the United States offers. But his contentment results primarily from a sense of physical and spiritual liberty. He owns 40 acres of isolated woodland where he likes to hunt and roam at will hour after hour. Having cut countless trees in his youth, he now derives satisfaction from planting and nurturing trees.

In his community he is known as a moderate Republican, an occasional churchgoer and the personification of respectability. The same disarming grin and manner that sustained him in Moscow, at Tiffany's and on the New York waterfront have helped fill his new life with good friends. Even the most intimate do not know the story of his past.

In spite of the excellence of Tuomi's abilities as a spy, mysteries remain in this story that he knew and lived. How did the FBI know he was coming? How did it know who he was? Tuomi has never been able to ascertain the answers. They are locked, perhaps forever, in the memories of a few men in the FBI.

KGB: THE SWALLOWS' NEST

(Condensed from "KGB" by John Barron)

In gathering data for the forthcoming book "KGB," Reader's Digest editors have studied some 70 examples of Soviet attempts to prey upon foreigners in Moscow. They show that the KGB—the massive intelligence agency through which all life in the Soviet Union is ruled—has repeatedly seduced, drugged, beaten and framed visitors to force them into treason. In doing so, it has perfected age-old ploys of espionage into a new and lethal art. The shocking and sordid revelations of these bizarre methods that follow can only leave the reader with a sense of outrage.

In the condensation the Digest deals mainly with the KGB's sexual entrapment of a French ambassador—the details of which have been kept secret for years. Only in the past few months, through exhaustive research and interviews, has the Digest been able to break the story. It is the most dramatic and revealing of all the cases told at length because it is the one that has become available from inside the KGB. The targets of this operation happened to have been French. They might as easily have been diplomats of any nationality. Indeed, the most frequent victims of KGB provocations are citizens of the "Main Enemy"—the KGB term for the United States.

Counter-intelligence experts who must daily contend with Soviet schemes against foreign visitors believe the world should now know the full story of what the KGB did to the French in Moscow. As one widely respected European security official declares: "Inevitably, publication of this story will cause personal embarrassment to a few. But I believe it will serve to save many others from personal tragedy."

On a balmy September evening, a middle-aged Russian slipped out of a shabby London hotel where he was staying with a delegation of Soviet tourists. Hidden in the shaving kit he carried were microfilms of records he had written during many nights in Moscow. Knowing that he had only a few minutes before his absence was detected, the Russian hurried along Bayswater Road and disappeared into Hyde Park. That evening, under heavy protective guard, he began talking to three British intelligence officers. His name:

Yury Vasilyevich Krotkov. His job up until that day: operative for the KGB.

Krotkov's revelations stunned the British. The consternation spread to Paris and Washington the next day with the arrival of urgent messages from England. Soon a senior French counter-intelligence officer appeared at a town house on a London side street for a personal briefing by the British. The French officer became so alarmed that he flew back to Paris that same day. Determined to convey the full import of his findings at the highest level, he obtained a confidential audience with an aide to President Charles de Gaulle and reported what he had learned. Soon after, appalled but unflinching, de Gaulle issued an order: find out the complete truth, whatever it is.

Now the best and most trusted counter-intelligence men of France began a sweeping investigation. Methodically, they reconstructed in minute detail a KGB plot aimed at the heart of France. Its enormity and complexity astonished even those Western specialists who comprehend the deadly skill of the KGB.

With the encouragement of then Party Secretary, Nikita S. Khrushchev, the French investigators discovered, the KGB had undertaken to secure a hidden hold on the French ambassador in Moscow through sexual entrapment. Dozens of well-known Soviet artists and intellectuals controlled by the KGB participated in the plan. They were joined by more than 100 KGB staff officers, agents and women experienced in seduction. The resultant operation constituted a siege of the whole French embassy and led one honorable Frenchman to his death. Moreover, the KGB attempt to ensnare the ambassador was already dangerously far advanced when the Russian defector divulged it.

Discovery of the Soviet plot, of course, wrecked it once and for all. Aside from scarring lives and killing a man, the years of KGB depredations against the French embassy ultimately accomplished little. Thus, this particular KGB operation did not culminate in great treason which altered history. Yet it is of great contemporary importance, for it affords Westerners an unprecedented view from inside the KGB of the subversive methods used against foreign diplomats, journalists, scholars and tourists of all nationalities. And it vividly demonstrates the immense resources the Soviet system is willing to invest in moral blackmail.

A SECRET DOSSIER

The precise date the KGB began its siege against the French cannot be pinpointed. But it is certain that on an unusually warm day in June 1956 Yury Vasilyevich Krotkov was summoned to a comfortable room in the Moskva Hotel, for a meeting with his KGB chief. Over the years, Krotkov had participated in so many KGB operations that he felt himself incapable of surprise. But the first blunt words of KGB Col. Leonid Petrovich Kunavin astonished him:

"We have a new assignment—the ambassador of France!" Kunavin proudly announced. "We're going to get him no matter how long it takes."

Obviously elated, Kunavin was intent upon impressing Krotkov with the challenge of the new mission. "I tell you, there never has been an operation on such a scale," he said. "The order comes from the very top. Nikita Sergeevich himself wants him caught."

A huge man with chestnut hair, hazel eyes and a truculent peasant face, Kunavin was renowned for his ruthlessness and zeal. Once at a Moscow soccer match, Krotkov had seen him beat two fans senseless after they cursed his favorite team. Kunavin's consuming passion was the intrigue of the KGB, the secret police and espionage apparatus through which the Soviet Union is ruled.

"Can you tell me something about this ambassador?" Krotkov asked.

"His name is Maurice Dejean," said Kunavin. "We know everything about him there is to know."

The KGB did know a lot. Ever since the early years of World War II when Dejean served as a senior member of Gen. Charles de Gaulle's Free French government in London, it has been building a dossier on him. It correctly calculated that de Gaulle would long remain a decisive force in French affairs, and the KGB was intensely interested in anyone who might be manipulated to influence any important politician.

The file on Dejean slowly thickened as Soviet agents filed reports from New York, Paris, London and Tokyo, where Dejean had served as a diplomat. After the ambassador arrived in Moscow in December 1955, the KGB subjected him and his wife, Marie-Claire, to unceasing surveillance. Microphones secreted in their apartment and at the embassy recorded their most unguarded and intimate words. The Russian chauffeur referred to the ambassador by the Soviet Foreign Ministry was a trained KGB informant, as was Madame Dejean's personal maid.

From all this scrutiny, the KGB perceived in Dejean not the least disposition to be disloyal to France. But it noted that at age 56 he retained a vigorous interest in women, an interest agents had discerned at his previous posts. To the KGB, this made him a natural candidate for entrapment.

The KGB intended to make of Dejean an "agent of influence"—the most deadly subversive of all. The agent of influence does not steal documents, recruit informers or engage in the usual tactics of espionage. Instead, guided by the secret dictates of Moscow, he exploits his official position to alter the policies of his own country in the interests of the Soviet Union. If he is a powerful figure in his government, his influence can accomplish more than a legion of ordinary spies. In the case of Dejean, the KGB and Khrushchev expected that he would one day return to Paris and move into the highest political circles of France, where he could be used to warp French policies.

"We have an immense responsibility now," Kunavin told Krotkov, "and much is going to depend upon you. But at the moment all I want you to do is put your personal affairs in order. Once we begin, you must concentrate on this above all else."

CHILD OF THE KGB

The seduction of the ambassador was assigned to the Second Chief Directorate, the darkest core of the KGB. To this division is entrusted the greatest single mission of the KGB—repression of the Soviet people in the interests of the communist dictatorship. The Second Chief Directorate is the direct descendant of the office which presided over the mass murders and purges of the Stalin era. Today it ensures communist-party control of science, education, the arts, the courts, church and press. It enforces the system through which the state determines where each Soviet citizen may live and work. And it maintains the vast network of informants and provocateurs who infest every institution, farm and factory—literally every block of every urban area.

While primarily concerned with the continuing subjugation of the Soviet people, the Second Chief Directorate also seeks to subvert foreigners who venture into the Soviet Union. Basically, it seeks to entice visitors into some illegal activity, preferably sexual escapades or blackmarketeering. In stalking a foreigner, the KGB is unhampered by legal restraints. It can instantly enlist any segment of Soviet society. It can order state agencies to stage any function, arrange any introduction or make available any personnel. It can appropriate apartments, hotel rooms, sleeping-car berths, restaurants—whatever it needs. So pervasive is the fear of the KGB that it can command for a particu-

lar plot the services of almost any Soviet citizen, be he laborer or intellectual.

In entrapment operations, Yuri Krotkov was a KGB star. Since World War II he had tried to lure scores of officials and journalists into various kinds of traps—including diplomats from America, Australia, England, Canada, France, India, Mexico, Pakistan and Yugoslavia.

Krotkov actually was a dramatist and film writer. But from childhood, his life had been intertwined with the KGB. He grew up in Tbilisi, Georgia, where his father was an artist and his mother an actress. In 1936, his father painted a portrait of Lavrenti Beria, who then headed the communist party in Georgia. Beria so treasured the work that after Stalin elevated him to command of the entire KGB, copies were hung throughout the Soviet Union. Until the artist's death, Beria remained his protector.

Arriving in Moscow to study literature, Krotkov naturally looked up old KGB friends of the family and thought nothing of asking them for help. Evacuated with his classmates when the Germans threatened to overrun the city in 1941, he returned 18 months later to find that a family had appropriated his room. He appealed to the KGB, which summarily evicted the family. It also helped him obtain a job at the newspaper service Tass and later with Radio Moscow.

When Krotkov's work in 1946 began to provide him with plausible reasons for meeting foreigners, the KGB approached him and, at age 28, he willingly enlisted in the legion of "co-opted" agents who pervade all echelons of Soviet society. He was still at liberty to pursue his literary career. Indeed, the KGB wanted him to do well, for the further he advanced the more useful he could be. But from then on he could never be wholly free of the KGB.

As a writer, intellectual and friend of the Boris Pasternak family, Krotkov was welcomed by foreigners in Moscow. Tall, slender, with a handsome shock of dark-brown hair and an intense, expressive face, he could talk suavely in English or Russian about the arts, history and prominent Soviet personalities. Soon he learned to exploit the hunger of Western visitors for communication with the Russian people.

All the while, Krotkov was instructed to look for attractive girls whom the KGB could use to tempt foreigners into trouble. He picked them primarily from among actresses he met while writing motion-picture scenarios. The KGB offered them various inducements—the promise of better roles, money, clothes, a measure of liberty and gaiety absent from normal Soviet life. The recruited girls were known within the KGB as "swallows." For operational purposes, they often were allowed temporary use of a "swallow's nest," consisting of two adjoining single-room apartments. In one, the girl entertained the foreigner she was supposed to compromise. From the other, KGB technicians recorded on film and tape whatever boudoir events occurred.

RUSSIAN MUSKETEERS

Two days after announcing the operation, Kunavin summoned Krotkov for a more detailed briefing. "The ambassador is the ultimate target," Kunavin explained, "but we are also interested in the assistant air attaché at the embassy, a Col. Louis Guibaud. Your job is Madame Dejean. You must gain control of her; make her ours. You must get her in bed." This was standard KGB strategy. If it could gain control of the wives, access to the husbands would be much easier. If it succeeded in subverting both husband and wife, it could form them into a powerful team for treason.

Krotkov would not always understand the reason behind his orders, Kunavin warned. "This is a coordinated attack. While you're working on Madame Dejean, others will be

dealing with the ambassador. When the time comes, it will fit together. You will see. We have something special in mind."

Kunavin repeatedly stressed the necessity of proceeding slowly and cautiously, of making every contact with the French seem natural. "There is one thing in our favor," he remarked. "Dejean really is trying to do his job. He wants to get out among the people—and his wife is trying to help him. He really wants to be friends." Kunavin started to laugh. "Well, we'll show him how friendly our girls can be."

Kunavin spoke in detail about the back-grounds of Ambassador and Madame Dejean, several times quoting from conversations recorded by Soviet microphones. "She is no fool," Kunavin warned. "She watches over the ambassador constantly and tries to protect him. That's another reason why we must get a hold on her."

A few days later, Kunavin introduced Krotkov to the co-opted KGB agent picked to seduce Ginette Guibaud, wife of the assistant air attaché. He was Misha Orlov, an actor and singer idolized by Moscow teenagers. A gypsy-like giant of a man, Orlov frequently was used to seduce foreign women. Also present at the third meeting was Boris Cherkashin, a KGB lieutenant then posing as a young diplomat named Karelin.

Masquerading as vacationing bachelors, Cherkashin and Orlov, a couple of months before, had been ordered to trail a group of French wives to a Black Sea resort. Following a prearranged plan, the two Russians "accidentally" met Madame Dejean. Later, in Moscow, Cherkashin began to see her at official functions. Finally the KGB felt that he was sufficiently acquainted to invite her on an outing with "friends" so that Krotkov could meet her. After consulting her husband Madame Dejean accepted the invitation, adding that she would also bring Madame Guibaud and the daughter of another attaché.

Kunavin and Krotkov planned the outing in meticulous detail, commandeering a high-powered police cutter at a militia headquarters on the Khimki Reservoir and a fat militiaman as a pilot. The cutter was swiftly cleaned and polished. Special wines, cheeses, fruits and pastries were ordered from KGB stores, and choice shashlik was made ready for broiling.

Krotkov first had a chance to talk with Madame Dejean when she arrived at the river pier and was introduced by Cherkashin. She exclaimed, "What a beautiful boat! Is it yours?" Krotkov smiled and answered as if sharing a confidence. "A friend of mine is an official in one of the Sports Administrations. I lent him my car for his vacation so he owed me a favor—and this is it. May I have the pleasure of showing you aboard?"

As the cutter gathered speed out into the river (following the precise course charted by the KGB) and Orlov courted Madame Guibaud, Krotkov chatted with Madame Dejean.

"Tell me your impressions of the Soviet Union," he said.

"We are delighted," she responded. "All the officials we have met have been so kind to us."

"You must find Moscow rather drab after Paris," Krotkov said.

"I love Paris, of course," she replied. "But Moscow is also a great city. There is grandeur here, too."

Frowning, Krotkov lowered his voice and affected great sincerity: "Would you have me believe that you like everything you have seen?"

Madame Dejean thought about her answer for a moment. "I am a guest. We did not come here to criticize. We came to help our countries to be friends."

"And I hope you succeed," Krotkov replied. "But we should be honest and I might as well tell you that there is much in Soviet reality that I detest. As a writer, I would

be interested to know if we see the same reality."

"If you insist," Madame Dejean replied gently. "One difference between France and the Soviet Union: a conversation over a glass of wine can bring a Frenchman to the verge of revolution. Your people seem willing to tolerate anything. I think it very sad when people lose their capacity to be outraged."

"I can see that you and I are going to be good friends," Krotkov said.

The cutter glided to a small pier at a deserted, pastoral island near the Pestovskoye Reservoir. The agents and their French guests explored, swam, and dined on the delicious food. Madame Dejean insisted that the militiaman-pilot join them and personally broiled a shashlik for him.

Their spirits buoyed by wine and cognac, the party laughed and sang on the return trip. Orlov, rather drunk, danced on the bow and created much mirth by nearly falling overboard. At the pier Madame Dejean said, "You are three fine Russian musketeers and we are indebted to you for an enchanting outing. I want to return your kindness. Will you come to our Bastille Day reception? It's July 14."

CONGENIAL CIRCLE

The KGB considered the invitation a triumph. Cherkashin, as planned, made excuses, but Krotkov and Orlov arrived and were greeted warmly by Madame Dejean. She immediately introduced them to her husband, who welcomed them cordially in passable Russian. Krotkov winced inwardly at the honesty of the greeting.

Though the ambassador was neither tall nor distinctively handsome, his poise was immediately apparent, an effect heightened by alert blue eyes, healthy complexion and slightly graying hair. Krotkov watched intently as, later in the evening, Dejean and Khrushchev drank champagne and traded jokes, occasionally poking each other in the ribs amid the laughter.

As the guests maneuvered around an elegant buffet, Ginette Guibaud steered Krotkov and Orlov to her husband. A strongly built man, he spoke in stiffly correct English and regarded the two Russians coldly, even contemptuously. Uncomfortable in his presence, Krotkov concluded that Guibaud was an officer with a strong sense of duty—not easy prey for the KGB.

However, the evening ended successfully for Krotkov. When he left, both Madame Dejean and Madame Guibaud had agreed to another picnic the next week.

As the relationship between Krotkov and Madame Dejean progressed, the KGB made elaborate arrangements to open a second front in the fall against the ambassador. This was an essential part of the original plan, and it required an entry into the French-embassy society of the man responsible for the whole operation—Lt. Gen. Oleg Mikhailovich Gribanov, boss of the Second Chief Directorate.

Stocky and balding, with baggy pants and glasses, Gribanov looked like a run-of-the-mill Soviet bureaucrat. Actually he was a daring thinker and one of the seven or eight most important men in the KGB. For his work in effecting mass arrests during the Hungarian Revolution, Gribanov (and Kunavin) had been decorated for "distinguished service to socialism." His brilliant, calculating mind and overpowering personality had earned him the sobriquet "Little Napoleon."

To dupe the Dejeans into an association, Gribanov assumed the identity of Oleg Mikhailovich Gorbunov, "an important official of the Council of Ministers." He also equipped himself with a "wife," KGB Major Vera Ivanova Andreyeva. Next he devised a complicated scheme to meet the Dejeans so that the relationship would seem to develop naturally. Chosen to make the introduction were two very prominent co-opted KGB agents—Ser-

gei Mikhailov, writer and co-author of the Soviet national anthem,¹ and his wife, Natalia Konchalovskaya, a popular author of children's stories. At a diplomatic reception they presented Vera as "Madame Gorbunova, a translator in the Ministry of Culture and the wife of a high official of the Council of Ministers."

Plump, matronly Vera spoke French well, having served with the KGB in France, and her flattering reminiscences of France immediately pleased the Dejeans. Vera also talked a great deal about her "husband," depicting him as an overworked confidant of the Soviet leadership—just the kind of man an ambassador would like to know. Thus, the Dejeans were delighted to accept a dinner invitation from the Gorbunovs.

To entertain the ambassador, the KGB requisitioned and lavishly furnished a spacious apartment as the Moscow home of the Gorbunovs. More important, the then KGB Chairman Ivan Serov lent Gribanov-Gorbunov his dacha some 14 miles outside the city, a great old Russian country house built of logs with ornate porticos and window frames. This became the scene of pleasant parties at which the Gorbunovs admitted the Dejeans into a congenial circle of writers, artists, actors, actresses and "officials." Virtually all were KGB "swallows" or agents. Occasionally, Gribanov confided accurate information calculated to be useful to the ambassador, while Vera began to condition Madame Dejean to separations from her husband by taking her on out-of-town trips "to see the country."

THREE SWALLOWS

At the same time Krotkov continued to cultivate Madame Dejean with his own squad of disguised agents. But the physical intimacy the KGB desired never developed between them. And during a luncheon at Madame Guibaud's apartment Orlov had drunk so much that he fell into a drunken, snoring slumber. KGB microphones recorded enough of the episode to force an enraged Gribanov to banish Orlov from the operation permanently.

Thus, by early 1958—some 18 months after the siege began—none of the original KGB plans for seducing the French had succeeded. But a valuable asset had been developed in the friendship between Krotkov and Madame Dejean. Gribanov now decided to exploit it by having Krotkov arrange the entrapment of Dejean. He began looking for the right woman.

Gribanov selected Lydia Khovanskaya, a buxom, sensual doe-eyed divorcee of about 33. She had acquired Western manners and an excellent command of French in Paris, where her former husband had served as a diplomat. To insinuate her into Dejean's company, Gribanov played upon the genuine French desire for better cultural relations. He "requested" that the Ministry of Culture stage a special film exhibition of the ballet *Giselle* and invite the ambassador and his ranking assistants, ostensibly to meet prominent Soviet motion-picture personalities. Krotkov was designated master of ceremonies, and he compiled the list of Russian guests commanded to appear. On it appeared the name, "Lydia Khovanskaya—translator." For added decoration, the KGB rounded up a dozen Bolshoi ballerinas, including the famous Maya Plisetskaya.

At the exhibition, which was held in an old mansion on Gnezdnikovskiy Lane, Lydia, freshly coiffured and perfumed, sat beside Dejean. Several times during the film she pressed lightly against him or brushed her hair against his face while leaning over to whisper translations of the dialogue. Afterward, though, she artfully deferred to Krotkov and devoted her self to translation for Madame Dejean.

¹ Last March KGB agent Kikhalkov became chairman of the Writers Union of the Russian Republic.

Three days later, Krotkov telephoned Madame Dejean at the embassy and duped her into helping arrange another meeting between her husband and Lydia. "I'm giving a dinner party Friday," he began. "My friends were very impressed by the ambassador, and it would be quite an honor for me if I could persuade you both to come." Then he added: "By the way, Marie-Claire, I have started work on a joint Soviet-French production of the film *Dubrovski*. It would not hurt me to be seen with the ambassador."

"Oh, I'm certain he will accept with pleasure, Yury," she replied.

The KGB reserved the main dining room of the Praga Restaurant and planned a grandiose dinner. Though the primary purpose of the evening was to provide Lydia with a further opportunity to entice the ambassador, Kunavin and Krotkov had decided to offer him two other swallows as alternatives. They selected Nadya Cherednichenko and Larissa Kronberg-Sobolevskaya, both stunning blond actresses in their late 20s. Krotkov knew them well.

Half an hour before the dinner, Kunavin deployed KGB officers throughout the restaurant to monitor the party and ensure that it was undisturbed. The three swallows looked radiant. Playwright George Mdivani, another well-known artist co-opted by the KGB, established an air of irreverent frivolity with witty toasts mocking socialism. Dejean, comporting himself as a masterly and affable diplomat, warmed to the occasion. His spirits buoyed by the beautiful women, he deftly danced with them all. He so enjoyed the evening that he invited everyone to dine at the embassy the next week.

"THEY'VE DONE IT"

The night of the embassy dinner, the Dejeans were such natural and engaging hosts that they almost made Krotkov, Mdivani and the three swallows forget their real mission. Genuinely glad to be among Russians they considered friends, the Dejeans escorted the guests through the embassy, magnificently furnished with French antiques. Listening to classical music and sipping champagne after dining on partridge, Dejean flirted with each of the swallows, flattering them with questions about their personal lives.

Krotkov could not discern which girl would be most likely to succeed with him. "Lydia is our best bet," Kunavin said, upon studying his report of the dinner. "We've got to figure out some way to bring them together by themselves."

Soon thereafter Vera invited Madame Dejean to join her on a trip. Krotkov then telephoned the ambassador. "There is an artist from Georgia—Lado Gudilashvili, an old friend of my family—who is having an exhibition here," he said. "He spent his student days in Paris, and all his life he has loved France. Now he is quite an old man and it would mean a great deal to him if you could drop by his show Sunday."

"Certainly," Dejean replied. "I should think it my duty to attend."

The ambassador arrived at the gallery in his embassy car driven by the KGB chauffeur. Joining Krotkov and Lydia, Dejean automatically accepted her services as an interpreter. Dejean generously complimented the venerable painter, who long had been in official disfavor because his rather romantic work lacked "socialist realism."

When Dejean started to leave, Lydia said to him, "Mr. Ambassador, would it be too much to ask you to drop me off at my apartment?"

"It would be an honor," he replied.

When they arrived, she asked, "Would you like to come up for a cup of coffee and see how an ordinary Soviet woman lives?"

When Dejean emerged from the apartment, as his chauffeur carefully noted, nearly two hours had elapsed.

But Kunavin had already heard from

Lydia. "Yes, I know. They've done it!" he said triumphantly.

The KGB had no thought of attempting to blackmail Dejean on the basis of one afternoon with Lydia. For the moment, it merely sought to cement the liaison and make him feel that he was getting away with the conquest of a beautiful woman. It wanted him to persuade himself that he could safely engage in an affair in Moscow just as he might in Paris, London or Washington.

"Gradually build up the relationship," Kunavin instructed Lydia, "but don't appear too available for awhile." Lydia carried out the assignment faultlessly. At embassy functions, to which members of the Krotkov team were increasingly invited, she remained friendly yet respectful toward the ambassador. Flattering Madame Dejean, Lydia became such a good friend that they regularly embraced upon meeting—even as she privately received the ambassador with ardor and affection.

A CHANGE OF PLAN

In May 1958 the operation against the French assumed an immense new significance in the eyes of the KGB. Soviet agents in Paris reported that within the next few weeks Charles de Gaulle almost certainly would be designated premier of France. Presuming that Dejean was still an intimate of de Gaulle, the KGB reasoned that his chances of ascending to an influential government position were far greater than before. "This always was important," Kunavin jubilantly told Krotkov. "Now it's ten times as important."

When Krotkov saw the Dejeans at the embassy in June, they too were elated. Dejean offered resounding toasts to de Gaulle and the new era of grandeur he promised France. Though he never alluded to his personal ties with the general, he doubtless felt that de Gaulle's ascension heralded a new era for him as well.

Krotkov now expected that the KGB would soon close the trap against Dejean. Thus he was dumfounded when Kunavin announced: "We're going to have to pull Lydia out of the operation."

"What!" exclaimed Krotkov.

"A mistake has been made," Kunavin said calmly. "In this operation, we've got to have a husband. Dejean must believe the girl is married, if what we have in mind is going to work. Unfortunately Lydia's husband was pretty well known in Paris and there are a couple of people in the French embassy who probably know they're divorced."

"Why in hell didn't someone think about that before?" Krotkov exploded.

"There's no use whining about it now," Kunavin replied. "The point is, we have to start all over."

Kunavin informed Lydia that she must break relations with Dejean. Then he and Gribanov personally briefed her replacement, Larissa Kronberg-Sobolevskaya—who was called Lora. According to the KGB legend created for her, she was a movie actress married to a geologist. She had explained his absence by telling the Dejeans that his work required him to remain away much of the year on field explorations.

Lora was the most spectacular of all the swallows. Long-legged and seductive, she was a waltz with a beautiful face and a haunting laugh. Not even the KGB could completely harness her wild, defiant spirit. She did not have official permission to reside in Moscow, which meant she could not obtain a room. So she lived constantly subject to exile, drifting from one affair to another. She occasionally drank too much sometimes impudently showing up on a set intoxicated and half-clad.

"For once," Gribanov told her, "you must follow orders strictly. You are not to do a single thing that we have not planned and approved."

Lora smiled and, looking him straight in the eye, said: "I don't need to be told how to handle a man."

Restraining his anger, Gribanov casually delivered the one message the KGB calculated would tame Lora. "If you *do* obey orders and if you succeed, I'll see to it that you get a room, a nice one. And we'll make this your last job."

Lydia dropped out of sight, while Lora reappeared at a new series of parties staged for the ambassador by Krotkov. In late June, after a lavish luncheon at the home of retired KGB Col. George Bryantsev, Lora whispered to Krotkov: "Hurry! Take me to the apartment. The ambassador asked me to meet him there in an hour!"

That afternoon Dejean entered into an affair more passionate than the liaison he had formed with Lydia. Lora, who ardently gave love in hope of finding it, totally won him. Gribanov decided the time had come to do what the KGB had planned for more than two years. Special surveillance squads were readied and KGB technicians installed radio transmitters in the apartment next to the one Lora was to use.

One day Krotkov telephoned Dejean. "Mr. Ambassador," he said, "I promised Marie-Claire that I would keep you amused while she's away. How about a picnic tomorrow? I'll bring along a lady who is a special friend of mine, and Lora and . . ." Krotkov did not need to finish. At the mention of Lora, Dejean instantly accepted.

As the ambassador looked forward to the pleasures of another rendezvous with Lora, Gribanov assembled his team in a suite at the Metropole Hotel. Present were his deputy, Col. Narses Mikhailovich Melkumyan, Kunavin, Lora, Vera and a strapping KGB thug named Misha. There he delivered a final briefing. "I want you to beat hell out of him," he told Kunavin and Misha. "Really hurt him. Terrify him. But I warn you, if you leave one mark on his face, I'll put you both in jail. And Lora, the same goes for you if he is not in your apartment by five o'clock. This must go exactly according to schedule."

CODE WORD: "KIEV"

The next morning Krotkov and his "special friend" Alla Golubova drove into the countryside followed by Dejean with Lora—the two cars at all times under KGB surveillance. Eventually, Krotkov stopped in a secluded grove of trees on a gentle slope overlooking a brook.

During the picnic Lora acted her role as seductress so magnificently that Alla said in an aside to Krotkov: "The ambassador is looking at her like a cat looks at cream!"

Miles away, in the apartment adjacent to Lora's, Gribanov, Melkumyan, Kunavin and Misha received continuing reports radioed by KGB agents hiding in the woods. Misha, Lora's "husband," and Kunavin, his "friend," were dressed as geological explorers, complete with cleated shoes and knapsacks.

At midafternoon Krotkov, mindful of the rigid KGB schedule, suggested it was time to go back. About ten miles from the city, Krotkov, through his rear-view mirror, saw the ambassador's car stopping. He braked, got out of his car and hurried back to Dejean.

"What's the matter?" "Everything's fine," Dejean said with a broad smile. "Lora has just decided she wants to take a swim in the pond over there."

Krotkov was at once furious and frantic. With a supreme effort of control he turned to Lora. "My dear," he asked, "why would a beautiful girl like you want to swim in a dirty cattle pond?"

Betraying the effects of the wine she had been drinking at the picnic, Lora only laughed at him, as she began to take off her clothes.

The news of her caprice, radioed by a surveillance car, enraged Gribanov. He stormed

through the apartment, shouting, "That whore! I *knew* we shouldn't use her. I'll tell you, from now on we're going to use only high-class women!"

Lora was wearing only her underwear, and each time she emerged from the water, the wet garments clung to her body. She looked more than naked. "We'd better get the ambassador out of here before he has a heart attack," Alla whispered.

The excitement Lora generated more than compensated for the time lost by her swim. As soon as they entered the swallows' nest at 2 Ananyevski Lane, Dejean embraced her. "Maurice, there is something I forgot to tell you," Lora said. "I have got a telegram from my husband. He's coming home tomorrow. . . ."

Listening to the sounds from Lora's apartment, Gribanov impatiently waited for Lora to give the signal which would serve as the cue for Misha and Kunavin. "Why doesn't she say the word?" he muttered again and again. Finally, Lora did speak the code word: "Kiev." Instantly, Misha, followed by Kunavin, ran to her apartment and unlocked the door.

"It's my husband!" Lora screamed.

"I can't believe it!" Misha shouted. "All day I flew just to be with you a few hours earlier, and what do I find!"

"Misha, oh, please," Lora pleaded. "He is an ambassador."

"I don't give a damn *who* he is!" roared Misha. "I'm going to teach him a lesson."

Now Misha and Kunavin set upon Dejean, viciously beating him. Kunavin, who detested everything French anyway, went about his mission with relish. Lora, too, was slapped and pummeled.

All the while, Lora put on a superlative performance, crying and screaming, "Stop! You're going to kill him! He's the ambassador of France!"

Finally, as planned, Kunavin grabbed Misha as if to restrain him. "Listen," he said, "if he really is an ambassador, maybe we better stop."

"All right, all right," agreed Misha, still feigning fury. "But it's not going to end here. I'm going to the authorities. I'm just a plain Soviet citizen, but we have laws in our country. If you are an ambassador, I'm going to see to it that you're expelled. The whole world will know what a filthy swine you are."

Amid continuing threats, Dejean gathered his clothes with as much dignity as the circumstances permitted and left. Nearly collapsing in the back seat of his car, he said to the chauffeur, "The embassy." The chauffeur, watching in the mirror, saw him bury his face in his hands.

In the swallows' nest, the scene now resembled that of a locker room of a team that has just won a world's championship. While champagne spilled into glasses and onto the floor, Kunavin and Misha shouted congratulations to each other and to Lora. Laughing uproariously, they re-enacted all that had happened for other KGB agents who crowded in from the street and elsewhere in the building.

Gribanov briefly joined the celebration. "Lora, I, too, want to congratulate you," he said earnestly. "You were just perfect."

Pointing to the many bruises forming on her body, Lora glared at Kunavin and said, "Look what you did to me!"

"I am sorry," he apologized. "It had to be done. Please, take a few days off and rest in bed."

"And my room?" she asked. "Do I get my room?"

"Yes, Lora. You will have your room."

"I WOULD BE INDEBTED"

Punctually at 8 p.m. that evening Dejean arrived at the Serov dacha, where he was to be hosted by the same man who three hours before had presided over his beating and degradation. Days earlier, Gribanov, playing his role as Gorbunov, had arranged for a dinner

party to follow closely upon the beating. The KGB wanted to accord Dejean an opportunity to ask for the help he now desperately required.

Through dinner and afterward over brandy, the ambassador betrayed nothing of what had happened, although he ached from his ordeal. Late in the evening, however, he took Gribanov aside and finally said what the KGB had worked so hard to make him say: "I am in rather bad trouble. I need your help. . . ." Thereupon, he truthfully told of his relationship with Lora and of all that had happened in her apartment just hours before.

"This is extremely serious," commented Gribanov. "The husband has the law on his side. If he goes to court, he could make quite a scandal."

"I would be indebted to you for anything you could do," said Dejean.

"I will do all I can," Gribanov replied. "But, Mr. Ambassador, I must be candid. I'm not sure we'll succeed in hushing this up."

Gribanov toyed with Dejean during the next days. Appeals were being made, he reported, but the husband was obstinate and unreasonable. Everything hung in the balance. Then he eased the ambassador off the hook. "It took a lot of doing, but I believe we have persuaded the man to keep quiet in the interests of Soviet-French relations," he said. "Unless he changes his mind, we're all right."

THRESHOLD OF TREASON

The KGB expressed its appreciation to Krotkov at an unusual and elegant private luncheon in his honor at the Aragvi Restaurant. Kunavin—himself decorated with the Order of the Red Star—and Melkumyan welcomed him and, like elderly generals reviewing a great and victorious battle, the three reminisced about the Dejean project. After lunch, Melkumyan stood up and declared formally: "The operation was one of the most brilliant ever consummated by the organs of state security. Without your vital contributions, Yuri Vasilyevich, it is doubtful that we would have achieved our goal."

Melkumyan paused and took a gold watch with a gold wristband from his pocket. (It had been confiscated by the KGB from a foreigner.) "On behalf of the Committee for State Security of the Council of Ministers of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, it is my pleasure to present you with this gift," he told Krotkov. "Regard it as a symbol of our gratitude for your patriotic activity. We only regret the impossibility of engraving on it the reason for its award."

By now all the leading participants understood the scope of the KGB plot against the ambassador. The secret Dejean and Gribanov shared formed a special, personal bond between them. The ambassador was profoundly grateful and deeply indebted to the general. The KGB could wait until he attained the high position it believed he would soon occupy in Paris before seeking any repayment of the hidden debt. Even then, it contemplated no crude confrontation. Gribanov would gently ask a favor in return for the one owed. Once Dejean had acted in the interest of a foreign power, he would be vulnerable to more demands. Thus, one favor would lead imperceptibly to another and another until Dejean crossed the threshold of treason from which there could be no return.

For the moment, KGB strategy required only that Gribanov enlarge and intensify his friendship with Dejean. The friendlier they became, the easier the ultimate approach in Paris would be. To keep the ambassador happy, Gribanov ordered Lydia restored to his company. "Dejean doesn't like to live on Lenten fare," Kunavin commented to Krotkov. In their pose as the Gorbunovs, Gribanov and Vera entertained the Dejeans more lavishly than ever. They took them to a government

dacha on the Black Sea, then on a two-week trip through Baltic areas normally proscribed to foreigners.

Gribanov never afterward alluded to the affair with Lora. The ambassador in turn never realized that his good friend Gorbunov, with whom he consulted and confided, actually was the commanding general of the Second Chief Directorate of the KGB. Neither did he ever suspect that Lydia was an agent who reported his every word and action to the KGB.

MOMENT OF PANIC

While Gribanov personally attended to the ambassador, Krotkov and a host of other KGB agents kept probing the embassy for any weakness they might exploit. And in the summer of 1961, they found one. Lt. Col. Louis Guibaud and Ginette, targets in the early days of the Dejean operation, had left Russia in 1958. But they had returned for a second tour of duty in Moscow, and microphones secreted in their apartment soon disclosed that they quarreled frequently and fiercely. To the KGB, this was a signal for action.

Just as it had done with Dejean, the KGB exposed Guibaud to a succession of swallows until one succeeded in luring him into an affair. It thrived, until early summer of 1962, when Guibaud was confronted by three men in civilian clothes. Polite but blunt, they spread before him an array of shocking photographs documenting his liaison. Then they gave him a brutal choice: secret collaboration with the KGB or public disgrace.

Ginette soon sensed that her husband was gravely disturbed. A few moments after he left for work, on July 30, she became so worried about him that she hurried out after him.

Taking a cab to his office near the embassy, she found her husband sprawled on the floor in a mess of blood by his desk, a revolver at his side. When Dejean was summoned from the embassy, she was still kneeling over the body, sobbing and caressing her husband's cheek.

For a few hours, news of the death created near panic within the KGB's Second Chief Directorate. Its great fear was that Guibaud had told of his entrapment, or left a note exposing it before he died. Once its agents discovered this was not so, the KGB relaxed. Clandestinely, it planted in the diplomatic colony reports that Colonel Guibaud was a sick man who shot himself because of psychotic depression.

Ginette, dressed in black, left Moscow for the last time with the body of her husband, who chose to die rather than succumb to the KGB. And the KGB resumed normal operations against the embassy.

PLEDGE OF SILENCE

After Guibaud's suicide, the KGB became almost brazenly confident of its ultimate success with Dejean. Vera, Melkumyan, and even Gribanov openly referred to him as "our friend." Vera gleefully talked about the great dividends the KGB would reap from its investment once Dejean was ensconced in Paris. But in fact the whole plot, so artfully conceived and executed over the years, was doomed. For Yuri Vasilyevich Krotkov had resolved to disclose it to the West.

To Krotkov, the death of Colonel Guibaud was not suicide but murder. It forced him to a decision he had been struggling with for months: to break away from his life of hack writing, daily deceit and spiritual squalor. Secretly he began recording and transposing to microfilm the history of his life as an agent of the KGB. On September 2, 1963, he landed in London with a touring group of Soviet writers and artists. Eleven days later he made good his escape.

The British swiftly shared his astounding disclosures with the French and Americans because they raised grave questions affecting all three nations. Was Krotkov telling the

truth? If so, had the KGB actually gone much further with Dejean than he knew? Or was Krotkov in fact still a KGB agent sent out to poison relationships among the Allies and divert suspicions away from important Soviet spies by casting doubts upon an innocent man?

In a brief story, on February 9, 1964, the Paris newspaper *Le Monde* announced that Ambassador Maurice Dejean was returning from the Soviet Union. It further reported that his farewells were being said "in an atmosphere of cordiality in part due to the personal relations Monsieur Dejean was able to establish with Soviet leaders during his eight years in Moscow." Because he had been in Moscow so long, his withdrawal seemed entirely normal.

Upon Dejean's return, French counter-intelligence officers subjected him to a withering secret interrogation which lasted for days. They scrutinized all the reports he had dispatched from Moscow. They questioned his associates, Madame Guibaud and a large number of others named in Krotkov's accounts.

Upon analyzing all the data, French intelligence concluded that the Krotkov story was true in all essential respects. However, it could find no proof that Dejean ever had committed any act of disloyalty to France. The KGB had vastly overestimated Dejean's influence with de Gaulle. By waiting for Dejean to obtain a lofty position that de Gaulle never intended to bestow, the KGB had lost its chance to exploit the hold it had on the ambassador.

Informed that the story was true, the British, in whose custody Krotkov remained, had to decide what to do about it. Krotkov passionately explained that he had forsaken his culture and country to cleanse himself of the evil he had done by exposing it.

But Western intelligence experts were tormented by the potential effects of the story, even though it was true. In frustration and despair, they had watched the KGB steadily advancing toward the fundamental Soviet goal of splitting France from the Western Alliance. In Paris, KGB agents constantly sought to rekindle in de Gaulle old grievances he harbored as a result of his often difficult wartime relations with the Anglo-Americans. During the very days when Krotkov was revealing his story, the KGB was seeking to convince de Gaulle that the Americans and British still were conspiring against him. The British feared that if they permitted release of the story, de Gaulle would think they were plotting against him again, this time by linking him, through a friend, to scandal. So they extracted a pledge of silence from Krotkov.

In Paris, de Gaulle studied the final French intelligence report, then summoned his old friend to his office. Raising his spectacles and looking down his great nose, he dismissed him with one sentence: "So, Dejean, one enjoys the women!"

Dejean retired to the comfort of his elegantly furnished apartment on a tree-lined boulevard in Paris. He has refused to comment—for the record—about what happened to him in Moscow. But he did become president of the Franco-Soviet Society for Industrial Cooperation and he still travels to Moscow.

Lora received her room and later married one of her other lovers.

Krotkov wandered for years about Europe, trying to write and hoping someday to be able to tell his story to the world. Digest editors first talked with him last August in Vienna, then interviewed him intensively in Washington and Arizona. Meanwhile, he has given the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee more than a thousand pages of sworn testimony about his KGB experiences. He often seems preoccupied with contemplation of death and with a spiritual quest for a god. "I know there will be a day of reckon-

ing, and I expect no mercy," he told the author.

Today in Moscow the machinery of the Second Chief Directorate grinds on against foreigners, famous and obscure. Sometimes, it seeks subtly to influence. For example, when former Indonesian President Achmed Sukarno visited Moscow in August 1956, a lovely 22-year-old Russian girl presented herself as his interpreter. She was Valya Reshetnyak, a graduate of the Institute of Foreign Languages and a KGB seductress recruited by Krotkov. Overcome by her freely offered charms, Sukarno tried to persuade her to move permanently to Indonesia. Valya refused to go. But she stayed with Sukarno during his subsequent trips to the Soviet Union and even flew to Djakarta to be with him for a few days. All the while, she curried favor in behalf of the Soviet Union and planted with him thoughts dictated by the KGB.

More often, the KGB strives to attain outright control of a foreigner through some form of intimidation. Soon after William John Christopher Vassall arrived in Moscow to work as a clerk at the British Embassy, the KGB identified him as a homosexual. Through a characteristic series of enticements, it lured him into an affair with a homosexual agent. Then it threatened to expose and prosecute him unless he became a Soviet spy. Thus, Vassall returned to London as a KGB agent. There, he worked his way upward into various clerical positions with the British Admiralty, where for six years he had access to extremely secret documents on such matters as torpedo and anti-submarine warfare, gunnery trials and Fleet instructions. Until he was arrested in 1962, he slipped untold British secrets to the KGB.²

The Russians made a spy of American Army Sgt. Roy A. Rhodes by involving him with a swallow, then accusing him of making her pregnant and threatening disastrous consequences unless he "helped" them. They were ever more crude in forcing a young American linguist, Natalie Anna Blenstock, into collaboration. When Miss Blenstock was in Moscow and sought an extension of her visa, she was led to a room and left with a man who identified himself as Viktor Sorin of the KGB. He convinced her she would not be allowed to leave the Soviet Union unless she consented to become an agent. "He saw I was frightened of him. I mean, really sort of paralyzed, and he smiled," Miss Blenstock later testified to U.S. investigators. "They knew everything there was to know about me. It was devastating."

After signing a pledge to work for the KGB, Miss Blenstock returned to New York and provided the Russians with information about American government personnel. Then one day in 1964, two FBI agents knocked at her door and asked: "Is there anything you would like to tell us?" With relief, she gladly recounted all her torment at the hands of the KGB.

Occasionally, the KGB saves blackmail data obtained from an entrainment on the chance of using it years later to ruin a public official. And those who scoff at KGB entrapment techniques as a kind of espionage burlesque might well consider the experience of a member of the British Parliament, Anthony Courtney. In June 1961, a few months after his wife died, Courtney visited Moscow on business. One night his pretty Intourist guide, Zinaida Grigolevna Volkova, came to his hotel room, and they spent a few hours together. It was a fleeting casual affair be-

tween two unmarried adults. And Courtney soon forgot about it.

In the summer of 1965, Courtney eloquently pointed out in Parliament that communist nations were engaging in flagrant espionage against Britain through embassy personnel. He demanded restrictions on the number of communist "cooks" and "chauffeurs" who were granted diplomatic immunity. Not long after, a fellow member of Parliament, John Tilney, showed Courtney a broadsheet, the size of a newspaper page. It contained pictures of him and the female Russian guide in various states of undress together, and had been mailed to some 24 other members of Parliament, to newspapers and to his second wife. Eventually a magazine published full details of the KGB smear. In the aftermath of the ensuing gossip Courtney lost his seat in Parliament.

The KGB continues to employ women, homosexuals, drugs, physical assault and frameups in its work against the West.

The British government last year became so concerned that it issued an official publication, warning of the perils the KGB poses to all tourists. Indiana Prof. Robert F. Byrnes, who long helped direct academic exchanges with the Russians, publicly complained in the New York Times last November about habitual KGB provocations against visiting American scholars. Declares the FBI: "The Soviets never hesitate to employ blackmail, especially against Americans visiting in Russia. Sex offers a particularly fertile field. Suddenly the American is confronted with embarrassing photographs, and told to cooperate. It is tragic how many visitors fall prey to this technique."

Most victims of the KGB do not have the courage to reveal the humiliations they have endured. Thus, the public rarely hears of Soviet entrapment efforts unless an agent defects or a specific operation has failed. Only the KGB knows how often it has succeeded in the secret war it wages on foreigners who fall within its grasp.

THE PLOT TO STEAL A FIGHTER PLANE (By John Barron)

NOTE.—The French-built Mirage is one of the hottest military aircraft now flying. The Russians needed one to test against their MIGs. Here is the full story of their cynical and sinister move to acquire it)

Sitting in his Beirut apartment, Hassan Badawi put the question coolly and bluntly: "How would you like to make a lot of money?"

Lt. Mahmoud Mattar, a darkly handsome Lebanese fighter pilot, shrugged. "Who wouldn't? The problem always is, how?"

He knew his questioner well enough to be wary. A charming renegade and adventurer, Badawi once had been his flight instructor in the Lebanese air force. But after a succession of escapades, including smuggling, narcotics peddling and various morals offenses, Badawi had been cashiered. Mysteriously, though, he had prospered. He wangled a job as a Middle East Airlines pilot, ensconced himself in an apartment overlooking the blue Mediterranean, and often had large sums of cash, especially after flights to India.

"I have friends who need something you can deliver," Badawi said. "They'll pay three million dollars. . . ."

The proposition transmitted to Mattar that sultry night in late August 1969 was the first gambit in a Soviet plot to steal one of the world's finest military aircraft, a French-built Mirage III-E interceptor. Because of the way the operation ended, the Soviet Union for a year and a half has waged a largely successful campaign to prevent the world from understanding what happened. But through a variety of sources in the Middle East, it has been possible to assemble most of the details.

A number of nations use the Mirage, in-

cluding: Australia, Belgium, France, Brazil, Switzerland, South Africa, Spain, Lebanon, and Israel. Some 250 Mirages guard the skies of Western Europe. In Israel-Arab combat over the desert, the plane repeatedly has proved itself equal—in some respects superior—to the best Soviet MIGs. Moreover, when outfitted with special electronic equipment, the Mirage can penetrate Russian air defenses and deliver nuclear weapons. To devise aerial tactics against the Mirage, the Russians wanted an actual aircraft to fly in mock combat under controlled conditions. Assessing the worldwide possibilities for theft, Soviet intelligence seized upon little Lebanon, the lone Arab state possessing the plane. Having so often tricked and manipulated the Arabs, Moscow apparently had reached the contemptuous conclusion that the Lebanese were incapable of thwarting a significant Soviet intelligence operation.

"Live in Luxury." Eight days after they first talked, Badawi telephoned Mattar. "My friends have been asking. Have you decided?"

"Yes," said Mattar. "I agree to the terms you stated."

Two nights later Badawi introduced Mattar to Vladimir Vasiliev, a mousy-looking spy masquerading as a Soviet trade representative in Beirut. The Russian courteously but formally questioned Mattar about his personal background, military record and experience as a flier. Satisfied, he said: "Our plan is simple. You will take off on a routine training flight, go out over the sea, and radio that you are experiencing mechanical difficulty. A minute or so later you will call 'Mayday' (the international distress signal). Then you will drop down below radar coverage and change course for Baku in the Soviet Union. Everyone will think you crashed at sea."

"How and where," Mattar asked, "will you pay the \$3 million?"

"Three million?" Vasiliev cried. "No, no. One million."

To lure Mattar into the deal, Badawi had exaggerated what the Russians were willing to pay, and now a prolonged haggle ensued. Finally Mattar dropped his price to \$2 million, with \$600,000 cash in advance. But Vasiliev hesitated. "I must consult others," he said.

On September 9, Vasiliev and Alexander Komiakov, a notorious Soviet agent who was then posing as a diplomat in Lebanon, flew to Moscow. There, they received orders emanating from the highest levels of the Soviet government to proceed immediately with the plot.

Back in Beirut, Vasiliev summoned Mattar to his seventh-floor apartment three blocks from the Soviet embassy. Komiakov, falsely introduced as a Russian general, announced, "We are prepared to meet your request for \$2 million. However, our advance will be \$200,000. Ten percent seems more business-like."

Mattar grimaced, but nodded a reluctant acceptance. It was set that he would steal the Mirage on October 3, the date of his next training flight. Komiakov thereupon unveiled a Soviet plan to remove Mattar's wife and children via Berlin to Moscow. "All of you can live the rest of your lives in the Soviet Union in luxury," Komiakov assured him.

"My wife and I have discussed it. We would prefer to live in Switzerland," Mattar said.

"Anywhere you want," Komiakov replied. "You do the job for us and we'll take care of you for life. You deceive us, we'll also take care of you—for life."

"I'll do my job," Mattar coldly replied. "But I must have the \$200,000 before I take off. I want it in the form of a cashier's check, payable to my father."

*Had the Russians been able to buy a fully equipped Mirage III-E in France, it would have cost them between \$1.5 and \$2 million.

² This case can be read in detail in Report of the Tribunal of Inquiry Into the Vassall Case and Related Matters (presented to Parliament by the Secretary of State for the Home Department by Command of Her Majesty, April 1963), London, Her Majesty's Stationary Office, Reprinted 1969, Cmnd. 2009.

"A check?" Komiakov asked in surprise. "Not cash?"

"I'm no good at spotting counterfeit dollars," Mattar answered.

Komiakov gave Mattar 2000 Lebanese pounds (about \$611) to help his family make ready for their journey. It was agreed they would have a final meeting and review the flight plan, the evening of September 30.

Bullets Fly. The Soviet ambassador, Sarvar Azimov, was scheduled to receive a protocol visit from the American ambassador on October 1. In the early evening of September 30, the Second Secretary of the Soviet embassy telephoned an officer of the American embassy at home to say that Azimov would be unable to keep the appointment because of a *force majeure* (extraordinary happening). Surprised at this breach of protocol—such appointments are quite formal and not lightly disregarded—the American asked, "Well, when will Ambassador Azimov be prepared?" The Russian excused himself from the phone. "Any time after October 3," he said upon returning.

A little later, Lieutenant Mattar entered Vasiliev's apartment for his last briefing on the flight. He was obviously under great tension. To reassure him Komiakov presented a \$200,000 cashier's check drawn on the Moscow Narodny Bank, Ltd., dated September 29, and also \$2500 in cash to give his wife. "You see, we keep our word," he said.

Vasiliev slowly read from the detailed flight plan, drafted in Moscow both in French and in Russian, which listed the precise bearings and altitudes at which Mattar was to fly for prescribed periods of time: "Upon attaining an altitude of 3000 feet, radio the Beirut tower that you are experiencing generator trouble and your controls are malfunctioning. Then declare an emergency. Thereafter, acknowledge no radio transmissions. . . . Four minutes after you cross the Soviet frontier, three interceptors will meet you and guide you to Baku in Azerbaijan. . . ."

The three still were discussing the flight when they heard an insistent knocking at the door. Vasiliev opened it slightly. In the hallway were a dozen uniformed Lebanese with drawn revolvers.

"Soldiers!" Vasiliev shouted in Russian. He tried to slam the door, but a Lebanese had wedged his foot in. Pushing against the door, the Russian grabbed a dumbbell and began swinging wildly at the foot.

While Komiakov stared, transfixed with horror and rage, he saw his co-conspirator Mattar dash across the room and tackle Vasiliev. Then, as the security officers stormed into the apartment, Komiakov pulled out a Polish revolver and opened fire. His first three shots ripped into a Lebanese captain's leg and stomach. Vasiliev got up and shot a Lebanese sergeant through the lung.

The Lebanese blazed back. A single slug collapsed Vasiliev. Komiakov, hit four times, reloaded and kept firing until a fifth bullet shattered his right arm. Bleeding profusely, he wanted only to die. It was clear now that Mattar all along had been a Lebanese agent, who had engineered out of their plot a Soviet disaster. But as Komiakov struggled to jump out a window to his death, two soldiers grabbed him. Others scooped up the bank check and the flight plan.

Ruinous Blunders. Five hours later, at 1 a.m., the Lebanese issued a bulletin announcing the arrest of Komiakov, Vasiliev and Badawi. A second statement, more detailed, soon disclosed the full magnitude of the debacle.

After his first meeting with Badawi, Lieutenant Mattar had gone directly to his commanding officers, who called in the Lebanese intelligence bureau. It instructed Mattar to accept the Soviet proposal and play the role of a greedy, haggling Arab concerned only with money. And it outfitted him with a tiny radio transmitter which, concealed in his

clothes, broadcast to tape recorders all his subsequent conversations with the Russians. Mattar executed his assignment flawlessly.

In contrast, Soviet intelligence—blinded by its own low regard for Arab competence and character—from the outset committed one ruinous blunder after another. In Badawi, the Russians relied on a notorious knave. They accepted Mattar for the cynical mercenary he pretend to be without any searching, objective assessment. Scornful of the local security forces, they violated fundamental rules of conspiracy. They conducted clandestine meetings in one of their own apartments. They failed to make the elementary electronic check which would have detected Mattar's transmitter. And they let the Lebanese talk them into paying with an utterly incriminating official check issued by a Soviet government bank.

Getting Off the Hook. Had two Western agents been caught in a bribery plot to steal a jet fighter from a small neutral country the worldwide cries of "Reckless aggression" and "Western imperialism" would have been deafening. Righteous editorials, East and West, would have denounced "the danger to peace."

But the Soviet Union swiftly resolved to brazen and lie its way out of the mess. By mid-morning of October 1, KGB agents already were closeted with influential Soviet sympathizers in Lebanon, Egypt, Syria, and Iraq, telling them what to say: that the Mirage affair was an American "provocation" from beginning to end, contrived to sabotage Soviet-Lebanese relations.

At 11 a.m., Ambassador Azimov confronted the president of Lebanon, Charles Helou, with formal demands. Lebanon must free the two Russians, repudiate all charges against them, pledge punishment of key Lebanese intelligence officers, and publicly apologize to the Soviet Union. Additionally, it must officially disseminate the Soviet statement depicting the entire affair as an American "provocation."

Lebanon rejected all of the Soviet demands.

Nevertheless, the pressures generated by the Russians began to have their effect. "A provocation and fabrication," shrieked Radio Damascus in Syria. "All indications point to a foreign intelligence conspiracy," declared the semi-official Egyptian newspaper *Al-Ahram*. "A cheap American conspiracy to undermine our relations with the Soviet Union," charged a leading leftist member of the Lebanese parliament. More important than the public bombast were the private visitations by representatives of other Arab states, especially Egypt and Syria, all of whom conveyed the same blunt message: hush the Mirage affair up immediately and get our Russian friends off the hook.

The pressure intensified all day October 2. And that afternoon little Lebanon, which survives at the sufferance of its bigger Arab neighbors, capitulated. The government forbade all discussion of the Mirage case, saying that any further reference to it would be "extremely harmful to Lebanon's highest interests." Two days later an Aeroflot plane landed at Beirut airport and, as inconspicuously as possible, the two Russians boarded the plane, Komiakov on a stretcher.*

The story of the Soviet plot flashed, fleetingly, before world attention, then vanished entirely. And the KGB is determined that it shall never reappear. Ambassador Azimov recently showed up at Lebanese army headquarters with the insolent demand that all records of the case be eradicated. The Lebanese refused. Even today, the KGB attempts to destroy the official Lebanese file continue.

Mattar, the man who valued honor more

* Both Russians eventually recovered, as did the two wounded Lebanese, although Komiakov may never have full use of his arm.

than \$2 million, was quietly promoted to captain. KGB-inspired threats against his life reach such ominous proportions that the Lebanese military temporarily sent him into protective hiding.

Today Mattar is esteemed by his fellow officers as an authentic hero. But always he must carry with him the thought: Will tomorrow bring a KGB agent to fulfill Komiakov's vow to "take care of you—for life."

THE SOVIET PLOT TO DESTROY MEXICO

(By John Barron)

(For years the Western powers have known that the Soviet embassies within their borders are heavily staffed with KGB officers, members of the Soviet Union's massive intelligence agency. Ostensibly they serve as "diplomats," but quite obviously they are present to gather very special information. Rarely, however, are their more sinister activities exposed in detail and in depth. Here, "The Soviet Plot to Destroy Mexico" opens the locked doors of the Trojan horse which many nations harbor—the Soviet embassy—and reveals the everyday business of KGB envoys—sabotage, betrayal and violent insurrection.)

(The Reader's Digest began a survey of subversion in Latin America three years ago. The following story of what happened recently in Mexico is based on this research, and on dozens of interviews with intelligence officers, on captured diaries and confessions, and on conversations with Soviet defectors and KGB officers themselves.)

Just before midnight on March 12 this year, five of the most important men in the government of Mexico met at the National Palace. A senior intelligence officer distributed a formal report and a stack of photographs. Silently the officials studied the documents, initially with dismay, then with the anger of men betrayed.

The import of what the Mexican leaders read was staggering. The detailed intelligence summary revealed a KGB plot conceived in Moscow to plunge Mexico into a civil war and destroy its government by armed force. In the words of a Mexican servant of the KGB, it would make of Mexico "another Vietnam."

In an epic counter-intelligence coup, the Mexican security service had uncovered not only the Soviet plan but the identities of the principal KGB officers and Mexican agents involved. Security men had seized caches of arms and explosives, located clandestine training centers and hideouts, and captured guerrilla chieftains. It was a near thing. For the evidence showed that soon the first fires were to be set, the first bombs detonated, the first policeman killed.

"We shall, of course, act—and act decisively," declared the President of Mexico, Luis Echevarria.

The adviser who had drafted the intelligence report spoke up quickly: "Strike at the embassy, Mr. President. All begins with the embassy. And with Netchiporenko. He is *Número Uno*."

It was true. During the 1960s the KGB had completely taken over the Soviet embassy in Mexico City and developed it into one of the world's great sanctuaries of subversion. And of all the Russians the most skilled and dangerous was Oleg Maksimovich Netchiporenko, justifiably considered by the KGB to be one of its top agents. Slender and darkly handsome, he wore a debonair mustache, and with his wavy black hair and olive complexion looked utterly Latin. Indeed, Mexican authorities suspected that he was either the child of Spanish communists who had fled to Russia after the Spanish Civil War or perhaps the son of a Russian father and a Spanish mother. He kept himself in superb condition by jogging daily and playing tennis the year round. Strangers often guessed him to be ten years younger than his actual age—40. His Spanish was

flawless; he spoke the differing idioms of laborers, diplomats and students with equal fluency.

Netchiporenko had trained himself to adapt, chameleon-like, to disparate environments. He could and sometimes did don the clothes of a *campesino*, go out into the countryside and win automatic acceptance as a farmer or laborer. Similarly, at the universities, where he spent many of his working hours, students thought of him as one of them. With the same ease, he could affect the manners of a bright young Mexican business or professional man. Indeed, he once assumed just such a pose and strode into the U.S. embassy. For more than an hour he wandered about, gleaning what information he could, until a security officer recognized him as a KGB agent.

Netchiporenko simply was the best KGB field operative in Latin America. He knew it; so did everybody else in the embassy. Few KGB officers, though, felt comfortable around him. He disclaimed intellectual inferiority and scarcely condescended to speak to the Russians he considered stupid or unimportant. Sometimes he insulted colleagues by ignoring a dull comment and walking away without a word. But the primary reason no one relaxed around Netchiporenko was that he also was the SK officer—the officer charged with preserving the security of the *Sovetskaya Kolonia* or Soviet colony in Mexico.

As such, he constantly scrutinized everyone for the least portent of disaffection or psychological breakdown. KGB officers, conditioned from their earliest training to watch each other, realized that in his eyes deviation from prescribed behavior had to be cause for official suspicion. So they feared Netchiporenko, and he had almost no real friends. He was not the kind who needed them.

THE DUNGEON

Netchiporenko had arrived in Mexico City with his wife and two small children in 1961. Although he had been thoroughly briefed in Moscow, the life and routine of the embassy still demanded some unexpected adjustments. The embassy itself surprised and amused him. Everything about it reeked of conspiracy.

A somber gray Victorian villa with ornate cupolas and shuttered windows, it stood partially hidden behind trees at Calzada de Tacubaya 204. A tall iron fence encircled the grounds, which armed sentries patrolled. At night an armed guard paced the roof. A concealed camera photographed everyone admitted through the gate. At embassy receptions, guards ensured that no guests ventured beyond the reception rooms on the first floor. Foreigners never were allowed in the small, sterile offices and apartments on the second floor.

But the most inaccessible area of the embassy was a large section of the third floor known among KGB officers as the "dungeon." This was the *Referentura*, the heart and brain of any Soviet embassy. Here all operations of the KGB were planned and administered. Here the secrets of Soviet subversion in the Western Hemisphere were stored.

Testimony of Russians who have fled from Soviet embassies in various countries indicates that *Referenturas* the world over are much the same. They normally are divided into soundproofed rooms designed for conferences, study and the drafting of messages. The most restricted area houses the files as well as cipher and radio equipment for communications with Moscow. No documents may ever be removed from a *Referentura*; no briefcases, cameras or recording equipment ever brought in. A *Referentura* staff includes a chief, his deputy and cipher personnel who live under virtual house arrest. Rarely does the KGB permit them to leave the embassy grounds, and then only in a group accompanied by armed security personnel.

To enter the *Referentura* in Mexico City, an officer walked down a narrow corridor and pressed a buzzer which opened the door of an antechamber and alerted the watch to his approach. At the end of the chamber was a steel door with a peephole through which he was inspected.

All outside windows of the *Referentura* had been sealed with cement to block long-range electronic or photographic surveillance. KGB officers complained that, with sunlight and fresh air thus shut out, the atmosphere inside was perpetually dark, dank and musty. They grumbled also because, as a result of this dungeon-like atmosphere, smoking was forbidden.

The *Referentura* never closed. And, during the ensuing years, Netchiporenko was to come to it at any hour of the day or night. It was the one place in Mexico where he could feel completely secure and speak of his work freely.

In Moscow, the KGB had advised Netchiporenko that his wife would be expected to "help out" at the embassy. He did not understand that this meant a full-time job. Because the KGB refused to permit employment of a single Mexican, most Russian wives had to labor as secretaries, file clerks, telephone operators, typists or petty administrators.

When a reception was held at the embassy, a list of duties for the wives was posted. Some were to attend as guests, some as maids, and others as kitchen helpers. Netchiporenko had to inform his wife that at her first party in Mexico she would be a maid. After the guests left, he and all the other Russian men waited while their wives did the dishes.

However, Netchiporenko soon accepted, as necessary to security, the rules that bound all Russians in Mexico City. He perceived that the embassy, regarded by the KGB as one of its four or five most important installations outside the Soviet Union, offered boundless professional opportunities. Energetically, he set out to make the most of them.

WEB OF SUBVERSION

Netchiporenko's work began in the *Referentura* with briefings about some of the KGB operations against Mexico. They revealed that the Russians were less interested in collecting intelligence about the country than in developing agents who could influence Mexican policies and create disorder.

The Russians had almost succeeded in 1959 in bringing significant segments of the Mexican economy to a standstill. That year, the KGB bribed labor leader Demetrio Vallejo to paralyze the national railway system with wildcat strikes. Caught consorting with KGB officers Nikolai Remisov and Nikolai Aksenov, Vallejo admitted taking a million pesos (\$80,000) from them to organize the strikes.

Netchiporenko saw that now the KGB was attempting to plant female agents in key secretarial positions within the most important government ministries. It also was seeking to position in the Foreign Ministry an agent who could affect assignments of Mexican diplomats throughout the world. In an even more sinister operation, the KGB was trying to establish its own private detective force, composed of a corrupt ex-police official and cashed cops. Through them it planned to gather data for blackmailing Mexicans, to harass anti-Castro Cuban exiles and to execute "wet affairs."¹

Netchiporenko was to be involved in all of these operations. But his primary assignment was to infiltrate the universities and recruit students for future subversion. Prospects usually were spotted through the Communist Party or the Institute of Mexican-

Russian Cultural Exchange. The latter was directed by the Soviet cultural attaché, a KGB officer; it was financed by the KGB; and its daily affairs were administered by Mexican communists handpicked by the KGB. Openly, the Institute disseminated Soviet propaganda and sponsored meetings of communist sympathizers. Covertly, it served other functions. With offices strategically located throughout the country, it offered KGB officers a ready excuse to travel to any section of Mexico. Youths attracted by its films, book shows and free Russian lessons unknowingly were evaluated by the KGB. Those who appeared particularly promising were approached and offered scholarships to Patrice Lumumba Friendship University in Moscow, where the KGB could develop their subversive potential.

A MAN FOR THE KGB

Hearing about the scholarships, an embittered Mexican named Fabricio Gomez Souza addressed an inquiry to the Soviet embassy. Invited to the Institute's office in Mexico City for an interview, he arrived on a summer afternoon in 1963 and was courteously greeted in Spanish by Netchiporenko.

"There is nothing I care to say to you," Gomez announced, "I came to see the Russians." Netchiporenko coolly surveyed the Mexican, spoke a few sentences in Russian, then said in Spanish, "I am Russian. Now please sit down and let me see if I can help you."

Gomez was a squat, muscular 31-year-old schoolteacher with black eyes and a scowling swarthy face. Since finishing college ten years before, he had taught school in the small town of Nanchital. Long interested in communism, he had read extensively about Marxist and other revolutionary theory. Early in 1963 he married. While still honeymooning, his bride fell ill and died of an ailment that doctors could not diagnose. In his grief and rage, Gomez blamed Mexico, its culture and institutions for failing to provide the kind of medical care that might have saved her life. Now he believed that Mexican society must be destroyed so that it might be rebuilt, and he had concluded that the most practical way to destroy it was to work with the Russians.

As the two men talked late into the evening, Netchiporenko knew that here was a man for the KGB. Gomez was no posturing student caught up in a fad. Rather, he emerged in Netchiporenko's judgment as a tough, realistic convert who could be trained to endure, obey and do whatever was necessary for the KGB.

So strong was Netchiporenko's recommendation that the KGB acted swiftly to spirit Gomez out of the country. KGB processing for Patrice Lumumba ordinarily required months. But within three weeks Netchiporenko handed Gomez cash and tickets for a flight to Moscow. From the moment he landed the KGB treated him as a very special student. Indeed, he was. For Fabricio Gomez Souza was destined to lead the guerrilla force that the Soviet Union years later was to unleash upon Mexico.

THE PRIME TARGET

During the next two years, Netchiporenko sent at least a dozen others off to Moscow and at the same time recruited agents for the KGB directly from Mexican universities. Yet KGB headquarters kept demanding more. From his own briefings in Moscow, Netchiporenko could appreciate why.

The pressure reflected KGB judgment that Mexico was the most important target in Latin America, not only because of its proximity to the United States but because of the great potential of its abundant natural resources and sublime climate. A succession of national administrations had been making dramatic social and economic progress. Allocating more money to education than to any other purpose, the government reduced

¹ The KGB term for operations requiring the spilling of blood.

adult illiteracy from 63 percent in 1940 to 17 percent in 1970. Between 1960 and 1970, annual per-capita income increased from \$330 to \$660.

Poverty, exacerbated by rapid population growth, endured. But the average Mexican, who enjoyed incomparably more freedom than a Soviet citizen, could see proof of continuing betterment, and thereby derive hope for the future. Thus, if Soviet subversion was to succeed in Mexico, this government had to be undermined.

Accordingly, in the mid-1960s, the KGB slipped more and more officers into Mexico City in the guise of diplomats. In the fall of 1966, it assigned one of its best staff specialists in Latin American affairs as *Resident*, the KGB boss of the embassy.² He was Boris Pavlovich Kolomiakov, an officer who, like Netchiporenko, had never suffered serious failure.

At 47, Kolomiakov was balding but trim and vigorous. Comfortable with authority and responsibility, he was proud of his assignment and of his reputation. The first to arrive at the embassy, the last to leave, he worked and studied constantly. He daily read as many as 20 Mexican, U.S. and Canadian newspapers. No matter what the pressures of work, he daily reserved at least half an hour for improvement of his English. His wife privately complained to others that he spent too much of their money on books and periodicals.

In purely personal matters, Kolomiakov was kind. An inflexible caste system prevailed throughout the Soviet colony, rank being the sole determinant of perquisites and social standing. The few non-intelligence personnel were the outcasts, openly referred to as "lesser mortals." Kolomiakov flouted these distinctions. An illness in any Soviet family brought from him a visit, flowers and assurances of all help needed. He could be a compassionate counselor when marital difficulties arose.

If Kolomiakov was kind to his subordinates personally, he was mercilessly demanding of them professionally. He required that all match his own energy and insisted upon measurable "production," which he could chart and report to Moscow. Laxity or errors evoked from him withering reprimands that could turn even veteran KGB officers pale. Once he summoned a highly regarded subordinate and upbraided him for nearly an hour. When the officer emerged from his office, a secretary saw him weeping. Three days later, he abruptly departed for the Soviet Union. His banishment was never explained officially; the rumor that swept through the embassy was simply: "He failed."

NEAR DISASTER

By 1968, the number of Russians over whom Kolomiakov presided at the embassy had grown to a preposterous 57, all but eight of whom were professional intelligence officers. The Soviet embassy staff was more than three times as large as those of the embassies of Great Britain, West Germany, France or Japan. While these nations had extensive trade and other ties with Mexico requiring diplomatic representation, the Soviet Union had virtually none.

Among Mexico's world trading partners, Russia in 1968 ranked almost last. That year, it purchased only \$368 worth of Mexican goods. There were only 216 legal travelers between the two countries. Few Soviet ships called at Mexican ports. Cultural relations between the two nations were virtually nonexistent, and Mexico found that it needed only five diplomats in Moscow.

² In most Russian embassies, the ultimate authority in all important matters is the senior KGB officer, or *Resident*. Unless the Soviet ambassador is a representative of the Central Committee, he is merely a ceremonial figurehead and administrator.

Indeed, the Russians barely bothered to pretend that they were engaged in diplomacy. Weeks often passed without any Soviet "diplomat" making an official visit to a Mexican government office. The Russians opened their consular and cultural offices only four hours a week. Thus armored with the protection of diplomatic status, they were almost entirely free to ply their true trade of subversion.

More than half the KGB personnel were engaged primarily in operations against the United States, but an apparatus of more than 20 men, led by Netchiporenko, was working exclusively against Mexico. And by 1968, they had developed in the universities a corps of agents who gave the KGB a new capability for violence. As the 1968 Olympic Games approached, the KGB perceived a way to use these youthful agents with devastating effect.

The trouble began with a commonplace incident on July 23, when dozens of students from two preparatory schools got into a brawl. Police intervened to break it up, and in so doing bloodied some heads. On July 26, the Young Communist Party staged a long-planned rally to celebrate the Cuban revolution and attempted to march on the National Palace. When the police moved to halt them, the communists attacked with clubs and rocks, and another brawl ensued.

Demonstrations called to protest "police brutality" culminated in destructive rioting the next three nights as mobs shattered windows, set buses afire and hurled Molotov cocktails in downtown Mexico City. A quickly formed National Strike Council appealed to all Mexican students to boycott classes. Students seized the National University and the Polytechnic Institute, whose combined enrollment exceeded 120,000. In August, these schools became sanctuaries from which a band of zealots sallied forth to demonstrate and riot. As the violence intensified, foreign journalists speculated that the Olympics might have to be canceled.

After the initial outbreaks in July, only a minute fraction of the thousands of rioters were communists; fewer still had ever heard of KGB. Usually, however, the actual violence was initiated by so-called *Brigadas de Choque*, or shock brigades. These were disciplined groups of 15 to 30 men, often including paid thugs. Many were organized, financed and led by members of the Young Communist Party or youths directed by the KGB through the Institute for Mexican-Russian Cultural Exchange. Communists constituted only a small minority on the 200-member National Strike Council. Yet eight of the most vigorous, effective and intransigent leaders in the disturbances were agents of the KGB—four of them recruited by Netchiporenko.

During the turmoil, the KGB maintained contact with its young agents through the Communist Party. Moreover, the second week in September, KGB agent Boris Voskoboinikov, who masqueraded as Soviet cultural attaché, rendezvoused with students outside Popular Preparatory School No. 1. And KGB officer Valentin Loginov, the same week, met two separate groups of students near a downtown theater.

As the disturbances continued, the army, on September 18, took over the National University, across the street from the Olympic Stadium. The next week, Mexico suffered its worst violence since the revolutionary battles of the 1920s. Students and adult anarchists managed to acquire large quantities of arms, and fierce gunfights broke out nightly between them and troops. Around schools, students battled police with pistols, knives, clubs and gasoline bombs. Intensifying violence gravely threatened the Olympic Games, scheduled to begin October 12.

Disaster appeared imminent when the government learned that riot leaders were secretly planning a climatic assault on the Polytechnic Institute, now occupied by the

army. Their purpose was to create casualties and chaos that would doom the Olympics once and for all. Preparing for the attack, they stored, in apartments of the sprawling Tlatelolco housing project, explosives and hundreds of weapons, including .22-caliber machine guns and high-powered rifles with telescopic sights.

The afternoon of October 2, some 6000 youths gathered for a rally in the Plaza of Three Cultures, adjacent to the apartment project. The government authorized a rally, but stationed troops in the vicinity to prevent any march. The gathering was peaceful enough until the eighth speaker took the podium. He was Socrates Amado Campos Lemus, a radical fugitive whom authorities had hunted for weeks. As plainclothesmen moved to arrest him, an army helicopter dropped a flare, signaling the troops to advance into the plaza.

Using a bullhorn, General José Hernández Toledo declared the rally over, and urged the students to disband. Suddenly, volleys of sniper fire rang out from apartment balconies, and Hernández was felled by three bullets, two in the back, one in the leg.

A terrible battle lasted about ten minutes, with troops shooting up into the balconies at the snipers and the revolutionaries spraying bullets down into the plaza. Twenty-six civilians and two soldiers, almost all in the plaza, died. But as some 80 hard-core members of the National Strike Council attempted to flee through the rear of the project, police captured them. Without their leadership, the uprising ended, and the Olympics proceeded.

The KGB had come close, but had failed. So, a new onslaught was planned, to be led by Fabricio Gómez Souza, whose potential Netchiporenko had so quickly perceived five years before. Now the KGB turned to him and Patrice Lumumba Friendship University.

"HELPFUL" NORTH KOREANS

Nikita S. Khrushchev had announced in 1960 that Patrice Lumumba University was being established to train "intelligentsia cadres" for the nations of Africa, Asia and Latin America. However, within the Soviet Union, Russian authorities have stated the university's mission more plainly: "To educate students from underdeveloped countries so they can return to their homelands to become the nucleus for pro-Soviet activities."

The First Vice Rector of Patrice Lumumba was Pavel Erzín, a major general of the KGB. Other KGB officers and agents serve on the faculty, which must obey the dictates of the KGB. Students are selected primarily on the basis of their potential usefulness to the KGB. (If the Russians really want to educate a foreigner to work, for instance, on a Russian foreign-aid project back home, the student does not attend Patrice Lumumba; he goes to a first-rate Soviet university or technical school.)

Upon arrival at Patrice Lumumba in the autumn of 1963, Gómez joined some 30 other Mexicans who also had come to Moscow without the knowledge of their government. After studying Russian for a year, he was put into a special class of students who had demonstrated the greatest revolutionary zeal. Even in this elite, he distinguished himself during the next four years of indoctrination by his cold fanaticism and obedience to the Russians. In October 1968, when the KGB gave Gómez his initial assignment, it probably had as much confidence in him as it ever places in a foreigner.

He began the assignment as leading actor in an elaborate fiction staged by the KGB. One morning, Mexican students in Moscow were called together, ostensibly to hear a fresh report about the recent violence in their country. An unfamiliar Russian, who purportedly had talked with travelers just back from Mexico City, appeared before them. He gravely stated that the Mexican army had killed hundreds of students, arrested thou-

sands more, and was now hunting down all remaining "progressives" in a murderous purge of the universities. "They are slaughtering students in the streets as if they were insects," he concluded. "And today there is no Pancho Villa, no Emiliano Zapata to defend them."

Gómez stood up, as if rising spontaneously to the challenge. "I request permission of the university to conduct a meeting of all Mexicans," he said formally. "I mean no disrespect, but we would prefer that no one else be present. We Mexicans must redeem our own honor."

Passionately, Gómez harangued his fellow countrymen on the necessity of avenging the dead students and sweeping Mexico with Marxist revolution. "I say it is time to stop musing about theory," he cried. "It is time to act. All of us must prepare ourselves as guerrilla warriors."

That evening, Gómez invited to his dormitory ten or so selected Mexicans, including two entrusted with supporting roles in the KGB plot. Inspired by more oratory, bravado and vodka, the group proclaimed the birth of the *Movimiento de Acción Revolucionaria* (MAR). At the suggestion of Gómez, the students also agreed to solicit guerrilla training from Cuba and North Vietnam.

With addresses supplied by an obliging Russian "professor," the Mexicans first visited the Cuban embassy in Moscow. Two Cubans received them hospitably, offering coffee and cigars while listening attentively to their proposals. "We of course are sympathetic to your objectives," said one Cuban. "However, our diplomatic relations with Mexico form an extremely valuable channel into the non-socialist camp. At this time it would not be in the greater interests of revolution for us to provoke a break in relations."

The North Vietnamese were more brusque. "We are already fighting a guerrilla war," said a wizened, bespectacled functionary. "Our lives are at stake, and we have absolutely no resources to spare."

Back at the University, Gómez dutifully affected dejection as he recounted the Mexicans' experiences to the Russian "professor." "An idea occurs to me," remarked the Russian. "Have you thought of the North Koreans? Perhaps they would be helpful."

At the North Korean embassy, Gómez spoke the same preliminary lines that the KGB had cued him to use at the other embassies. The North Koreans dispensed with pretenses. "Yes, yes, we have agreed; it is arranged," an officer said to Gómez. "Are you the one appointed to fly to Pyongyang?"

The KGB had dictated, directed and managed each act of this scenario, beginning with the "report" to assembled Mexican students and ending with the visit to the North Korean embassy—all in order to conceal its sponsorship of the guerrillas. It sought to create the illusion that Mexican students had spontaneously decided to form a guerrilla force, and on their own initiative had found a patron in North Korea, which had no diplomatic ties with Mexico. This is what most Mexicans subsequently drawn into the movement would be led to believe. Through this deception the Russians expected to escape retaliation and avoid the loss of their vital embassy in Mexico.

THE CLOWN

Early in November, Gómez flew via Aeroflot to the North Korean capital of Pyongyang, where he conferred with intelligence and military officers. Again the Koreans were well prepared. They advised Gómez that no more than 50 dedicated revolutionaries were required. Each would be developed into a leader and teacher of future recruits. Once the force of 50 was deployed, it would multiply like a cancer through the cities and mountainous countryside of Mexico. To permit time for careful selection of trainees and to avoid attracting attention, the Koreans

recommended that the 50 Mexicans be brought to Pyongyang in three successive contingents.

Back in Moscow, Gómez picked up \$25,000 from the North Korean embassy and divided it among four other students chosen by the KGB to return with him to Mexico as recruiters. Traveling singly by separate routes, they landed in Mexico City in late December 1968 and early January 1969.

At the same time, the Russians dispatched to Mexico City a senior KGB officer who, in the temporary absence of the ambassador, became chargé d'affaires. He was Dimitri Alekseyevich Diakonov, whom the other Russians promptly dubbed "The Clown." In private, they laughed at his appearance and manners. His pate was totally bald except for growths of hair protruding angularly from either side of his head. If he let the hair grow, he looked as if he had horns; if he cut it, he looked as if he had been scalped. His hair, combined with huge, sunken eyes and a guttural voice, made him seem like a caricature of a bomb-throwing Bolshevik of the early 1900s. Attempting to make a speech, he was virtually powerless to control his hands. He alternately stuck his thumbs in his pockets and leaned backward, or clutched his hands behind his back and leaned forward. In either posture, he created the impression of a man about to topple.

Moreover, Diakonov was a stern puritan appalled by the adultery and lewd references to sex commonplace in the cloistered Soviet colony. At a weekly Communist Party meeting, he stood up to call for reform. "I am shocked," he began, "to hear within an embassy of the Soviet Union dirty talk about sex. Such talk is contrary to communist morality. Yet it is heard all the time, even, I am ashamed to say, among the female comrades. . . ." Waves of giggles from the women interrupted, embarrassed and mystified Diakonov.

All the women knew that the worst offender against his concept of communist morality was Lydia Netchiporenko, Oleg's wife. When Netchiporenko had first met her, Lydia was a 19-year-old salesclerk with a lithe figure and the face of a modonna. Her physical appeal initially obscured in his eyes her lack of education and her coarseness. While KGB training and travel transformed him into a sophisticated, cosmopolitan man, Lydia utterly failed to grow intellectually, and deteriorated physically into dumpiness. Her scatological jokes, which once had seemed amusingly risqué to Netchiporenko, now shamed him. After a couple of drinks at parties, she would make vulgar advances to other KGB officers, who dared not offend either her or her husband.

Lydia cunningly used her husband's power, appointing herself watchdog over the Russian wives. Their private lives became her official domain. She pried incessantly, and maliciously tried to set woman against woman by asking questions of one that might incriminate or debase another. She delighted in degrading a woman by making false accusations, then forcing her to disprove them. Netchiporenko came to loathe her, and so did everybody else.

Ignorant of this background, Diakonov stumbled on with his speech: "I want you to know something else. I am shocked by the statements some of you make about the Mexicans. They are naive and can be manipulated, but it must not be said that they are dirty, that they are lazy, that they have no culture. . . ."

Giggles and smirks again greeted Diakonov, for again Lydia was the prime culprit. Then, suddenly, the laughter stopped as if turned off by a switch. Kolomiakov was on his feet and clearly enraged. "Why do you insult Comrade Diakonov?" he shouted. "He is absolutely correct. Comrade Diakonov speaks for the party. He also speaks for the

organs of state security. Do you understand?" Everybody understood.

However foolish Diakonov may have appeared to the Russian women, he was not the clown they thought him. In the back alleys of the world, he had proven himself the equal of the most violent men. The government of Argentina threw him out of Buenos Aires in 1959 after he created chaos by instigating labor riots. In 1963, he turned up in Brazil as a member of a Soviet "Peace Prize Commission." His labors there culminated in a rebellion by noncommissioned officers of the Brazilian army, and he was kicked out of the country. A specialist in strikes, riots and violence, Diakonov was admirably equipped to deal with guerrillas. And that was his mission in Mexico.

THE ROAD TO PYONGYANG

Through Diakonov, the KGB was kept informed of the recruiting progress being made by Gómez and his Mexican subordinates. Kolomiakov in turn suggested prospective recruits spotted by the KGB apparatus in Mexico.

One name that had long been in the *Referentura* file of prospects was that of Angel Bravo Cisneros, a mustachioed student radical who looked a little like a pudgy Adolf Hitler. On a cool evening in April 1969, Gómez traveled to the old and lovely colonial city of Morelia to seek him out. At a café frequented by students near the University of Michoacán, the two talked fervently for an hour or so about Vietnam, Cuba and revolution in general.

Bravo seldom used one word when he could find three. His conversation was larded with revolutionary slogans and hoary Marxist clichés, which he declaimed as if he had originated them. Unable to achieve distinction in scholarship, he had turned to anarchy. In this, he had attained some success, joining a variety of extremist groups and helping foment a series of student riots.

"You have demonstrated energy," Gómez said, "but that is no substitute for knowledge and skill. We must leave the country and be trained by experts."

"Such training would be an honor of which I would always strive to be worthy," Bravo responded.

"Good," Gómez replied. "I want you to establish residence in Mexico City. In the months ahead, I will send to you comrades who are to undergo training. You will serve as liaison between them and me, and also ensure that they obtain all necessary travel documents. At the proper time, you will lead them on the journey out of the country."

"Perhaps you have observed that I am possessed of great intellectual curiosity," Bravo said grandly. "I would be pleased to know the land to which I will journey."

Gómez glowered at him. "You are to take orders, not ask questions. I will tell you only this: our duty is to make of Mexico another Vietnam."

Through the summer, a succession of youths in their early 20s checked in with Bravo in Mexico City. Fourteen men and two women were gathered in the city when Gómez visited Bravo in mid-August. "Your journey is about to begin," said Gómez, unwrapping a package containing nearly \$9000.

"Divide the comrades into groups of two or three and give each person \$500. Instruct each group to make its own arrangements to fly to Paris. But make certain that each group leaves on a different day and uses a different airline. Tell everyone to assemble at 10 a.m. on September 7 at the Eiffel Tower."

"Are we to be trained in France?" Bravo asked with excitement.

"Pay attention," Gómez ordered. "You are to tell the comrades no more than I have told you. However, after you gather in Paris, you are to guide them to West Berlin, where you will stay at the Hotel Colombia. Each

day you must cross into East Berlin and, beginning at 1 p.m., stand on the corner by the Restaurant Moscow. Sooner or later you will see a man you know. From him you will receive further orders."

All 17 Mexicans appeared as planned at the Eiffel Tower on September 7. Though some grumbled about being kept in ignorance of their ultimate destination, they willingly flew on to Berlin. After falling on three successive days to meet anyone he recognized in East Berlin, Bravo began to worry. The future guerrillas didn't have enough money left to pay their hotel bills, and soon there would be none for meals. On the fourth day, however, as Bravo stood by the Restaurant Moscow, he felt a tap on his shoulder, and there was Gómez.

After listening to Bravo's account of the trip and the group's financial plight, Gómez said, "I will see what can be done. Walk around for a while, and meet me here in a couple of hours."

Gómez returned in mid-afternoon with about \$1000. "Tomorrow bring me passport photographs of each of the comrades, including yourself," he instructed. "We should be able to depart in three or four days. Until then, you and I will meet here daily." On their seventh day in Germany, Gómez told Bravo: "We go tomorrow. Bring everyone to the main railway station of East Berlin at noon."

In the dark, cavernous old railroad terminal, four somber North Koreans awaited the Mexicans. They handed each a Korean passport bearing his photograph and a Korean name. In return, they required each to surrender his Mexican passport and all other papers reflecting his true identity. At 5 p.m., Gómez led the Mexicans aboard the night train to Moscow. Only after it started to move did he reveal that their final destination was Pyongyang.

To the customs and immigration officials who boarded the train at the Polish and Soviet borders, it was obvious that the Mexicans were not the Koreans their passports represented them to be. When a Soviet inspector approached, the youngest of the future guerrillas, Felipe Penaloza, nervously pulled from his pocket both his Korean passport and his Mexican draft card, which he had neglected to give to the Koreans in Berlin. "Nyet, nyet!" exclaimed the Russian, grabbing the Mexican document. But, seeing the boy's terror, the inspector smiled, patted his shoulder and walked away with the draft card. The KGB had prepared the way thoroughly.

More North Koreans greeted the Mexicans in Moscow and drove them in embassy cars to a hotel where they were confined for five days pending the flight to Pyongyang. The KGB had, of course, supervised all travel arrangements. But the trip was so contrived by them that at no time in Moscow or during the entire passage across the Soviet Union did any Mexican except Gómez converse with a Russian. To all but Gómez, it seemed that the Koreans were in charge.

"SOME COMRADES WILL DIE"

Whatever the Mexicans may have expected in North Korea, doubtless none anticipated the grueling regimen that awaited them. The guerrilla training camp, set in a valley between two mountain ranges some 35 miles northwest of the capital, was bleak and forbidding. It consisted of wooden barracks, a mess hall, frame buildings housing classrooms and administrative offices, and ranges for practice in small arms, demolition and hand-to-hand combat. The training day, beginning with a solid hour of exercise, lasted from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. The trainees were told that they must henceforth forsake both sex and alcohol. Both were labeled useless and disruptive distractions from fighting. Except for an occasional visit to a circus or outing in the countryside, no recreation was pro-

vided. There were excursions to factories and villages—but only to teach the Mexicans how to destroy them.

They received zealous instruction in all the tools of terror. These included arson, explosives, karate, assassination, extortion, ambush, disguises, clandestine travel, recruitment, communications and weaponry. In learning about weapons, the students practiced almost exclusively with American-made equipment. A humorless little Korean known as Comrade Lee explained why.

"In the initial phase of guerrilla warfare, you must make the enemy supply you with arms and money," he began. "To obtain guns, kill the policemen and soldiers who have them. To obtain money, rob banks and stores. While sustaining you, these assassinations and expropriations contribute to the terrorization of the enemy. For a time they can also mislead him into thinking he is confronted merely by common criminals."

"The Mexican army and police buy mostly American arms. They are what you will be using, at least in the first years."

The most realistic and brutal of the training exercises pitted the young guerrillas against regular elements of the North Korean army. The Mexicans were required to infiltrate military bases, sabotage guarded vehicles, set ambushes, fight the soldiers with their bare hands and flee pursuing patrols. The women trainees received no special consideration, except that in the field their packs were not as heavy as the men's. Fatigue, injury or illness excused no one from the nightly seminars at which the day's lessons were rigorously reviewed.

In its harshness, the training had a purpose beyond making the Mexicans physically strong and technically proficient. The communists strove to develop each one time a disciplined fanatic, consumed by the objective of destroying the Mexican government. A senior instructor called Comrade Sung repeatedly stressed the concept of selflessness and sacrifice.

"Some comrades will die lonely deaths of wounds which cannot be attended," he warned. "Some will be imprisoned with no hope of liberation until victory. Many of you will have to discharge your revolutionary duties in the night, then work all day at ordinary jobs in which you have no interest. No matter what the hour, when the order comes to move, to bomb, to kill, you must obey instantly."

As in Moscow, Gómez was a prize pupil. But he did not really need all the tactical training. His was a higher mission of organization, planning and leadership. So, after less than three months, Gómez slipped out of the North Korean camp. Picking up \$10,000 in Moscow, he flew in early January 1970 to Berlin, then on to Mexico. There he began assembling the final contingent of would-be guerrillas.

Locked in the *Referentura*, reading the reports that charted the progress of Gómez and the *Movimiento de Acción Revolucionaria*, Netchiporenko could be proud of himself. Gómez had justified every expectation, and thereby had enhanced Netchiporenko's already glittering reputation at the KGB center in Moscow. Then the unexpected suddenly clouded Netchiporenko's prospects.

HOW MUCH DID SHE KNOW?

On the morning of February 7, 1970, Kolomiakov received a telephone call from the Soviet commercial office located in a small villa adjacent to the embassy. "Raya has vanished," an attache said.

Immediately Kolomiakov summoned Netchiporenko to the *Referentura* and informed him that Raya Kiselevskaya had apparently fled. To Netchiporenko, the news had special and terrible meaning.

The widow of a Soviet physicist who had died of radiation, Raya was 30, blond, blue-eyed, pretty and sensuous. Officially she was a secretary in the commercial section of the

embassy; actually she was much more. As a student of literature, she had personally known many Russian intellectuals. Later, study in East Berlin, with opportunities to sneak into West Berlin, had given her furtive, delicious tastes of Western life. Ever since, she had continued intellectually to quest, explore and educate herself. Russian men were almost compulsively attracted to her, not only because of her seductive appearance but because she could talk to them about the world as few of their wives could. Moreover, she had about her a girlish openness that tempted men to trust and confide.

Even KGB officers felt at ease with Raya. They sometimes commanded her presence in the evening, ostensibly as a cover for some secret assignment. Usually this was merely a pretext to enjoy her company. But on occasion she did serve as a genuine decoy and thereby witnessed clandestine meetings between the KGB and its Mexican agents. A few officers flaunted their secret exploits in an attempt to impress her with their importance. Even Kolomiakov, who harbored no amorous designs on Raya, liked and relied upon her.

But the man who most trusted and confided in her was Netchiporenko himself. She was all he yearned for in a wife, all that Lydia was not. If he had one genuine friend in Mexico, it was Raya. Now he had to ask himself tormenting questions: Exactly what had he told her in the many unguarded moments they had shared? How much did she know? Many another KGB officer had to search his memory with the same questions.

As SK officer responsible for recovering any defector, Netchiporenko immediately organized a hunt for Raya. All other business of the KGB halted while every available Russian joined the search. The corrupt expatriate official who commanded a squad of cashed-in cops for the KGB was summoned. The KGB did not have to tell him what to do if his detectives found Raya. He knew that he was to retrieve or kill.

All efforts were in vain. On February 10, the Mexican government announced that Raya Kiselevskaya had requested and received political asylum. The Soviet embassy demanded an interview with her, and Kolomiakov sent Netchiporenko. He was magnificent in his tender appeals. Never referring to communism or the Soviet state, he spoke of her love of Russian culture and their bond with each other. Constantly he stressed, as the KGB always does in such a situation, that if she returned now, she would be guilty of no more than a foolish peccadillo which would be promptly and permanently forgiven.

But having tasted the gaiety, liberty and promise of Mexican life, Raya had come to look upon the Russian embassy as an Orwellian ant heap. And ultimately she saw it, permeated as it was by pettiness, mistrust, fear, regimentation and conspiracy, as a microcosm of Soviet society. She began to cry. "Oleg, I am sorry. I am sorry," she said. "You must know I can never go back."

As Mexican security officers stepped forward to end the interview, Netchiporenko kissed her and left, also in tears.

KGB interrogations of embassy personnel permitted no illusions about the value of the intelligence Raya might disclose to the Mexican government. She knew that Netchiporenko had recruited some of the students who emerged as prominent leaders in the 1968 riots. She personally had accompanied Valentin Loginov to his clandestine meeting with students at the height of the riots. She had heard KGB officers brag about bribing certain magazine and newspaper editors to publish pro-Soviet stories. She could recite in clear, meaningful detail what went on inside the embassy.

But one question Kolomiakov and Netchiporenko more than any other: Could Raya conceivably know anything about Gómez

and the guerrillas? Strenuous reconstructions of associations, conversations and all data to which Raya might have had access yielded no evidence that she did. Neither could clandestine KGB sources discover any indication that the Mexican government had become aware of the incipient guerrilla movement. Thus, the KGB elected to let the operation continue. As the months passed without disaster, it seemed that Raya's defection would be nothing more than a minor blemish on Netchiporenko's brilliant record.

"COMRADES, WE ARE READY"

The guerrilla training in North Korea for the final 23 recruits and the 17 members of the second contingent ended in August 1970. They split into three groups for the journey home via Moscow. By late September, all were back, mentally and physically ready for their secret labors.

The morning after the last group landed in Mexico City, Gómez convened his chief deputies, including Bravo, in an apartment at Calle Medellín 27. "Our immediate objective is to increase our numbers as rapidly as possible without making any sacrifice in quality of personnel," he announced. "Once our numbers are sufficient, we will divide into an urban guerrilla force and a rural guerrilla force. Comrades, we are ready to begin."

The *Movimiento de Acción Revolucionaria* progressed with astonishing swiftness. In less than two months it doubled in size by adding some 50 recruits spotted and screened by the first ten guerrillas who had returned from North Korea in 1969. Clandestine schools were established in Zamora, San Miguel de Allende, Querétaro, Puebla, Chapala and Mexico City. A special school for training of future instructors was founded in Salamanca. Apartments or houses where guerrillas could hide and mount operations were acquired in Mexico City, Acapulco and Jalapa.

Some of the guerrillas took jobs, both to earn money for the movement and to cloak themselves in an aura of respectability. One of the most ruthless, Alejandro López Murrillo, opened a beauty salon in Mexico City. The idea was good. The police were unlikely to look for terrorists among hairdressers or women in a beauty parlor. Neither were they likely to search parlors for weapons and explosives.

The first robbery was plotted in late November, with all the military precision learned in North Korea. López, who had worked at the Banco de Comercio in Morelia for a while, suggested the target. He recalled that about three times a month the bank sent a courier by bus to deposit U.S. dollars in a central bank in Mexico City. With the approval of Gómez, the plotters decided to waylay the courier.

Four guerrillas visited Morelia to familiarize themselves with the appearance of the courier, a thin, elderly man. One, "Comrade Hilda," remained in Morelia to watch the terminal of the Three Star Bus Company. The night of December 18, she telephoned Mexico City to report that the courier had departed on a bus due in the capital at 6 a.m.

About 4 a.m. in Mexico City, three guerrillas hailed a taxi. They knocked the driver unconscious with a pistol and, binding and gagging him, threw him on the floor of the back seat. Shortly before six o'clock, they drove to the bus station, where Bravo and two more members of the squad were waiting.

When the courier stepped from the bus, the six guerrillas saw that he was escorted by a young man they believed was a police detective. They quickly wrestled both men to the ground, then grabbed the courier's satchel, ran to the stolen taxi and escaped. Hurdled, Bravo ripped open the satchel, passed out handfuls of dollars and stuffed some into his own pockets. Abandoning the cab, the guerrillas fled. In the safety of an apartment, Bravo counted out the money he had kept—almost \$30,000. Not until he

read the afternoon papers did he learn that the total loot was \$84,000.

With money allocated by Gómez, Bravo bought a Volkswagen and a Datsun van. Gómez also sent a courier to the Texas border to purchase wigs for disguises and walkie-talkies. The remainder of the \$84,000 was allocated for weapons and operating expenses.

While his men plotted additional robberies and trained more and more recruits, Gómez scheduled the first guerrilla attack for July 1971. He planned to detonate bombs simultaneously at 15 airports, hotels, restaurants and public buildings throughout Mexico.

The explosions would proclaim the existence of the *Movimiento de Acción Revolucionaria* and a siege of the Mexican government. Each subsequent bombing, robbery and assassination would be calculated to achieve maximum shock and publicity at minimum risk. Continuing and intensifying terror, first in one part of the country, then another, would create a growing aura of guerrilla invincibility and government impotence to protect its citizens. Such an aura could be expected to attract to the movement extremist groups and opportunists who thought to secure their future by joining the winning side. Additionally, through atrocities against police and public officials, the guerrillas hoped to provoke the government into retaliatory measures that would alienate many citizens and drive them into MAR ranks.

The movement would also gather strength in the Mexican mountains, in whose virtually uncharted areas bandits and fugitives had long found refuge. At the outset, only small raiding parties would venture out of the mountains to sabotage railways, bridges, power lines and factories. In time, organized battalions would descend to ambush army units and sack whole towns.

These terrorist tactics would be accompanied by unremitting psychological warfare. All propaganda would sound one underlying theme: the inevitability of guerrilla triumph over the "injustices" of Mexican society and government. Each attempt of the government to defend itself against the guerrillas would be seized upon as proof of its "repressive, totalitarian" character. Selected, sympathetic foreign correspondents would be invited to melodramatic interviews portraying the romance of revolution, the idealism of young men impelled by conscience to take up arms. All the while, the KGB through its worldwide resources would surreptitiously foster the impression that the masses were rising up against another degenerate Latin American oligarchy.

"THE COLONEL" ASKS SOME QUESTIONS

Then the unforeseen happened. In February 1971, an elderly constable was walking homeward outside a small mountain village some 30 miles from Jalapa. It was a long walk, and he often stopped to rest at an abandoned shack about halfway to his house. On this afternoon, as he approached, he heard voices from the shack. Looking inside, he saw four youths, one of whom was drawing a diagram on a blackboard. More out of curiosity than suspicion, the constable said, "Good afternoon, friends. What are you drawing?"

"None of your business, old man," one of the young men answered contemptuously. "Get out of here."

"Just a moment," said the constable. "I am a police officer. I have asked a proper question. . . ."

"Get away or we'll beat hell out of you!" shouted the youth.

As two of the young men advanced on him, the constable drew his revolver. "I warn you, I am a good shot," he said. "Take the blackboard and march."

The constable delivered the four to the police. To them, the diagram was a mystery, and had the youths offered the least explana-

tion, they doubtless would have been released. But their insolent refusal to say anything caused the police to telephone Mexico City.

The next morning, a man who was introduced only as "the colonel" arrived. He saw at once that the blackboard diagram was of electrical transmission towers—towers being marked for destruction. A gifted interrogator, the colonel soon extracted all that the four youths knew—which was not very much. They said that a "Comrade Antonio" had persuaded them to become "guerrilla warriors" so they could "fight for Mexico." He told them that he would return in a month or so to inform them of plans for their training. Meanwhile, they were to practice shooting and making bombs. One youth did remember that Comrade Antonio had mentioned a "*Movimiento de Acción Revolucionaria*." Another thought they would be trained somewhere in Jalapa. The search for an MAR hide-out in Jalapa began.

About a month later, in Mexico City, Gómez ordered Bravo to inspect the clandestine MAR center in Jalapa. Bravo took a bus to Jalapa, and knocked on the door of the guerrilla house at Guadalupe Victoria 121. He did not recognize whoever it was that politely opened the door, but this was not surprising because by now the movement had many new members. As soon as he stepped inside, he heard a shout: "*Manos arriba, traidor! (Hands up, traitor!)*" Looking into the muzzle of a submachine gun and the fierce eyes of the man who held it, Bravo sensed that he stood very near death.

Shortly after midnight, he was ushered into a room at the police station and left alone with "the colonel." For four or five minutes the colonel stared at him silently, responding to nothing he said. Then the colonel methodically began his interrogation, and soon Bravo had told everything. The KGB had never dealt with Bravo, and Gómez had withheld much from him. But as leader of a contingent to Korea and an accomplice in the robbery, he knew a great deal, including the importance of Gómez and the location of several guerrilla centers.

Four days later, Gómez, having heard nothing from Bravo, traveled to Jalapa himself in search of him. The guerrilla house appeared dark and empty as he unlocked the front door. But suddenly a beam from a flashlight struck his face; then the lights flashed on. "Ah, Señor Gómez," said a man pointing a cocked .38-caliber revolver. "It is you for whom we have waited most."

Led away to jail, Gómez screamed curses and vows to kill all who might have betrayed him. It was useless. Within the week, the Mexican security service devastated the *Movimiento de Acción Revolucionaria*, raiding its clandestine centers, capturing its 19 most important leaders and laying traps that would ensnare many more.

"MEXICO IS GRATEFUL"

When the intelligence advisers presented their report the night of March 12, they were able to accompany it with voluminous and concrete evidence. It was the kind of proof any responsible chief of state covets on the eve of a momentous decision. Photographs showed the American M-1 rifles and .45-caliber pistols, hand grenades, cartridges, shortwave radios, even some of the money remaining from the robbery. Signed confessions and captured diaries recorded the training of the guerrillas and their plans for terror. Dossiers on Kolomiakov, Netchiporenko and Diakonov detailed their involvement and that of the KGB.

It was clear that Mexico had barely escaped grievous damage. The Russians might never have realized their ultimate goal of creating "another Vietnam." But they were only months away from achieving their minimum objective of serious social disruption. Had the guerrillas multiplied and mounted sustained attacks, Mexico would have had to waste its

resources on new arms and armies. These could have been raised only at the expense of education, industrial development, transportation, rural electrification and social reforms.

"I have some thoughts," said the President. "I wish a few more hours to contemplate them. Let us meet again in the morning." As his intelligence advisers turned to leave, he called to them: "Gentlemen, you have saved your country and our people from terrible tragedy. Mexico is grateful."

On March 15, the government announced the capture of the guerrillas and indicated that arrests were continuing. The announcement shocked Mexico, but doubtless the consternation was greatest in the *Referencia* at the Soviet embassy. The ripening fruits of years of planning, hundreds of clandestine meetings, and painstaking recruitment suddenly were destroyed. And, momentarily, Moscow would be demanding explanations.

There was, however, one consolation for the KGB in the official announcement. It offered no intimation that the Mexican government had the least suspicion of the true sponsorship of the *Movimiento de Acción Revolucionaria*. Apparently, Gómez had not talked; seemingly, Netchiporenko, Kolomiakov and Diakonov were safe.

Then, on March 17, Mexico ordered its ambassador to leave Moscow quietly. The following morning Diakonov, the Soviet chargé d'affaires, received a curt message. His presence at the foreign ministry was required immediately. Foreign Minister Emilio Rabasa greeted him with none of the customary niceties.

"The continued presence of you, Dimitri A. Diakonov, Boris P. Kolomiakov, Oleg M. Netchiporenko, Boris A. Voskoboinikov and Alexandre P. Bolchakov [the latter a KGB officer involved in recruiting students] is intolerable to my government," the foreign minister announced. "You are hereby ordered to depart the territory of Mexico immediately."

"What is the reason for this?" asked Diakonov.

"Señor Diakonov, you, I and the State Security Committee of the Soviet Union all know the reason why," replied Rabasa. "There will be no further discussion. This interview is at an end."

The expulsion of five diplomats, including the chargé d'affaires, was an extraordinary diplomatic slap in the face for the Soviet Union. Mexico was aware that whenever a nation dares to expel KGB officers, the Soviet Union retaliates with a belligerent denunciation and the arbitrary ouster of an equal number of diplomats from Moscow. However, having recalled its ambassador, Mexico now had only four diplomats left in the Soviet Union. If the Russians retaliated in kind, they would, in effect, sever diplomatic relations. Thereupon the Mexicans could order all Russians out of Mexico and close the great Soviet sanctuary of subversion once and for all. So, the Soviet Union swallowed its humiliation without protest.

Other Latin American nations rallied to the support of Mexico. Colombia and Honduras sent their ambassadors to the foreign ministry to declare their endorsement of the Mexican action. Leading newspapers throughout the hemisphere denounced the Russians and praised the Mexicans. Costa Rica consulted the Mexican government, then announced suspension of negotiations which had been expected to result momentarily in diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union.

On March 21, the expelled Russians waited at the airport for a plane home. Their enforced departure was probably regretted most by Netchiporenko, whose life had been so intimately intertwined with a country he would never be allowed to see again. But he was a good actor to the end, smiling and

bantering with reporters. Kolomiakov, the KGB boss who never forgave a mistake, also was in character. Just as their flight was announced, he jumped out of line and took a swing at a photographer. His last blow in Mexico missed.

EPILOGUE

What happened in Mexico is merely part of a worldwide pattern of KGB subversion. Elsewhere in Latin America and in Africa and Asia, evidence of KGB efforts to undermine other societies emerges again and again.

Last July Ecuador expelled three KGB officers after catching them trying to organize nationwide strikes through the Marxist-dominated Ecuadorian Workers Confederation. All three were "diplomats" assigned to the Soviet embassy.

In 1969, Ethiopia deported three KGB officers and three Czechs who had recruited dozens of Ethiopian students and organized them into clandestine cells. Handwritten notes and printed propaganda captured from the students showed they were being trained initially to disrupt the universities, ultimately to overthrow the government.

The Congo threw out the entire Soviet embassy staff of 98 after the KGB openly supported armed rebels against the government in 1963. When relations were restored in 1968, the Soviet Union signed a protocol specifically limiting it to seven diplomats in the Congo. But, by the spring of 1970, the Soviet embassy staff had swelled to 42. Then the Congolese unraveled a KGB network that reached into the universities, the army, the Ministry of Information and the National Documentation Center. Four KGB officers were expelled, and the embassy was again cut down to size.

In April 1968, Colombian police, alerted by Mexican authorities, searched two couriers at the Bogotá airport and relieved them of \$100,000 which they had received from a KGB officer in Mexico. Eventually, the communist couriers admitted that the money was destined for the most murderous band of terrorists in Colombia, the *Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias*.

Increasing terror in Turkey culminated this year in a series of kidnappings and the murder of the Israeli consul general. Police ascertained that some of the students behind the terrorist acts had undergone clandestine training in neighboring Syria. Further investigation established that the training had been arranged by a Soviet "diplomat" in Damascus, Vladimir Shatrov, and his Russian "chauffeur," Nikolai Chernenkov.

From Ceylon to the Sudan, from Argentina to Yugoslavia, Soviet embassies continue to spawn subversion. All the while, the Soviet Union publicly affects rectitude and professes friendship. The day after Mexico expelled the five KGB officers, the Soviet embassy in Mexico City issued a statement of aggrieved innocence: "We do not understand, we cannot explain the measure taken by the Mexican government."

THE SCHOOLING OF A SOVIET SPY

(By John Barron, condensed from "KGB")

For more than two years, *The Reader's Digest* has been making an exhaustive study of the KGB, the Soviet Union's massive intelligence agency. Reporters and editors, spanning the globe have uncovered facts that have never been made public. Their sensational findings—including exclusive disclosures by Soviet agents who have defected to the West—will appear in a forthcoming book, *KGB*.

In this selection from the book, one hidden face of the KGB is revealed in startling, sinister detail. Filled with the intrigue and drama of spy fiction, it is the first authentic account of the recruitment and training of a modern Soviet espionage agent.

At the Yaroslavl railroad station in Moscow, a handsome Nordic-looking traveler

stepped off the Trans-Siberian Railroad train and stood apart from the other disembarking passengers. He was known by many names, but in reality he was Kaarlo Rudolph Tuomi, combat veteran of the Soviet army, instructor in English, and secret informant to the KGB. Why he had been summoned to Moscow or who would meet him, he did not know. But following a pre-arranged set of signals, he cradled an umbrella under his left arm and waited.

Before long, a stranger approached him.

"Good morning," he said. "Tell me, how is your uncle Efim?"

"I'm sorry to say he just passed away," Tuomi answered.

"That's too bad. Come with me, please."

In silence the two men rode in a little Moskvich sedan to a military hotel, where Tuomi was taken to a third-floor suite. "These will be your quarters," his escort advised him. "You'll be having visitors after a while, so don't go out."

The luxury of the suite awed Tuomi. The bedroom alone was bigger than the one-room apartment in which he lived with his wife and three small children. The adjoining living room, decorated with freshly cut spring flowers, was larger still. On the center table stood a bowl of oranges, apples, bananas and grapes, along with bottles of cognac, Scotch and vodka. The bathroom even had a sunken tile tub.

An hour after he had entered the suite, Tuomi heard the living room door being unlocked. As an army major general and a colonel entered, he bolted to attention.

"Please, sit down and relax," the trim little colonel said. "There is no need for formality among us. Do you find your quarters satisfactory?"

"I cannot believe I am here," Tuomi replied.

"Well, you have a big decision to make, and we want you to be comfortable while making it," the colonel commented cryptically. "Besides, this is an indication of what you may expect someday if your choice is correct."

"We might as well come right to the point," said the general brusquely. "We are considering sending you on an important and dangerous assignment to the United States. You would have to enter the country and work there illegally. Should you be caught, the best you could expect would be a long prison sentence. If you succeed, however, the rewards would be great."

The sudden prospect of becoming a spy in America overwhelmed Tuomi. "I have never imagined such an assignment," he said. "I am not sure I am qualified..."

"Your record, your whole life, have been thoroughly analyzed," the general interrupted. "We are confident you have the capacity to do what is needed. The question is your will. You have a free choice, and nobody can make it for you. Actually, the mission is not as difficult as it must now seem to you, but there are some unpleasant considerations we want you to face. You would have to live and work like any other American, but still accomplish your real task. Never for a moment could you relax. You would also be separated from your family for a long time."

"How long?" Tuomi asked.

"Your training here in Moscow probably would last three years," the general replied. "Having invested so much in you, we would want to keep you over there a minimum of three years, maybe more. The better you do, the longer you will stay."

"What will happen to my family?" Tuomi asked.

"They will want for nothing," the general said.

"Could they possibly have a new apartment?"

"It might take time, but we can guarantee it," the general pledged. "There will be even bigger compensations. Your salary will

be tripled, and you can give it all to your family because we will supply you with all the dollars you need. Every year you spend abroad will count as two years toward your retirement. When you come back you will not have to worry about anything for the rest of your days. But there is something far more important. You will enjoy the pride of having truly served your Socialist fatherland. You will know that you have done something significant with your life."

Both officers rose abruptly. "Do not answer now," said the general. "We want you to think hard first. We will be back tomorrow."

Despite weariness from the train trip, Tuomi could not sleep that night. Sometimes pacing across the suite, sometimes sitting by the window looking out over the lights of Moscow, he thought back on all that had led him to this moment. Events and remarks which he had not understood at the time now acquired meaning. They made him wonder if the KGB had not for years been planning to confront him with the decision he had to make within the next few hours.

TWO FATAL MISTAKES

Kaarlo Tuomi had been born in the United States, but from his childhood on he was indoctrinated in communism by an earnest, evangelistic Finnish stepfather. In 1933, when he was 16, the family moved from Michigan to Russia and they became Soviet citizens. Four years later, during the Stalinist purges, the KGB came in the night and took his stepfather. He never returned.

To support his mother and sister, Tuomi worked as a lumberjack until drafted into the army in 1939. After years of combat, he was mustered out in May 1946, one of two survivors of his original infantry battalion. In the wartime chaos his sister had disappeared, and his mother died of "heart failure," then a Soviet euphemism for starvation. His possessions consisted of a dirty uniform, a patched overcoat, a pair of German boots, a duffel bag stuffed with towels and underwear, and discharged pay equaling \$20.

In hopes of becoming a professor of English, Tuomi enrolled at the Teacher's Institute at Kirov, an ancient city on the forested plains 475 miles northeast of Moscow. For a small rental, he shared a 15-by-17-foot room with a widow and her two daughters. It had a fireplace, but no kitchen or bath. Nearby, a communal garbage pit bred foul odors and rats the size of small cats.

In the fall, Tuomi and the widow's oldest daughter, Nina, decided to marry—more out of friendship and convenience than love. They were wed during a lunch period and spent their wedding night with her mother and sister sleeping a few feet away. To augment the meager salary Nina earned as a clothing-store clerk, Tuomi chopped wood and hauled bread after school for State Tea-house No. 3. He received the equivalent of \$50 a month, and his meals, enabling him to give most of his rations to the women. Still, food shortages occurred frequently, and this led Tuomi to commit the first of two errors which were forever to change his life.

In late December 1947, Tuomi was pulling a sled loaded with bread through the snow toward the tea shop. Noticing that the bread box seemed heavier than usual, he opened it. Vapors from freshly baked French rolls steamed out into the cold air as he counted the trays—then counted them again. There was no doubt. The bakery had included an extra tray of 100 succulent rolls. If he kept them and was discovered, he could receive a ten-year sentence for stealing state property. But who would find out?

Bending nearly double, he towed the sled past the local KGB¹ office, known because of its foreboding character and color as the Gray Building. For a moment he trembled, then

hurried home. "My God!" exclaimed Nina as he rushed into the room with the rolls. "Where you get them?"

"Never mind," Tuomi commended. "Buy some vodka and butter while I finish my delivery. We're having a party tonight!"

Tuomi made his second mistake the following winter. When a firewood shortage threatened to close the tea shop, the manager conspired with a night watchman to loot a state depot of enough wood for the season.

He persuaded Tuomi to borrow a truck from a friend at the state garage to transport the wood and as compensation gave him half a truckload for himself. Tuomi forgot about both incidents until the night of December 8, 1949. He was finishing work at the tea shop when a man approached him, flashed a KGB card, and said, "Follow me."

At KGB headquarters Tuomi was let down into a basement room dimly illuminated by a single blub hanging from a ceiling cord. Seated at a wooden table was KGB Major Serafim Alekseyevich,² a stocky man with a disproportionately large head and cold blue eyes. Flanking him, barely visible, were two somber figures in civilian dress.

"Sit down, thief, and explain why you have turned into an enemy of the people!" the major shouted.

"I don't understand," Tuomi said.

"You have failed miserably in your duty to socialism," Serafim declared. "You are guilty of sabotage, and you shall be punished."

The KGB had arrested the night watchman for another offense and wrangled from him the story of the stolen wood. As the officer detailed evidence of the crime, a sickening fear flooded through Tuomi. "We took the wood only to keep the shop open," he said. "Don't I deserve some leniency? I fought in many battles. I was decorated for bravery. I never have done anything else wrong."

Drumming his fingers on the table, Serafim slowly replied, "And what about the rolls? Tell us how you stole 100 rolls and gorged yourself like a swine while your comrades went hungry. You see! You not only steal! You lie!"

Benumbed, Tuomi felt drained of hope. "All I can say is that I am sorry," he apologized in despair.

The KGB major grunted contemptuously. After a minute or so of silence, one of the men spoke from the shadows. "Your family will suffer terribly while you are in prison," he said. "That would be a shame. Possibly there is a way out for you."

"What do you mean?" Tuomi asked. "It is enough to say that we have a lot of work to do, and you can help us," the man replied.

Serafim shoved paper and pen across the desk. "Write," he ordered. Tuomi dutifully wrote out an oath pledging eternal secrecy and faithful execution of all KGB orders. Next, the major handed him a slip of paper bearing a street address. "Meet me there at 9 p.m. a week from tonight," he instructed.

It was a classic KGB recruitment. As Tuomi was to learn years later, the KGB had planted the rolls and tempted him to steal them. Then it had waited patiently to discover still another act for which he could be blackmailed. Now it owned him.

"TELL US EXACTLY"

On a cold moonlit night one week later, Tuomi knocked at a two-story frame house on a side street near downtown Kirov. Outside, the house looked like any other on the block. Inside, it was partitioned into a series of offices on the first floor and two self-contained apartments on the second. This was the first of many "safe houses" Tuomi was to visit—sanctuaries where the KGB meets and instructs its informants.

"Pour yourself a drink, and we will get started," Serafim said, motioning to a de-

canter of Georgian brandy. Then he began to outline Tuomi's duties:

"First you will report attitudes at the Teacher's Institute toward Party policies, conditions of life and especially the West. We want to know everything your teachers and fellow students say, the bad and the good. Tell us exactly what you hear, not what you think we want to hear."

"In the eyes of your comrades, you should appear as an intellectual, curious about the world. Whenever you hear an anti-Soviet statement, hint that you might agree. Venture cautious criticisms occasionally. You may even make a mildly favorable comment or two about the West. As your reputation spreads, you will attract those who think privately what you suggest openly. This takes time. Never go too far, or you'll frighten the fish away."

No rewards were promised. But as Tuomi faithfully reported what he heard at the Institute, he began to discover that the KGB did bestow secret benefits. Upon graduation from the Institute in 1950, he could not find a job. The KGB promptly interceded to arrange employment for him, first at the Institute, then at the local adult-education center.

Party membership was essential for long-term advancement within the teaching profession and the KGB itself. When Tuomi's application was stymied because he could not account for his missing sister, the KGB searched the Soviet Union until it found her—working as a hod carrier in Archangel. With the birth of his first two children in 1948 and 1951, Tuomi's regular salary became increasingly inadequate. The major supplemented it with gifts of several hundred rubles before holidays and vacations.

With coaching and experience, Tuomi grew adept at conspiracy. He had many attributes of a good spy: courage, intelligence, curiosity, a keen memory and an ability to make people like him. He laughed easily, his blue eyes radiated good humor, his broad, pleasant face invited trust. As often happens to people who remain in espionage, he came to like intrigue for intrigue's sake. The guilt initially felt at betraying his colleagues gradually subsided as he succeeded in thinking of himself as a patriot.

There was only one man whom he could not bring himself to betray. He was Nikolai Vasilyevich, a scholar of Russian literature beloved for his wit, honesty and generosity of spirit. Tall, frail and gentle, he had a great teacher's ability to inspire, and his classes always were crowded. Because he repeatedly refused to join the Party, the KGB kept him under periodic surveillance, and in December 1955 Tuomi was assigned the watch.

At a New Year's party soon thereafter, Tuomi heard a student ask Nikolai why he declined Party membership. "Communism is a cage," he answered. "I was not born to be in a cage. I was born an eagle."

Tuomi omitted any mention of the statement at his next KGB meeting. Four days later Serafim telephoned him at school, something he never had done before. "Make any excuse you want, but meet me in 15 minutes," he ordered. When Tuomi entered the safe house, the major's face told him he was in trouble. "Communism is a cage. I was not born to be in a cage," the KGB officer repeated. "Have you ever heard those words?"

"Yes, Nikolai Vasilyevich spoke them," answered Tuomi, chilled by the realization that there had been another spy at the party.

"Why then did you not report them?"

"I thought them unimportant."

"Don't make it worse than it already is," Serafim said. "You are just lucky that I, instead of somebody else, found out about this. I am going to let it pass only because we have worked together so long and because I have an idea of what is in store for you, if you don't ruin it."

As Tuomi was dismissed, the major added

¹Footnotes at end of article.

a final warning. "I hope this experience teaches you something," he said. "Never try to deceive us."

THE FINAL TEST

In the fall of 1956, Alevtina Stepanovna, a 29-year-old widow, enrolled in Tuomi's class. Although she was not beautiful, her blond hair, soft hazel eyes and seductive figure made her decidedly attractive. She taught French in high school and was determined to master English. "I wonder if you could give me extra lessons?" she asked Tuomi one day after class. Her smiling entreaty seemed so earnest that he agreed to meet her for a couple of hours every Sunday.

Alevtina was an excellent pupil. During the tutoring sessions she concentrated completely on English, but afterward she would insist that Tuomi stay for tea and cake. The two-room apartment in which she lived with her mother and small son was warm and bright. Talking with her as the sun slanted through the windows, Tuomi was glad he had agreed to the lessons.

In time, Alevtina induced him to talk about himself. Unexpectedly she would throw a personal question at him, always smiling, sometimes lowering her voice as if to invite an exchange of confidences. "Is it true you were born in the United States?" she once inquired.

"Yes."

"Wouldn't you like to live there, if you could?" she asked softly.

The intuitive antenna a wise Soviet citizen develops warned Tuomi to be careful. "I suppose everyone longs to visit his birthplace again," he replied. "But live there, no. The future belongs to the Soviet Union not to America."

Bedecked in a new blue dress, Alevtina looked especially alluring when he came to give a lesson one Sunday in January 1957. From the window, she called, "Come look at the snow." As he joined her, she stood so close that their bodies touched. "We are alone today," she whispered.

For an instant Tuomi wavered between temptation and the dictates of all his KGB experience. Then, stepping away, he said, "I'm sorry, we cannot have your lesson today. My children are sick and I have to help Nina take care of them." A few days later Alevtina curtly told him that she was giving up the class.

Walking home a few weeks later, Tuomi saw a figure scurrying along the street ahead of him, looking neither left nor right. It was Alevtina, and as she turned down a side street he followed her. But as she entered a house, he stopped abruptly. It was one of the KGB safe houses at which he had met with Serafim.

Two months later Tuomi received the summons to Moscow. Now, in the spacious suite, he understood why the KGB had tested him through Alevtina. It had sought to fathom his inner feelings about the United States. But more important, by his reactions to her sexual blandishments, it had tried to gauge his devotion to his family. Only if he truly cared for them could they serve as effective hostages.

As dawn broke over the city, Tuomi tried to weigh the costs and rewards of accepting the mission to America, the consequences of rejecting it. He thought of his children—Viktor, 9, Irina, 6, Nadezhda, 4—and the years with them which would be irretrievably lost. But he thought, too, of the benefits his new income and status would afford his family. They would have a better apartment, a refrigerator, television, all the food and clothes they needed. The KGB would ensure the children a good education.

What if he refused the assignment? He could be branded "unreliable." Just as the KGB had arranged his employment, it could arrange his dismissal. Without explanation,

it could bring destitution upon him and his family, and there would be no appeal.

What if he undertook, the espionage mission and failed? Fear of imprisonment, even death, tormented him. Yet patriotism and devotion to communism made him want to do what his country asked.

The faces of the general and colonel were expressionless when they entered the apartment. After they were seated, the general leaned forward. "Have you given the matter the most careful consideration?"

"I want to do my duty," Tuomi answered. "You can be proud of yourself," the general said, as both officers smiled and perceptibly relaxed. "This still must be approved at the highest level, but I think it will go through. You will hear from us within a few weeks."

Back in Kirov, Tuomi told Nina and his fellow teachers that he had taken tests for admission to an interpreters' school and was awaiting the results. They came on April 26, 1957, in a telegram from Moscow: "You have been accepted for the course."

SCHOOL BEGINS

The colonel was waiting when Tuomi arrived in Moscow on May Day. They drove to one of the city's finest apartment buildings, on Kutuzovskiy Prospekt, and took the elevator to the fifth floor. There the colonel opened what appeared to be a broom closet. It was actually the entrance to a hidden stairway leading to an apartment on the sixth floor.

"Come in," said the colonel. "Let me show you your new home."

The apartment consisted of a large, elegantly furnished living-dining room carpeted with Oriental rugs, a master bedroom, a smaller bedroom, an American-type kitchen and a modern bathroom. A narrow spiral staircase wound upward to a huge sunlit recreation room on the roof. Among the furnishings were two red-leather sofas, a mahogany writing desk, a movie projector and screen, a Ping-Pong table and a safe. One wall was lined with bookshelves filled with American magazines, copies of the *New York Times*, novels by Hemingway, Twain, London, Steinbeck, Dreiser and Dickens. Far to the north, Tuomi could see the blue Moscow River, and to the east the spires of the Kremlin churches, which in sunlight looked like golden turnips. This room was the spy school.

"Everyone is on vacation, so you will have to take care of yourself for a while," the colonel explained. "See the city, sleep all you can, and relax until you hear from us. The neighbors know they are not to ask questions. If you meet them on the elevator, you may say hello but no more. Let me wish you all success in your new life."

The interlude of privacy and freedom ended on the sixth day. Just before 8 a.m. he was awakened by the ringing of the telephone. "Don't go out this morning," a voice told him. "Somebody is coming by."

Tuomi was in the recreation room an hour later when he heard someone call from the living room below. "Hello! Anybody home?" Hurrying down the spiral staircase, he saw a short, rather ugly man with slightly jowly cheeks, a wide nose, steel-rimmed glasses and a mass of thick black hair combed straight back. "I am Aleksel Ivanovich, your chief instructor and adviser," he said, extending his hand. "Excuse me for letting myself in."

The visitor was Aleksel Ivanovich Galkin. As a young communist, this son of peasant parents had worked on the Moscow subway while obtaining an education. By obedience, industry and scholarship, he rose swiftly in Soviet intelligence. From 1951 to 1956 he served as an agent in the United States while masquerading as a United Nations employee. He devoted himself primarily to acquiring firsthand knowledge which would equip him to train spies for espionage in America. Every few months he changed residences so as to

familiarize himself with different sections of New York City and its suburbs. He continually sought invitations into homes so he could see for himself how Americans live and thus how Soviet agents should behave among them.

"Let me brief you generally about what is ahead; then I will try to answer questions," Galkin began in heavily accented but understandable English. "Your training will last three years. Your main subject will be the theory and practice of intelligence, which I will teach. You will also study the philosophy of Marx, Lenin and Engels as applied to intelligence, as well as technical subjects such as cryptography, photography and secret writing. Along the way we will give you a real understanding of the United States: its history, geography, politics, military establishment and contemporary life. Naturally, we will work intensively on your English. I know you speak it well, but language is everchanging. You have years of colloquialisms to learn, and we want to shave away your accent as much as possible. Incidentally, I hope you like movies," he said, pointing to the projector. "We will show you American films constantly. We have quite a library."

Galkin paused, then picked up the pad on which Tuomi was jotting notes. "Please, from now on, nothing in writing," he said. "You must memorize everything."

"I'm sorry," Tuomi apologized.

"No, no," Galkin continued, patting Tuomi on the shoulder. "You must not confuse a correction with a reprimand. Someday your life will depend upon what you learn here, so all your instructors will be pointing out mistakes which could be fatal. We simply want to help you; I especially, because as your counselor I will be graded according to how well you do. You must not hesitate to raise any question or problem with me, no matter how personal or trivial. How about some tea?"

While he was boiling water in a silver samovar, Galkin remarked, "You know, the Americans actually put ice in their tea."

"It can taste pretty good on a hot day," Tuomi said.

"That's right. I almost forgot about your boyhood in the States," Galkin replied. "That's an advantage you have over most of the illegals we send there. Still, you have a terrific amount to learn."

Sipping tea, Galkin continued, "The second phase of your studies will be entirely practical. We will concentrate on building an identity for you which will stand up in America. A whole life must be invented for you, and you must know it as if you had actually lived it."

"Can you tell me what I am expected to do in America?" inquired Tuomi.

"Not specifically. But your first task will be to establish yourself as an American and get a job. Then you will want to spot Americans who might work for us. If all goes well, some American agents we already have might be turned over for you to handle. In any case, I'm pretty certain you will work out of New York City."

"Will I be able to see my family while I'm here?" Tuomi asked.

"Certainly," Galkin assured him. "From time to time you may make brief visits to Kirov, and we'll bring them here for a holiday or two. Incidentally, here's an address where they can write you. If you have any family problems, let me know."

"One last thing. In educating the masses, simplifications, even exaggerations sometimes are necessary. But for you, accurate knowledge is vital. So don't be shocked if what we tell you differs from what the public is told. Now, let's meet Yelena, the best cook in Moscow."

A portly, gray-haired woman in her 50s welcomed Tuomi. For years she had been an assistant chef at the Kremlin. Now she acted

as a kind of housemother to spies in training. She served a delicious lunch of pea soup, spiced beef and rice baked in light dough, red cabbage, tomato salad and melon, accompanied by red wine. "I'll do better once I learn what you like," she promised. "I will take good care of you."

A TAUNTING TEACHER

Unaccustomed to so much food and wine at midday, Tuomi dozed on the sofa. He was awakened by a soft, sultry greeting: "How are you, comrade?" Staring at him was a striking brunette in her late 20s. She wore a dress bought at Peck & Peck in New York. It outlined the curves of her slender body in a way that distinguished her from any Russian woman Tuomi had ever seen.

This was Fainna Solasko, daughter of a Russian woman who for years had served in the United States as a courtesan to KGB officers and visiting Soviet officials. Fainna had grown up in New York, where her mother was on the payroll of Amtorg, the Soviet trading company. After studying at Columbia and New York Universities, she entered into an unhappy marriage with an American employee of Tass. In 1955 she slipped away to Moscow, ideally suited by background, intellect and disposition to teach spies about the United States.

Her announced duty was to perfect Tuomi's English and to indoctrinate him thoroughly in contemporary American life. She also had the more important, covert assignment of continually assessing his psychological state, character and native ability.

"Why are your fingernails so filthy?" she asked.

Tuomi looked at his hands. It occurred to him that his fingernails had always been dirty from the menial jobs he had to perform in order to scrape up extras for his family. Before he could say anything, Fainna mocked him again.

"Which collective farm do you come from?"

"I am a teacher," Tuomi replied.

"Your shoes make that difficult to believe," Fainna retorted. "Have you ever shined them?"

"It was not the custom in Kirov," he answered.

"You will have to learn to shine your shoes by yourself," said Fainna. "But I will teach you to tie your tie so people will not think you moonlight as a hangman. Come into the bedroom."

Positioning Tuomi before a full-length mirror, Fainna stood behind him, put her arms around his neck and tugged at the knot in his tie. The feel of her lithe body, the touch of her hair on his neck, the faint fragrance of powder and perfume produced the natural male effect for which she was watching in the mirror. Stepping away, she sought further to shame him. "Haven't you ever been near a woman before?" she snapped, feigning indignation. "My God, you're hopeless!"

Humiliated and enraged, Tuomi was tempted to hit her. But over the years the KGB had put him through too much for him not to sense that Fainna was provoking him purposely.

"My background has been such that I have not had an opportunity to acquire all the manner I should," he said as casually as he could. "But given the opportunity, I am sure I can learn them."

For a moment Fainna silently searched him with her dark, taunting eyes. "You handled that very well," she said finally. "I can see that you are going to be a good student and that we will get along well. Just to show you there are no hard feelings, I'm going to give you a present." She handed him an American shoeshine kit.

"HE IS OURS FOR LIFE"

After the first few days of classes, Tuomi felt as if an entire university had been created solely to educate him. The instructors

who visited the apartment daily from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. were all experienced, professional intelligence officers. At one time or another, most had been spies in the United States. The quality of their English varied, but the mastery of their particular subjects was uniformly excellent.

The man who taught Tuomi the philosophy of intelligence was Aleksander Josefovich. Handsome, blond, with a resonant voice, he looked and talked like the American evangelist Billy Graham.

"You must think of humanity—past, present and future—as one great body which requires surgery," he explained. "You cannot perform surgery without severing membranes, destroying tissue, spilling blood. Similarly, in intelligence we sometimes destroy individuals who are expendable tissues on the body of humanity. Occasionally we must perform unpleasant acts, even kidnapping and liquidation. But none of this is immoral. All acts which further history and socialism are moral acts."

Aleksandr was remarkably candid. He marveled at the ease of travel in America. "Over there, if you want to go somewhere, you just get in a car, bus, train or plane and go. Nobody asks any questions," he informed Tuomi, with wonder in his voice. "The highway system is unbelievable, and they're about to spend billions more to improve it."

"Capitalism has nothing to do with this, does it?" Tuomi asked jokingly.

"In a way it does," Aleksandr replied seriously. "Just as feudalism had a place in history, so did capitalism. But its time is past. The American economy owes its strength to three primary factors which have nothing to do with capitalism. First, the United States has immense natural resources. Second, its territory has escaped the devastation of war for nearly a century. Third, America was settled by the bravest and most industrious people of Europe. Americans today are descendants of good stock, and they remain industrious and tough. It would be folly to pretend otherwise."

Of all the instructors, Tuomi liked and respected Galkin the most. But Fainna ranked close behind. She made each session an entertaining, though serious, game. At the outset she would describe a typical scene in American life, then assign Tuomi one role and herself another to act out in English. Thus, Tuomi went to a patio party at a suburban home, and she was the hostess. He checked into a hotel, and she was the registration clerk. He applied for a job, and she was the personnel director. He went to a restaurant, and she was his date. Always she emphasized the use of idiom, jokes and profanity in his speech.

Most of the instructors referred, one way or another, to the perils of promiscuity and alcohol. But Fainna was chosen to deliver the formal lecture about sex. "It is not expected that you will go for years without sexual experiences," she said matter-of-factly. "But as they can be extremely dangerous, it is necessary to define what you may and may not do. You must have nothing to do with prostitutes because they can give you diseases. Do not attempt to seduce young girls or married women. We are investing too much in you to risk senseless trouble with parents or a jealous husband. A mature, independent woman is the safest partner, but do not get emotionally entangled with any woman."

Fainna was the first to exploit the library of American films for classroom purposes. Literally every type of Hollywood production was available—silent films dating back to the 1920s, the latest Technicolor releases, mysteries, melodramas, comedies, musicals, westerns, crime, war and horror movies; the good, bad and indifferent. To test Tuomi's comprehension, she required him to watch a film, then recount the plot in English and explain its meaning.

Other instructors selected films for more specialized purposes. Galkin stressed those

which portrayed the techniques of American law-enforcement agencies. He repeatedly showed a picture in which Yul Brynner headed a ring of narcotics smugglers. Each time, he stopped the film to rerun a scene in which U.S. customs officers ripped open and relentlessly searched the luggage of a suspected heroin courier. "This is what you could be up against," he said. "It is a very realistic scene."

Galkin also painstakingly instructed Tuomi about how to meet Americans and discern those who might be lured into espionage. "Don't waste time searching for people who are ideologically sympathetic to us," he advised. "There are comparatively few of them, and we have other means of locating them anyway."

He stressed the importance of a wide circle of acquaintances. "Go to church," he told Tuomi. "It's a good place to make friends, and the mere fact that you're there suggests that you're harmless. Join clubs such as the Lions or Rotary. Remember, even if a person you meet isn't interesting, he might lead you to someone who is."

The best prospects were people who had hidden problems—money, sex, gambling, drinking—any weakness that might make them susceptible to enticement or manipulation.

"In America, a man may have a \$20,000 house, a car, good furniture, clothes, and still not be satisfied," Galkin explained. "He knows others who are living even better. He wants a \$40,000 house. So he moves, and his mortgage payments go way up."

He has to join a club, buy a second car, new furniture. He falls deeper and deeper in debt trying to maintain his status.

"This is where you step in and give him a helping hand with a loan. Let him know you're in no hurry to get the money back and hint there's more available if needed. You advance him more and more until he is hopelessly in your debt. Then suddenly you demand repayment which he cannot possibly make. Now he is desperate, and he will be tempted by your subtle offer: for one sweetly disguised little act of treason, you will wipe out all his debts. You will persuade him that the information or document or favor you ask isn't very important and that you will ask no more. Everything will be forgotten. Of course," Galkin concluded with a smile, "once he commits this single act, he is ours for life."

Though Galkin usually guarded against any display of emotion, one day in September 1957 he burst into the apartment flushed with excitement. "Guess who I just came up on the elevator with!" he yelled. "Eleanor Roosevelt! I stood right next to her!"

"What's she doing here?" Tuomi asked incredulously.

"That's what's so funny," Galkin answered. "They're taking her through the fanciest apartments in Moscow so she can see how the typical Soviet worker lives. I thought about bringing her up here to meet you, a fellow American."

They laughed, speculating about what Mrs. Roosevelt was being told, one floor beneath a Soviet espionage school. "Maybe she would like to sit in on some of your classes," said Galkin. "She could see for herself how much we really want to understand her country."

FASHION SHOW

The training gradually became more technical. Tuomi was introduced to all the professional terminology of Soviet intelligence. He learned that the "Center" meant Moscow headquarters, to "swim" meant to travel, "illness" meant arrest, a "wet affair" meant assassination. A "legend" was a cover story, a "shoe" a false passport, a "cobbler" a technician who forges passports, a "music box" a radio transmitter, a "neighbor" another arm of Soviet intelligence.

He mastered microphotography, reducing a page of writing to the size of a period on

a postcard or letter. He learned how to use and develop invisible writing, how to encipher and decipher messages with code books disguised as pocket calendars the size of a pack of matches. He was taught how to detect and evade surveillance by jumping on a bus, entering a crowded store with multiple exits or switching taxis. And he went out on the streets to practice communicating with the Center through "drops"—hiding places where one agent deposits messages, money or documents to be picked up by another.

One day, while taking pictures of the Defense Ministry, Tuomi was grabbed by two KGB plainclothesmen. His photography instructor, Vladimir Grigoryevich, ran up and whispered, "I am responsible for this man. Let him go." A profane argument ensued, but the instructor's superior credentials prevailed. As they hurried away, Vladimir was furious. "I've told you repeatedly, when you take pictures in public you've got to do it quickly." It was one of Tuomi's few lapses.

In early February, Victor Vasilyevich Kapalkin, an officer who periodically brought supplies, drove Tuomi to an unmarked compound in Moscow near the American embassy. Entering through a wooden gate, they crossed a courtyard and stopped at a long flat building. Inside, Tuomi found himself in a men's clothing store, but one that seemed very strange. Suddenly Tuomi realized why: Everything he saw was American! He was standing in a complete storehouse for spies on their way to the United States.

"We want this man dressed up," Kapalkin said to the tailor in charge, who recorded Tuomi's measurements, then proceeded through the room. Kapalkin carefully checked off each article on a printed form as the tailor handed over shirts, ties, one black and one brown pair of shoes, a hat, nylon socks, T-shirts, boxer shorts, a cashmere sweater, handkerchiefs, a silver tie clasp, cufflinks and a self-winding watch.

"Your suits and coat will have to be altered before they're ready," Kapalkin explained. "But we want you to wear all this just enough so nothing will look new when you leave. Incidentally, that's a very fine watch. Don't be tempted to hock it on the black market. One fool tried that. I won't tell you where he is now. But it isn't the United States."

Two weeks later, Tuomi, Galkin and Fainna were finishing one of Yelena's superb lunches when Kapalkin walked in with a brown cowhide suitcase. He opened it and presented Tuomi with a dark-blue sharkskin suit, a gray tweed suit and a tan topcoat with a zip-out lining. Everyone demanded that Tuomi try on his clothes immediately. In the bedroom he dressed himself in the tweed suit, a white shirt, a blackknit tie, black shoes and socks. Then he folded a handkerchief in his jacket pocket as he had seen done in the most recent American movies. When he reappeared, the others all laughed and clapped. "You look just like an American!" Fainna exclaimed. "You will pass anywhere."

FINAL EXAMS

In mid-March 1958 Galkin arrived unexpectedly at the apartment, looking tired and preoccupied. "I have been at the Center, and I must tell you that you will be leaving much sooner than I hoped," he said. "Relations with the United States are very turbulent. We must plant you soon so that if two or three years from now there is a break in relations, you will be ready. Should there be war, people like yourself will be all we have to rely on."

"How soon?" Tuomi interrupted.

"I don't know exactly," Galkin replied. "In any case you're going to have to pass some very stiff examinations. That's not my idea; the Center insists. Afterward, maybe you can have a little time with your family. Then we will have to work at building up

your legend, and you will take a European trip. You must have some practice posing as an American outside the Soviet Union."

The examinations took five days and covered every aspect of his training. Strangers who were never identified joined the regular teachers in interrogating Tuomi. Some of their questions went so far beyond the bounds of anything he had been taught that he feared they were determined to flunk him.

Tuomi did not learn how he had done for three days. Then Galkin brought a message from the Center. "You are officially advised that the results of your examinations are as follows. Theory and Practice of Intelligence: Excellent, with the qualification that improvement is needed in surveillance detection. Philosophy of Intelligence: Excellent. Photography: Satisfactory. Cryptography: Excellent. American Studies and English: Excellent. I congratulate you, Chief."

Beaming, Galkin added, "I have more good news. Your family is getting the apartment, a brand-new one."

"That's wonderful!" Tuomi exclaimed. "Can you tell me about it?"

"I'll let your wife do that," Galkin said. "She and the children arrive in Moscow the day after tomorrow. We have a house for you outside the city; a whole house, mind you! After a week here, all of you go to the Black Sea for a month."

Galkin had been almost mirthful in his benefactor's role. Now, though, as he started to say farewell, he became serious to the point of melancholy. "This will be your last chance really to be with your family for perhaps many years," he said. "Make the most of it. When you come back, I will still look in on you now and then. But another man will take over. He will work out your mission with you in detail. From here on, everything is for keeps."

A NEW LIFE

Tuomi returned from his vacation tanned and refreshed but apprehensive. His initial encounter with his new tutor, who greeted him with an indifferent handshake, did nothing to diminish his anxieties. "Sit down and pay attention," commanded Col. Dimitri Federovich Polyakov.

"Your mission has been determined," Polyakov declared. "You will go to New York and after you are securely settled, concentrate on the waterfront. We urgently require firsthand information about the movement of rockets, war materiel and troops through New York harbor. At the same time, you must assist in developing potential American sources. If all goes well, you may be shifted to Washington or elsewhere to handle some Americans who already work for us. My duty will be to perfect your legend and ensure that you master it. In addition, I will instruct you in techniques necessary to the execution of your assignment."

Despite Polyakov's authoritarian bluntness, Tuomi admired him as a tough officer unique in his outspoken contempt of bureaucratic ways. "Don't be a stupid slave to the book," Polyakov told him. "If you can find a better way to do things, use it. You're going over there to get results, not to follow rules. Once when I was working in New York, I had to get off a message in a hurry, so I encoded it right on the subway. If anybody saw me, they probably thought I was working a crossword puzzle. Sometimes the most conspicuous place or action can be the least suspicious. The point is, once you're established, don't spend so much time skulking around that you can't accomplish anything."

Polyakov questioned Tuomi minutely, searching out details of his life which might fit the legend that was to mask all he had done for the last 25 years. "Obviously, we will have to fabricate a lot," he explained. "But to the extent that we can use the truth, the legend will be easier for you to live with."

According to the legend ultimately ap-

proved by the Center, Tuomi was born in Michigan and grew up in small towns there. After his sister died in 1932, his stepfather abandoned the family, never to be seen again. The next year he and his mother moved to Minnesota, to help with his grandmother's farm. Vacationing in upper Michigan five years later, he married a childhood sweetheart, Helen Matson. The farm began to fail in 1941, and Tuomi went job-hunting in New York, living in a Bronx apartment building on Decatur Avenue. A draft board exempted him because his wife, mother and ailing grandmother in Minnesota were dependents.

Unable to find work in New York, Tuomi got a job in a lumber camp on the Fraser River near Vancouver, Canada. He later was transferred to a lumberyard in Vancouver where he remained until 1949, when he moved to Milwaukee. There he was employed at a machine shop, and later in the shipping department of the General Electric plant. Next he had opened a small cabinet-making shop of his own. In 1956 his unfaithful wife deserted him.

Because of emotional problems caused by the breakup of his marriage, his cabinet shop flourished, and he closed it in 1957. He then moved to New York, intending to study bookkeeping and start anew. His most recent employment had been at a Bronx lumber company. At the moment he was looking for an apartment because he had been forced to move from a building condemned to permit construction of a new approach to the George Washington Bridge. To help his legend meld with reality, he was to use the name he had been given at birth, Kaarlo R. Tuomi.

"It's a good, sound legend," Polyakov assured him. "I've made up dozens, and none has failed yet." And as Polyakov explained some of the factual foundations of the biography, Tuomi realized that Soviet agents in the United States over the years must have spent thousands of hours gathering seemingly innocuous details.

There was a real Helen Matson who left an upper Michigan town in 1938 to be married and was never heard from again. The grandmother was dead, and her farm long since had been merged with others. The Bronx apartment building where he allegedly lived had been demolished. Ownership of the Vancouver lumberyard had changed, and the present proprietors would not know who had worked there years before. The owner of the Milwaukee machine shop had died, and the personnel turnover in the GE shipping department was such that it was assumed anyone could have worked there without being remembered. Moreover, the skeleton of the legend was fleshed out with names and characterizations of numerous people whom Tuomi would have known in the locales where he supposedly lived and worked.

"There are a thousand details—names, dates, places, events—which you must memorize," Polyakov warned. "You must live this legend day and night from now on. We have taken motion pictures or photographs of many of the places where you are supposed to have been. But once over there, you must visit them all and familiarize yourself with them personally. Until you do, you're vulnerable should you be subjected to a real interrogation. The first months are critical."

The Internal Revenue Service posed the one potential problem for which Polyakov could not offer a complete solution. There simply was no way to explain why Tuomi had never filed an income-tax return. "In no circumstances may you go to an Internal Revenue office or talk to an agent," Polyakov instructed. "If you receive a summons to appear, communicate with us at once. A decision will be made at the time about what to do."

HAVE YOU EVER KILLED A MAN?"

Through the next weeks, Tuomi rehearsed his legend endlessly while Polyakov assumed the role of American police and employers, probing and challenging in an attempt to trap him in a fatal inconsistency. The Soviets had managed to take motion pictures inside three of the establishments where Tuomi was supposed to have been employed. Studying the films, he watched his "colleagues" working while Polyakov briefed him about their names, personalities and habits.

On July 9, Polyakov informed Tuomi that he would begin a two-month practice mission in Western Europe and Scandinavia. After outlining the itinerary the Center had scheduled, he asked casually, "Have you ever killed a man?"

"I don't know for sure," Tuomi answered. "I probably did during the war."

"No, I don't mean that," Polyakov said. "I mean have you ever gone up to a man whom you knew you had to liquidate, looked at him and then killed him?"

The crudity of the question caused Tuomi to answer instantly, "I am not a murderer, if that is what you are asking."

"The question is not whether you are a murderer but whether you have sufficient courage to be a patriot," Polyakov replied coldly. "Suppose there was a man or a woman—American, Russian, what have you—whose continued existence endangered us. Suppose an enemy agent had penetrated our operations. Suppose one of our own people turned traitor. Could you remove that person? Of course, you would never initiate such an action. Such undertakings must be planned at the highest level because they can entail serious complications. Nowadays, however, we have devices that leave no traces. Death appears natural. You would be thoroughly prepared and equipped. The question remains, could you do your duty?"

"I have always done my duty," said Tuomi solemnly. "I think I always can."

"That's the one answer I wanted to hear," Polyakov said. "We must be willing to liquidate anyone if necessary. No one is immune."

After the shock of the conversation had subsided, Tuomi wondered about its purpose. He concluded that whatever else the colonel had intended, he had meant to warn him. He, too, could be exterminated.

"ARE YOU A SPY?"

Posing as an American tourist, Tuomi began his practice mission when he took off from Vnukovo airport outside Moscow on a plane bound for Copenhagen. This trip to the West—a crucial part of the training of most Soviet illegals—was designed to familiarize him further with the customs he would encounter during his actual mission, including travel arrangements, casual conversation with strangers and currency requirements. The trip was also expected to ease the effect of "cultural shock" which occurs when a disciplined communist agent is exposed to the luxuries and allurements of Western society.

At Copenhagen, Tuomi boarded another flight to Paris. Upon arrival, he began the furtive ritual often employed by a Soviet agent after his illegal arrival in a foreign country. He checked into a hotel under the name he had used to enter France, spent the night, tore up his passport and flushed it down the toilet. Then he registered at another hotel under a name appearing on a second passport. If French authorities had suspicions, they would be looking for a man who had vanished.

During the next 48 hours Tuomi walked the streets, rode buses and cabs to make sure he was not being followed. Satisfied, he mailed a picture postcard, signaling he was safe, to a KGB address in Vienna.

Now Tuomi had two weeks to enjoy Paris as would any energetic American. Camera in

hand, he visited the Eiffel Tower, the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, Arc de Triomphe, Sacré-Coeur and other tourist attractions. He dined at restaurants and nightclubs, strolled along the Seine and window-shopped. He bought a wristwatch for Nina, a camera for Viktor, ice skates and winter skating costumes for the girls. The beauty of the city, the elegance of the women, the streams of honking traffic, the dazzling shops, the melody of speech—all made Paris seem dreamlike and unreal. Nothing in his experience had prepared him for such a world. Sipping wine at a sidewalk cafe, Tuomi felt ashamed that he found Western "decadence" so enjoyable.

After a week at the Brussels World's Fair, he went to Scandinavia. He could not entirely rid himself of the fear of detection that is the permanent companion of any spy, but he relaxed more and more as he saw that everywhere Europeans instantly thought he was American. Dining alone at a Finnish resort, he glanced up to find a fierce Finn, weighing at least 250 pounds, glowering at him.

"My name is Olavi, and I want to talk to you," the Finn said belligerently. "Come over to my table."

Prepared for trouble, Tuomi obeyed. Olavi declared that he was violently anti-communist, having fought the Russians as a guerrilla. Now he had a conviction, approaching an obsession, that the Russians were infiltrating Finland with Americans who actually were Soviet spies. "I see that you are an American," he said ominously. "What I want to know is—are you a Russian spy? Let's have the truth!"

The Finn's suspicions, at once preposterous and accurate, caused Tuomi to break into laughter. This persuaded Olavi that he was in the company of an authentic American. Tuomi had no choice but to spend a long, drunken evening listening to curses about everything Russian.

A few days later Tuomi landed at Moscow. To complete his masquerade as an American tourist, he took an Intourist bus and spent the night at the Metropole Hotel. In the morning Polyakov picked him up, questioned him about the trip and dropped him off at the apartment. Galkin was waiting.

"The pressure is on to get you over to the United States, and we're going to have to exploit every minute," Galkin said. "I'm afraid that the rush means you can have only a few days with your family. Actually, it may be better that way. Any longer would just be torture for you all."

"I would like to buy some things for my wife," Tuomi said.

"Fine," said Galkin. "That reminds me—your salary is being tripled." This was \$550 a month—a princely sum by prevailing Soviet standards.

"If you need anything major, all you have to do is tell me, and we'll arrange to have it shipped."

"I would like my wife to have either a refrigerator or a washing machine," Tuomi said.

"She will receive both within the month," Galkin promised.

The presents from Paris excited the children. They listened raptly as Tuomi told them of his travels and, in turn, Viktor and Irina proudly recounted their progress in school.

Although it was snowing in the afternoon, Tuomi asked his son to walk with him. They passed the square where he had discovered the extra tray of rolls, the KGB headquarters where it had all begun. Tuomi had difficulty summoning up the words to speak to his son.

"Viktor, tomorrow I will go away on an assignment for our government," he began. "I will be gone a very long time. You are only ten, but while I am away, you must be the man who looks after Mama and your sisters. Should something keep me from coming

back, you must look after them all their lives."

In the morning the family went out together to watch Nadezhda and Irina skate in their bright Parisian outfits. Tuomi found his hand trembling almost uncontrollably as he tried to take a last picture. In the taxi to the station, Nina and the girls began to cry. As the train slowly gathered speed out of Kirov, Tuomi stood on the rear platform watching his family huddled together waving to him. When he could no longer see them, he wept.

FAREWELL TO MOSCOW

On Tuomi's last night in Moscow, Fainna came to say good-by. She seemed warm and feminine as never before. It was as if she were lowering the wall of reserve which had always separated them even after they became friends. "This is perhaps the last time I will ever see you," she said. "I wish you all success in your assignment."

Spontaneously Tuomi reached out to embrace her. "No!" she said, pushing him away. "That wouldn't be appropriate. Whatever you or I might want, in our work we can trust only the brain, never the heart. Good-by, comrade."

Polyakov was coldly efficient as he helped Tuomi pack. "I'm required to make a final check of your tools," he said. On the dining-room table he and Tuomi spread out the espionage equipment produced by KGB laboratories for the mission. There was one forged American passport for departure from the Soviet Union and another for entry into the United States. Other forged documents included letters of reference from the Milwaukee machine shop, General Electric and the New York lumber company, and a letter certifying that Tuomi had completed the tenth grade of high school in Roch, Mich. An "American" shaving kit contained a secret compartment for concealment of documents. Chemicals necessary to develop secret writing and microdots were disguised as aspirin and laxative tablets. There was also a writing pad with a spiral binder whose pages had been specially treated so Tuomi could write invisible messages on them.

When everything was ready, Polyakov handed Tuomi 150 American 20-dollar bills. "This should take care of you until you establish contact with us in America," he said.

On the street after they had left the apartment, Tuomi turned toward the little sedan the colonel customarily drove. "No, tonight you ride in style," Polyakov said, pointing to a black limousine with a chauffeur behind the wheel. Settling in the big car, he remarked, "You know, this is the third straight night I've sent a man off. Business is booming."

At the airport, Polyakov watched from a distance, saying nothing, showing no sign of recognition. Having produced a visa and passport which identified him as an American tourist, Tuomi walked directly to the plane. Moments later the flight started. As the plane gained altitude, Tuomi looked down on the lights of Moscow and wondered if he ever would see them again.

"WE WOULD LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU"

On December 17, 1958, after a week in Paris and another in Brussels, Tuomi landed in Montreal, posing as a Finnish-American. Once past customs, he destroyed his first passport and became Robert B. White, a businessman from Chicago. When he had convinced himself he was not being watched, he made a December 30 Pullman reservation to Chicago, then took a transcontinental train to Vancouver. It was Christmas Eve when he arrived. As he stood outside the lumberyard where he had supposedly worked in his fictitious past, a group of caroling teen-agers came by. "Merry Christmas!" they shouted.

"And a Happy New Year to you!" he answered.

After his stay in Vancouver, Tuomi returned to Montreal. On December 30, he waited until the night train to Chicago started to move out of the station, then jumped aboard. He closed the curtain to his berth and once more rehearsed his story. Myriad warnings and instructions drilled into him in Moscow tumbled through his thoughts. As the train lurched to a halt amid snowdrifts in Port Huron, Mich., he took off his glasses and wiped perspiration from the palms of his hands. Soon he heard customs officers awakening and questioning passengers. Then came the knock.

"May I see your identification, please," asked a U.S. inspector. He casually glanced at it, then handed it back. "Did you make any purchases in Canada or order any goods for delivery in the United States?" he asked.

"Only a shirt," Tuomi replied.

"Well, have a good trip home," said the customs official. "Sorry to wake you at this hour."

Just then, a young man clutching a pint of bourbon came weaving down the aisle and to Tuomi's consternation threw his arm around his shoulder. "How about a drink, buddy?" he asked.

"Thanks," replied Tuomi disengaging himself, "but I'd better get some sleep."

Soon thereafter Tuomi felt the train start to move, and he knew he was in the United States. He could not believe it had been so easy.

From Chicago he went to New York, and on January 3, 1959, the long journey from Moscow ended. Exhausted, Tuomi hailed a cab and registered at the George Washington Hotel as Kaarlo R. Tuomi, his permanent name in the United States. Casually tipping the bellhop, he fell into bed and for the first time in 26 days slept soundly.

Next day he looked over the Bronx lumber company and the site of the razed apartment building that were part of his legend. Because the Center preferred that his messages be typewritten, he also bought a portable typewriter and began practicing on it in his room.

To establish communications with Moscow, he had to find the four "drops" selected for him in New York. The first was located in Queens beneath a railroad bridge; the second, also in Queens, was by a lamppost at the northeast corner of St. Michael's Cemetery; the third was in the Bronx under a subway bridge; the fourth was in Yonkers under a bush near McLean and Van Cortlandt avenues.

By sending a crank postcard to the Soviet U.N. delegation, Tuomi advised the Center that he would leave a message at the Bronx drop on January 10. In it he reported his travels and stated that unless instructed otherwise, he would leave January 26 on a two-month trip to inspect locales of his legend in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Just after 9 p.m. on January 17 he strolled under the Bronx bridge, spotted a magnetic metal container stuck to a girder and pocketed it with one easy motion. Opening it in his hotel room, he found an encoded note: "Congratulations on your successful arrival. Trip approved. Family is well and sends warm regards. All the best, Chief."

The trip through the Midwest was pleasant. Riding buses, occasionally hitchhiking between small towns, Tuomi felt a growing sense of well-being. Everything was just as described in Moscow. No one seemed interested in him, much less suspicious of him. He had always reasoned that he might succeed. Now he began to believe it.

Completing his "education" in Minnesota, he took a room in early March at a boardinghouse in Milwaukee, where eight different locations were important to his legend. The morning of March 9 the cook served a good breakfast. Tuomi snapped her picture and,

intended to give it to her as a present, started off for a camera shop to have the film developed. He had walked about ten yards when he heard a voice.

"Mr. Tuomi, we would like to talk with you."

He spun around. Staring at him were two men who looked young, athletic and well-dressed. . . . just the way FBI men had always appeared in the American movies Tuomi had seen. Then, in terror, he slowly recognized one of the men. He was the friendly "drunk" who had offered Tuomi a drink on the train. Tuomi felt near collapse. This meant he had been followed all the way from the border.

"Who are you?"

"Mr. Tuomi, I think you understand who we are."

"There must be some mistake," Tuomi said. "Yes," the man replied. "The question is, what do we do about it? Do we take you directly to jail, or do you want to talk and see what might be worked out?"

FOOTNOTES

¹ In 1947, the KGB, whose name has changed many times since its inception, was known as the MGB—Ministry of State Security.

² Alekseyevich means "son of Aleksei." It is a patronymic and not the major's last name. In many instances, Tuomi did not know the full name of his superiors.

SOVIETS CONTINUE OPPRESSION OF JEWISH CITIZENS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. COUGHLIN) is recognized for 15 minutes.

Mr. COUGHLIN. Mr. Speaker, concerned over continuing reports of the Soviet Union's treatment of its Jewish citizens, I was able to speak by telephone last Friday with a Moscow Jewish woman whose family has asked permission to leave the country.

I am distressed to inform my colleagues and the American people that the woman, whose name I shall withhold because I fear further possible harassment of her and her family, confirmed in the 10-minute conversation that there has been no change or abatement of the Soviet Government's policy of persecution and punishment. She explained in detail what has befallen her family and others who want to be repatriated to Israel.

The woman, who is a translator and speaks excellent English, is the mother of two. Her husband is a mechanical engineer. After applying for permission to leave for Israel, both she and her husband were dismissed from their jobs. They have been forced to sell most of their personal belongings in order to survive.

Speaking freely and eloquently of the plight of so many Soviet Jews, the woman told me that the Government had just ordered into active military service seven persons who applied for permission to emigrate to Israel. Four were placed into active service last Thursday while three received orders the previous day.

The injustice and cruelty of the official Soviet policy, the woman explained, goes beyond the mere induction of these people who want to emigrate to Israel. She said once the individuals are in the military service that the Soviet author-

ities would refuse permission to emigrate on the basis they possessed secret military information which might be compromised if they were permitted to leave.

I had heard stories of the extreme hardships imposed on those who had been committed to internment or labor camps for their efforts in trying to leave the Soviet Union. The woman said reports indeed indicated that internees and prisoners were being confined under terrible conditions. She said that there is no assurance that any packages of food or necessities sent to inmates in the camps ever reach them. Her information on the conditions under which women prisoners were being held was particularly appalling.

I spoke of the sympathy of many Members of Congress and of the American people over the plight of Jews in the Soviet Union. She said she was grateful for all that is being done and asked me to convey to as many people as possible the thanks of her and her family. Her only hope, she said, was that President Nixon would bring to the attention of Soviet authorities the deep concern of the American people and many Congressmen on his forthcoming visit to Moscow.

As a cosponsor of a resolution passed by the House to encourage the relief of Soviet Jewry, I know that many of us here in the Congress have tried to impress upon the Soviet Government that any meaningful detente must include an easing and hopefully an abandonment of these oppressive policies. Americans are a justice-oriented people and we do not abide officially sanctioned persecution of those who want to practice their religion or want to emigrate.

In discussing our efforts to try to ease the plight of Soviet Jewry, I want to cite the work of so many citizens who are giving of their own time and money. The phone call to Moscow was arranged through some dedicated citizens in my own 13th Congressional District. They have been and continue to be active and concerned in bringing to the attention of our Government and citizens the ordeal of Soviet Jews. Some are with formal organizations while others are engaged in personal commitments based only on their burning desire to secure justice. I cannot commend them too highly nor represent them too proudly. They merit only the highest praise.

Although resolutions have been passed and messages sent to the President, I again want to take this opportunity—before his planned Moscow trip—to notify him of my grave concerns. I will ask him to call to the attention of Soviet authorities our deep and continuing anxiety over the treatment of Jewish citizens in that country and respectfully urge him to do everything possible to convince the Soviet Government to adopt a more humane and just policy.

PROTECTION PAYMENTS TO THE ENEMY

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. ASPIN) is recognized for 10 minutes.

Mr. ASPIN. Mr. Speaker, I am releasing additional testimony today that details charges of protection payments to the Vietcong, prostitution, and gunrunning within USO's Vietnam operation.

What is most shocking to me is that USO's top official allegedly made an agreement for the rental of the USO club that involved a monthly kickback protection payment to the enemy. If these allegations are true, then USO officials are guilty of a very serious crime.

The statement I am releasing today has been written by Gloria Lentz, a former USO associate club director.

She charges that a rental agreement made by USO's top officials involved the payment of a \$500 check and \$500 in cash under the table. Half of the check was in turn given to the Vietcong as a protection payment by the Vietnamese landlord. According to Gloria Lentz, both Mr. Richard Alexander and Mr. Sam Anderson were present when the rental agreement was negotiated. Gloria Lentz explained that \$500 was passed under the table to provide Co Sau, the Vietnamese landlord, with a payment that could not be traced by the Vietcong. If this arrangement has been accurately described by Gloria Lentz, then Mr. Anderson presumably knew of the protection kickback to the Vietcong. As many of my colleagues may know, Mr. Anderson is presently executive director of the USO.

According to Gloria Lentz, protection kickbacks were also paid to Vietnamese National Police, commonly known as the "white mice." When these payments were cut off, the Vietnamese police chief appeared with armed men to collect his booty. A second time when the payments were cut off, the USO Club was broken into several times.

A well-known Vietnamese prostitute was kept on USO's payroll at an unusually high salary and regularly "visited" a U.S. advisory team next door to the USO club. Apparently, this young lady was placed on USO's payroll and continuously received salary increases.

Gloria Lentz also witnessed an illegal gun exchange at the USO club in China Beach. There have been various reports of illegal gunrunning by USO personnel in Vietnam.

Mr. Speaker, in light of these new developments, I wish to dispute an assertion by USO President Maj. Gen. Francis Sampson, retired, that—

No funds contributed to the USO by the public . . . have been misappropriated.

Alleged protection kickbacks to the Vietcong and the Vietnamese police, as well as prostitutes and drug pushers on the payroll are clearly a misappropriation of the funds so generously given by the American people to the USO. If these allegations are true, then clearly funds have been misused.

Mrs. Lentz also has told members of my staff that marihuana cigarettes were openly sold in the USO clubs by Vietnamese nationals employed by the USO.

I am continuing my investigation of wrongdoing in the USO with the hope that USO will be cleaned up so that it truly serves the best interests of our GI's.

Earlier, I released statements by former USO employees detailing kickbacks, black-marketing operations, and money manipulations. The statements I am releasing today further corroborate these earlier allegations.

The public clearly has a right to know the nature and extent of wrongdoing within the USO and I intend to pursue this matter in the best interests of the American people and the USO.

The statements follow:

STATEMENT BY GLORIA LENTZ

1. PREPARATION OF EMPLOYEES—NONE TO INADEQUATE

(a) See draft of letter from me to Everett outlining problems encountered in "in-transit" training. Several others (Charlotte Rugulo, Phyllis Johnson, Sue Graham, Dick Alexander etc.) complained of identifying the same type problems to Everett and receiving the same type response—none at all or being immediately sent to Vietnam.

(b) Many employees shipped directly over after hire; not even exposed briefly to USO's stateside activities (after we had compared notes, we felt it was probably just as well since it was just a waste of time training-wise etc. for those of us who were run through the stateside clubs generally. Also USO lost some employees this way before they even got to Vietnam because they would quit as I and Dick Alexander threatened to do due to their learning just how poorly the USO was really run on the inside.)

(c) Vietnam. Primarily bookkeeping and restaurant management skills required. Some Psychology or Sociology subjects would have been helpful in dealing with our men; however, there were too many and time was too limited generally for USO types to work with or be able to help our men on an individual basis. I knew only 1 and possibly 2 people who had bookkeeping (Alexander and LaMoy) experience. Met none who had even run a restaurant or been involved in managing food supplies etc. My logistics training was in supplying TAC missile sites with support equipment for missile silos etc.—hardly preparation for garnering food supplies and bargaining in the village market for fresh food supplies at the cheapest prices (re: Co Sau was using her own scales and the Di An USO was paying her exorbitant prices for lettuce, tomatoes, ice etc. until I came along and learned about what was going on only after accidentally seeing some of the bills. I then immediately bought our own set of weights—took them over and very nicely compared them with hers and said from now on we would continue to compare on a daily basis . . . or I would begin buying the fresh produce in Tu Duc. On that basis, Co Sau began to respect me, called me her "sister #13," and invited me to spend a weekend with she and her family in Vung Tau with all expenses paid—including taking along my interpreter—which was a very rare honor since she was an extremely powerful woman and owned all of Di An, including the people of Di An, and some twenty or more square miles of land that the 1st Infantry Div. and the Korean Div. base camps sat on).

In short, obtaining food was of prime concern in running the USO's in Vietnam and mass preparation of that food—whether it be steak dinners such as we served at Di An or hamburgers as they served in most USO's was something that had to be learned Johnny on the spot, since the Vietnamese either (1) did not know anything of preparing American food and had to be trained and watched at all times to see that they prepared it correctly and did not serve meat and sandwich fillings that had been prepared the day before etc., or (2) profited immensely from our stupidity and our will-

ingness to pay whatever they asked—no questions, no bargaining, no nothing.

(d) Working with the Vietnamese or managing the Vietnamese staffs. There was absolutely no training, no discussions, no whatever on this score. Luckily, I had some background (considerable compared to anyone else in the USO I met there—including Sam Anderson) in the sociology of the Vietnamese people and the background to their overall concepts of Americans and westerners generally. It didn't take long for me to learn that translating theory to fact worked, and that the stronger I was with them management-wise, the greater their respect for me the person, but most importantly, the greater their willingness to perform what I asked them to do when I asked them to do it in providing the necessary services to our men on a continuing basis—even when I wasn't personally around to supervise etc. The key to making the USO's in Vietnam run at top level—at least in servicing our armed forces—was in understanding how to gain the Vietnamese' cooperation. Most of our people never did grasp the fundamentals of this—because they felt sorry for the Vietnamese, who didn't want our pity but who would use it at every opportunity. Consequently, they lost both the potential respect of the Vietnamese staffs and more critically to the success of USO operations, the ability to make these people perform at anywhere near optimum, if at all. The V.N. totally operate on the oriental concept of "face"—If you fail to realize that and use it to your advantage, you lost the key lever to getting these people to work at all. What the American USO types also generally didn't realize was that when you lost "face" (through taking the softest and easiest approach to dealing with and managing V.N. staffs) you not only lost "workers," but also your chief source of information. Most of what I learned personally, I learned through the Vietnamese, my Chinese interpreter, and experimentation and observation generally. . . . not through any American USO types.

From what I learned from our military men, I can also state emphatically that I believe this was primary to ensuring my survival day after day when I traveled miles and miles of roads alone with only the Vietnamese staff and no weapons—knowing all the time that every movement I made was being watched by the V.C. I.E. obtaining and retaining even a minimum of respect from the V.N. was equally important to insuring one's own survival. I often felt that Sam Anderson and USO top management were criminally negligent in not providing some resource information of this nature to the USO types entering V.N.—whether they did it directly or through our military. Perhaps Sam Anderson was ignorant to a large extent of the above as far as theory, but he certainly could not and cannot plead ignorance after all the experience he had had prior to my coming in V.N., during or afterwards. Yet his usual "thing" if a woman were to bring certain dangers (not the bombs or the mortars or that type thing) to his attention as I tried to do on several occasions, he would shrug it off as unimportant or "hysterical" etc.—yet such knowledge was essential to the safety and well-being of not only USO staffs but the military who ate in our clubs by the thousands (i.e. my chief concern was the "food poisoning" aspects).

(e) Stateside USO personnel were so unaware generally of the training needed that I was once told by a woman director of the Charlotte USO that the best she could say in preparing me for what I would be required to do in V.N. was that I would play the "smiling hostess" to GI's and make sure the "table was set properly."

(f) Recommend that the background of Mr. Anderson be looked into. Via the grapevine, I was told (truth or not I do not know)

that Sam was considered a "loser" by USO Hqs prior to the buildup and had therefore been assigned to one of the islands in the Pacific where he "could do the least amount of damage" to USO generally. I was told that the only reason he was selected was that:

(1) The military said NOW and the USO had to respond in a big hurry.

(2) He was one of very few USO male directors who was single (women were not allowed to work with USO the first year in V.N. until the military specifically requested it).

(3) He was immediately accessible and nearby.

(4) (told) He was the only one at that particular time who was actually willing to take the job and would accept it. I was also told that at that time he was only making between \$9,000 and \$10,000 dollars, was in his middle or latter 30's or early 40's, had held a number of jobs before coming with USO, and no one seemed to know for sure whether or not he was a "college graduate" (one of the prime prerequisites for being employed by USO in V.N.). Other factors possibly bearing on the lack of training etc., at least in V.N. itself, were that I was told that Sam Anderson had been with USO only a short time before he accepted the V.N. directorship, and also that he had absolutely no professional background or training for USO work per se. I.E. when I was trying to puzzle out not only why Anderson had taken such an intense dislike for me on a seemingly irrational basis (i.e. that I had agreed with him the first time I met him when he stated that "he couldn't sleep nights wondering if the USO in Vietnam was going to be around the next day from the poor quality of people that USO national was sending him to maintain it"), this information made me ask further:

(1) Was Sam Anderson properly qualified to evaluate the capability or performance of USO subordinates in V.N. since he (based on my information) did not have the necessary background, training, or experience himself, and

(2) What kind of people did we have operating at USO national headquarters in New York to allow such a person to continue in such a terribly responsible job—knowing his background, receiving continuing complaints against and about his arbitrary, unreasoning methods of operation—and yet who seemingly continued to support him to the detriment of all others against a growing amount of evidence. For example, it was well-known throughout the USO staff in V.N. in 1967/68 that Anderson hired (such as Jan Moore-head) and fired with impunity people he disliked with increasing regularity on the slightest of pretexts (or none at all in my case as he acknowledged to me in front of my then fiancé) even though those same people might have been the few who had achieved a reputation for attempting to work hard and overcome the obstacles towards conscientiously serving our men—while at the same time retaining USO employees who had achieved a reputation with the military for laying around and sleeping all the time (such as Jo Sykes) or who failed to maintain the clubs in semi-acceptable form (TSN USO and Freedom Hill USO) or were rarely even present at the club (Bill Revoyer & Dick Alexander) to answer questions and respond to requests for assistance in dealing with the V.N. staffs (who sometimes would refuse to serve our men or would blatantly cheat them of their money) or whatever was needed at the time.

2. MANAGEMENT RELATIONSHIPS WITH AMERICAN PERSONNEL

(a) As indicated above and in my letter to Justin Morrill dtd 3 Jan 1968, atch 5, Sam Anderson fired arbitrarily and many times without cause. Without exception during the

year I was with USO in V.N. and from what I gathered from correspondence with my USO friends later on, this situation never changed and Anderson was always upheld (if not exonerated) by Tveidt, Everett and Justin Morrill. As one of my friends wrote to me: "the first thing that Sam did when he became 'top dog' was to fire Dave Walton" (Walton had been second in command when I first came to V.N. but evidently he and Anderson had little use for each other and he was sent to head up the USO in Thailand, which was when Dick Alexander was asked to become second in command of USO activities in V.N. by Sam Anderson. (NOTE: Dick Alexander also had absolutely no previous USO training or experience prior to coming to V.N. except for a month of sitting around and reading magazines at the august USO—where I was assigned immediately afterwards—per Dick himself.)

(b) USO V.N. was run entirely by one man—Sam Anderson (supposedly basic reason why he & Walton disagreed since Walton wanted to also have some say in how USO was to be managed etc.).

(c) Authority for firing (at times) delegated to directors (who—per Sam Anderson to a number of us—earned only \$10 more a month than assoc. directors and whom Anderson told us were given the title and the extra money simply because only one person could be responsible for check-signing.) Neal Camp (Freedom Hill USO) told me he had been given this authority in my case and I saw this confirmed in writing that he could "get rid" of me if I gave him "any problem whatsoever" (written by Dick Alexander to Camp). The "ugly American" concept really held sway because of this.

(d) Authority for arbitrary decisionmaking—i.e. work assignments, inner club authority with relation to V.N. personnel management suspensions, elimination from any active role within the club (Johnson, Rugalo, myself, etc.) most often rigidly defined and retained by individual club directors. Often irresponsible decisions were made by the club directors and then upheld by Anderson—despite validity or evidence of truthfulness of "subordinates" position or complaint. As Anderson told me point blank: "he wasn't even interested in hearing the reason" for Neal Camp's firing me. C. Rugalo received the same treatment from him from what she told me in Saigon (we flew in on the same plane to Saigon to begin work with USO V.N. and we were fired a year later almost on the same day for about equally senseless reasons).

(e) Authority of individual club directors generally resented due to:

(1) Poor definition of role and vaguely defined (if any) extent of their authority.

(2) Senseless abuse of their authority time and again (prevalent in all the clubs—how you were treated individually was totally dependent on inter-personal relationship established with whoever was then assigned as club director rather than on any specified code of conduct or demonstration of capability etc.).

(3) False and totally unreasonable premise on which "directors" exercised their authority (something to the effect that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely):

(a) We were all hired as "equals"—at least as "equal" American citizens. There was no indication prior to coming to V.N. that one American would or could be allowed to treat another American as anything less than an equal; however, more often than not the Vietnamese were treated with greater respect and consideration for their dignity than USO subordinates were (such as I can personally attest to in numerous instances with Anderson, Tom Wickam, and Neal Camp). At least the Vietnamese were allowed to work and had fairly well-defined tasks assigned them individually.

(b) "Authority" as such most often "seized"—i.e. totally dependent upon strength of personalities of USO employees assigned to work together. For example at DIAn I really managed the club since Alexander more and more abdicated his responsibilities either by staying in his little office upstairs with the "books" or staying in Saigon altogether which placed the responsibility for supplying, maintaining, and managing the club entirely on my shoulders. Towards the end, he even refused to help me when I asked him to or got somewhat short with me when I asked for help with certain problems. This was about the same pattern at the Golden Gate USO where I worked a short time on a loan basis with my friends Ellie Bon Coeur and Phyllis Johnson. Fraser Browning was the club director but he was either incapacitated most of the time from hepatitis or other illnesses or just out of the club altogether on this or that errand and Ellie really ran the club—although never to my knowledge did she ever get in on the money management angle of it. Somehow the men always seemed to keep the books taken care of between them and the V.N. bookkeepers no matter what else they weren't around to do.

(c) Contradiction of piddly \$10 additional a month not enough to sustain credibility of authority—particularly when we all knew that, without exception, there was no one employed by USO in Vietnam who had had previous service or experience with USO prior to coming to V.N. (at least this is what I was told and it was true of all those I met while in V.N.). I.e. it was the blind leading the blind and we all knew it.

(4) There was a totally inequitable and subjective basis for selection of club directors:

(a) New people put in top position sometimes immediately after they arrived in V.N. without any prior experience whatsoever—Evelyn Wessel, Dick Alexander, Neal Camp etc. It was almost automatic if the employee was a male—as a matter of fact, it was even a joke among some of us women because as far as actually keeping the clubs running . . . time and time again it was the women I saw doing the actual work and accepting the largest share of responsibility for keeping our clubs open, but it was the male directors (I called them "drones") who picked up all the credit from Anderson and the military.

(b) Directors became associate directors overnight as readily as they became directors. Quite often such changes were made while the persons was on an R&R or leave (Evelyn Wessel was one of these). Dick Alexander is a prime example—he was an associate director for a very brief time in Saigon, then made Director of DIAn USO after barely a month in country. After barely two months at DIAn, he was asked to be second in command of all of USO in V.N. I don't know how long that job lasted—about a year I think—but I was then told by Jan Moore-head that Sam kicked him out to be club director of TSN USO because he couldn't get any work out of him.

(c) The above up and down and down and up business—all based on the decision of one man and one man alone—Sam Anderson—really led to terrible morale. It also completely undermined any real respect possible for a club "director" because it often proved to be just a matter of who could get to Anderson first which decided who would be director or if the associate would replace him/her.

(5) So called management (Sam Anderson & Tveidt) also operated totally on the "grapevine" & gossip principles which would probably be typical of any amateurish and poorly trained group of "leaders". I.e. the person was rarely granted the basic right of being allowed to have his accusers say anything directly before him etc. or even necessarily to

learn what he or she was being accused of. (Such as when Judy Burrell told Sam Anderson that I was documenting the corruption within the USO in my master's thesis and he believed it—obviously from his continued attempts to get rid of me—but refused always to tell me just exactly what it was I was supposed to have done or said. However, Dick Alexander was the first to tell me this story when he "escorted" me down to Danang—which I laughed off because I thought it was so preposterous and so clearly showed just how ignorant Sam Anderson was of the academic realities of higher education if he really believed it—but which was later verified by Lorraine Miller once more when I was leaving Danang. Dick Alexander was second in command to Sam Anderson and Lorraine Miller was director of the Saigon USO at the time of the lesbian incident which evidently prompted Judy Burrell to tell Anderson this in the hope, I can only suppose, that he would not believe me if I told him of her attempt to force her "attentions" on me. Apparently she succeeded because I told Alexander of the incident but he told me he would take care of it with Anderson and I heard nothing further.

Alternatively, if they couldn't succeed in getting rid of a person that way (i.e. the person would just get so disgusted by this type treatment that he would willingly leave V.N.), Sam Anderson would "set up" one person and arrange to have accusers who would say something or other to get rid of the offending party. This was done to me by Tom Wickam & in particular, Jay King, who alleged to my face (when I demanded to face my accusers or go to the U.S. embassy etc. after the second such go-around) that I supposedly had inferred once more of all the wrong-doings by USO personnel in the presence of any Army Warrant Officer who managed the C.O.'s mess at 1st Inf Div base camp. However, in all honesty I did not say much to Jay King of his nature but I did probably overreact when this W.O. informed me in front of King of the sexual freedom with which the previous assoc. dir. at Di An had conducted herself at some of the wild parties held out at the base camp, mostly because I figured that was probably the only thing the men I met daily would think I was there for or any USO women that came after me. I heard something very similar to my experience had been pulled time and again by the two men running the Danang USO on their female associates with Sam Anderson believing them and firing her, when in reality they were the guilty parties and quite a few of the USO types in Danang knew it.

3. MANAGEMENT RELATIONSHIPS WITH VIETNAMESE PERSONNEL

(a) There was absolutely no accountability for personnel management of V.N. nationals by individual directors and/or (rarely allowed) associate directors. Hired, fired, suspended, whatever. My general impression was one that the V.N. were treated far better by directors (particularly the USO men) and with far more favor than fellow Americans. Probably because they were:

(1) Less of an immediate threat to either position or ego

(2) Totally expendable without complications (i.e. who would they turn to?)

(3) Favors received for favors given (i.e. better looking V.N. women always I found got higher pay and fast increases such as out at Di An and at Freedom Hill USO's, although Dick & I both found some of them to be totally worthless workwise and wound up firing several of them)

(4) Subject to pity (i.e. when you saw how hard the V.N. worked and how poorly they were treated in the quarries and on the streets etc.)

(5) Totally vulnerable due to the lack of work generally and lack of food etc.

(a) To Viet Cong. Thru military friends, I learned that our USO's were considered prime

places to plant V.C. sympathizers in order to get intelligence from the men relaxing there and to obtain the oil and food which were either stolen or given to the V.N. freely by USO types. I.E. Dick and I stopped the V.N. from taking gallons and gallons of liquid grease from the USO (food grease that we couldn't use again and which presented a real disposal problem) when we were told by the advisory team that the V.N./V.C. would use this grease to make nitroglycerin for mines etc. However, when I tried to talk Neal Camp out of allowing his V.N. staff take the grease from his club, he refused to believe me or to listen to my military friends who also told him the same thing. As a matter of fact that was partially the reason he blew up at me when he fired me . . . because I had "wontonly" taken food out of the poor old V.N. woman's mouth when I tossed the can of grease on the mud bank while looking for my stolen U. of Chi school ring. Most of the USO types refused to listen to what they were told on this score because the people were so pathetic looking and engendered either pity or concern that we should try somehow to make up for what our country was doing to them. On the other hand, when I found lbs of cheese and butter etc. going out in our garbage along with a lot of other stolen goods, and learned that the kitchen crew was tossing food over the back fence etc. I rapidly overcame this aspect of concern—at least as an individual.

(b) To Americans. As stated, they were completely at our mercy. Entire livelihood depended upon the whims of one or maybe two people; it was gain favor if at all possible or remain inconspicuous, or get fired and starve (I also used to wonder what the V.C. did to their "plants" if they didn't succeed in staying "inside"). Stealing is also part of the V.N. ethnic and so I really couldn't blame the V.N. when and if they were asked to collude with an unscrupulous USO director or lose their jobs altogether such as I was told happened to La Moy's two "boy" V.N. bookkeepers when they got tired of being forced to live with him and he fired them but they took them back when they agreed to come back and live with him (that really made me sick—it was one of the first things I was told about when I came to Danang in October, 1967).

Interpersonal relationships between American USO personnel

(a) At the point in time I was working in V.N., I did not meet one man employed by USO in V.N. who impressed me as being a "straight" man. They either appeared to dislike their American female counterparts (sometimes intensely), comparing them openly and often in an unfavorable manner to the Vietnamese women that they were—equally openly—living with and who were putting them in the hospital with V.D. & gonorrhea (Dick Alexander spent several weeks in the American military hospital in Saigon with this two days after we began working together out at Di An USO); or, they expressed and showed their complete preference towards one another or the Vietnamese "boys" that (sometimes forced as in the case of Chuck LaMoy and his two Vietnamese bookkeepers) lived with them. In the latter case, they were extremely open in their contempt etc. for the American women who were assigned to work with them. On the other hand, a number of the women, including myself, felt the U.S.O. men we met were real losers in light of their college background, age (average age ran early or mid-30's), and the fact that they had picked up a job with U.S.O. at very low pay (\$8-\$9,000 is low for a man with that background and age group) after generally not being able to make it in a number of jobs (such as Dick Alexander related to me). Especially was this lack of disrespect or mutual disregard engendered when comparing these individuals with our fighting men whom we met

and saw hundreds of on a daily basis. But I believe that the overall lack of regard that the U.S.O. men had towards the women had the most devastating ramifications inasmuch as they were the individuals generally assigned the most authority (fiscal and club management) and could thereby make or break another employee's ability to function at top level or to function at all. For example:

(1) On 17 April 1967, Sue Graham and I were with our friend, Phyllis Johnson in a French restaurant across the street from the Saigon USO when Tom Herbert walked up to Phyllis and without any preliminaries told her that she had "better keep her big baby blues smiling all the time at all the boys and her mouth shut if she knew what was good for her." He also told her that she was being forced on him, that he didn't want her but had to take her, and that as long as she just played "pool with the boys", they'd get along all right. This was the first time Phyllis had seen Hebert or met him and he allowed none of us a chance for response but immediately after saying his piece (all the time picking his teeth with a toothpick), he walked out. Phyllis lasted at his club less than a month and was shipped on down to Danang. Phyllis is the kind of woman who is now obtaining her Law degree paid for by the state of California so I doubt very much that it was her ability that was lacking. On 18 Dec. 1967, I was told by Paul Ricilli, a marine stationed nearby the Freedom Hill USO, that Herbert (who ran the Freedom Hill USO prior to Neal Camp) was found out by a group of marines with whom he used to fraternize all the time and buy their beer etc. to be a homosexual and that they had "almost killed him" and told him that if "he didn't leave their neck of the woods they would kill him the next time they saw him." Paul said that Sam Anderson was aware of this incident prior to sending Hebert to build the (I think) Chulao USO and that it "was Sam Anderson" who got him out of there overnight. I do know that Hebert did leave his assignment in Danang in a short hurry and that most of the USO types that I met who knew him thought he was "queer". However, that didn't prevent Hebert from making Phyllis so miserable she almost shipped back to the states, and that didn't stop Sam Anderson from shipping her down to Danang rather than removing Hebert for behaving in an irresponsible manner towards a fellow USO employee.

(2) My story—as told in atch 5—with regard to the "set up" accomplished by Tom Wickam & Jay Hays (who did everything and then some to humiliate me and embarrass me in front of the Vietnamese staff and some of the military men at the club the few days I was there with Wickam) was to be told by Tom Wickam the first hour or two he was at the club in the position of director (which I had previously refused and which he knew I had refused) that "only 1 person could have authority in that club; he was that person, and from now on I would do nothing but smile and be nice to the boys." When I asked about managing the V.N. (which depended entirely upon the ability to retain "face") he laughed and said I would have nothing whatsoever to do any longer with the Vietnamese staff period. Since all this was said in front of the V.N. bookkeeper who is top man among the V.N. staff, that was the whole show. The discussion was held with me with the greatest contempt displayed for me by a stranger—someone I barely even knew for more than a day—that I have ever been subjected to. It was unbelievable in light of the six months of hard work I had put in that club, it was humiliating to say the least, and it was pretty frightening to be confronted with the "ugly American" complex firsthand—and then have it totally upheld by Anderson (who I felt had probably even had a hand

in encouraging it) and Alexander. However, I later learned (again through the USO and the military grapevine) that Wickam and Hays were "sweet on each other" and lived together in Saigon and knowing Anderson's dislike for me (obviously everybody seemed to know that—even newcomers in country which Hays was) decided to approach him on the subject of acing me out since Hays had been sent to "train" under me for a week or so out at Di An but I had never met Wickam before he arrived at Di An. I know for a long time I couldn't quite understand just how or why Hays suddenly wound up at Di An as Wickam's associate (my last day at Di An) when he was supposedly scheduled to go down to Can Tho after training at Di An. It definitely is not a very pleasant feeling to be made a "pawn" of in somebody's very dirty game. On the other hand, Chuck LaMoy who openly preferred Vietnamese boys with whom he lived (and was pretty obviously broken up when they left him for a short time) was fairly nice to me up until the very last when he got peeved because he thought I should be out working at China Beach USO from 9 to 9 rather than 11 or 12 to 9 p.m.

b. On 18 July 1967, I had as an overnight guest one Judy Burrell, Assoc Dir at the Vung Tau USO. Judy's mother was a guest lecturer at the U. of Chicago and I thought a great deal of and admired Judy's brilliance (probably because of her mother as well as all she said). A number of USO and Spec Svcs & Red Cross women that I met were invited to use my apt for a night's layover on their way to or from R&R's etc. rather than pay \$20 or \$22 a night for a V.N. hotel room. That night I had a date with a boyfriend who was leaving country shortly and who had bought some scotch on my liquor card to take with him. He offered Judy a drink from it before leaving from our date and it wound up that she drank the whole bottle. Another girlfriend, Jan Moorehead, came down to visit with Judy and I and left about 2:30 am or so and then Judy and I talked some more before going to bed. However Judy kept rolling over on top of me and starting mauling me.

At first I figured she was dreaming that she was in bed with some man and tried to wake her up etc. But when I learned that she was wide awake and not sleeping, and then refused to stop pawing me and rolling on top of me I really got frightened (Judy only weighed about 160 compared to my 100), got up and got out of that apartment (about 5:30 am). It was such a fantastic shock (since I had been "rooming" with one or two women ever since I'd been 15 all the way through high school, college, grad school and while in California) after all those years that as much as I was shaking, I couldn't quite believe that I had actually been attacked by a lesbian. I talked to Dick Alexander about it first (we usually left about 6:30 am or so to round up all our foodstuffs, etc.) since we were then still good friends (having attended the same SDA college) and he verified what had happened.

I then asked him if I shouldn't go to Anderson—not so much to report what had happened to me because I felt sure Anderson could have cared less and since I now knew what Judy was and would have nothing further to do with her—but because I was very concerned that she would attempt the same thing with any USO woman who was sent to Vung Tau to assist her & Bill Revoy and perhaps that young woman might not be strong enough to fend her off etc. Dick said not to say anything, that since he was going to be 2nd in command that he would tell Sam Anderson since Sam would probably "not believe" me, and that he would see to it that no young girl got assigned to Vung Tau without being warned. I made him promise the latter before I let it lay.

The sequel to this was that less than a month later when Sandy & Gay (some special services & red cross girlfriends of mine stayed overnight at my place . . . safety in numbers I figured by then), they told me that they had just returned from Vung Tau and had the hilarious experience (to them at least) of learning that the "ever friendly USO" had a real "family type" setup in Vung Tau. Through some of the military they had met down there, they informed me that whereas the men had initially been impressed that the USO would fund living arrangements whereby two "lovers" could live together (i.e. rent one villa rather than 2 separate dwellings for Bill Revoy and Judy Burrell), they had learned in a short time that in reality Judy would bring home men for Bill who was a homosexual (I also heard this from men around Di An) and Bill would bring home women to Judy.

I am sure also that Sam Anderson knew all about this situation as well as Dick Alexander. Since there were only about 35 USO types in VN at that point in time, I can hardly describe how disgusted I felt about being in an organization where we would probably all be looked at with some such questions since there were so very few of us and evidently nobody, but nobody, worried about the "reputation" of the USO or those of us who would have to follow in their footsteps. As my friend Louise Tracy wrote to me recently—which repeated the same thing a boyfriend wrote to me in 1968—"only 'misfits' stayed with the USO." (atch's 14 & 15) That isn't a pleasant picture of the USO and perhaps not even an acceptable one, but it was true to a large degree of a number of the people that I met who were working for USO at the same time I was.

5. PROBLEMS WITH USO AND CORRUPTION

a. Bookkeeping and accounting

(1) Books always kept almost entirely in the hands of club directors. I did not know or hear of one associate who was allowed to or had access to the books or, as in my case, at Di An, questioned this aspect of the USO activities initially. V.N. bookkeepers were directly answerable only to the club director. Sam Anderson would occasionally call in a club's bookkeeper to bring the books directly to him in Saigon or would go to the club and exclude the club director while going over the accounts with the V.N. bookkeeper. This was not done at Di An while Alexander was there but it was done with C. LaMoy and Camp while I was in Danang.

This is what first made me suspicious that all was not right, and while I was in Danang I heard of a "dummy set" being kept by one club director for just such a visit by Anderson. V.N. bookkeepers were spotfired on occasion but this seemed to happen rarely. At any rate, it would have been their word against the directors and they would not have stood a chance with either the American military or Sam Anderson.

(2) I can state positively that I saw the pay cards for Mr. Taun, Di An bookkeeper, and that was how I learned that they had the highest paid job in any of the V.N. USO's. I felt Mr. Taun was very reliable but that was an impression, not fact, inasmuch as I never actually counted the money coming in each day from either the internal "take" from the hamburgers etc. or the external "take" from selling sandwiches out at the 1st Inf. Div. base camp. I would bring in a bag of money and he did all the counting.

I do know that each and every day that Alexander was present, he would go over the books with Taun or count the money or spot check or whatever—that was about all that Dick did the last month he was in Di An. I also saw Neal Camp counting the money now and then but generally Neal seemed to rely on his VN bookkeeper to keep

the money straight. However, Paul Riccelli warned me that it appeared that occasionally the VN cashiers would "hand" money to Bien the Freedom Hill USO bookkeeper very sneakily and out of the cash box, but when I told Neal of this he did not appear concerned and when I attempted to institute a procedure whereby the Americans would cashier for several days to "compare" the take and insure that our men were not being cheated systematically (since they were generally very careless in counting whether 20 hamburgers equalled X amt. of MPC etc.), he refused to support me and to provide the necessary help which made me even more suspicious that perhaps he did, indeed, know of what was going on and was perhaps himself a party to it although I have absolutely no way of knowing whether or not he was.

Also, I heard of some VN bookkeepers being paid by the club director almost as much as the club director himself was making from the USO. That seemed fantastic wages for a bookkeeper and really didn't make sense in light of the economics of the country. However, again this was rumor and I don't know if it could ever be proved as fact. La Moy's bookkeepers were the ones cited at that time although at one time Alexander and I did discuss the fact that Taun was making such high wages (something between \$200 and \$400 a month but I may be wrong on this since it was so long ago).

Also, on several occasions, both at Di An and while at Freedom Hill, several of the GI's complained to me about being cheated and I would immediately repay whatever it was. But it was always a worry and a concern that unless you stood right over the cash register or box and guarded it (which there simply was not the time to do) that such stealing, or cheating, or whatever would go on. In addition, a number of clubs did not have cash registers and it was a lot to demand of very poorly educated people that they perform all the math required when handling hundreds of "additions" each day to perform it all that accurately.

So there was also the problem of not knowing for sure if it was deliberate theft that kept the cash lower than we felt it should have been (Di An and Golden Gate) or simply bad arithmetic. I do know that shortly after coming to Di An Dick Alexander became aware of this problem, related it to me, and thereafter made the money accounting his prime responsibility. Because of my lack of training in this area, I was very grateful inasmuch as I would feel very bad when our GI's complained of this problem and was bad that Dick could and would do that job while I tried to honcho the rest of the club activities. When Dick was not at the club much anymore, Mr. Taun would take the books etc. in to him in Saigon for review and other than that I must in all honesty say that I relied entirely on Taun inasmuch as I did not have the time or energy to do other.

(3) Charlotte Rugulo and I also discussed the ease with which books could be possibly falsified (when we were in Saigon together after being fired about the same time). She told me that her club directors had handled the books by himself almost for over a year now and she had wondered about this aspect before. But we felt that it would be an impossibility to prove inasmuch as:

(a) Errors (deliberate or otherwise) could always be blamed on the "thieving" V.N. inasmuch as everyone knew that hardly any club directors had bookkeeping or accounting training, and that the V.N. kept the books in order.

(b) USO's were destroyed or burned out (such as happened at Tet)—all records lost. One instance I heard that a set of records had gotten "lost" in transit to Saigon for Anderson's examination (??)

(c) Lower funds could always be blamed on mistakes of past directors. Constant turn-

over made it impossible seemingly to trace who got what, how much, when or where. I received the distinct impression in Danang from all that was said about money etc in one way or another that it was just a matter of who got smart first and acted fastest before Anderson got on to him. Also, due to the ignorance of most people in "reading" these books, much less say in knowing how to work them flat out without any prior training except from the V.N. bookkeeper who was barely understandable or required an interpreter to understand, how could one know if the "mistakes" and the "short-ages" . . . if such there were . . . were honest mistakes or deliberate manipulation of the figures.

b. Black market in MPC and U.S. dollar exchange

Easy way to make money if you were a USO club director—at least in 1967 which the exchange was allowed in our major clubs. Perfect cover due to:

(1) Frequent trips in and out of V.N. for R&R's, leaves, hospitalization required out of country, buying trips (which Lamoy went on regularly) for USO equipment and furnishings to Hong Kong etc.

(2) USO had an authorized MPC/US dollar exchange booth both in Saigon, TSN, and China Beach USO's. Pretty much unlimited because so many GI's passed through these clubs on any one day (10,000 to 15,000 at China Beach alone). All clubs had some ability to exchange dollars for MPC and vice versa but most clubs fairly restricted in amount of U.S.—limited strictly to 118 MPC to \$1 U.S.

(3) Point: With the numbers of GI's going through our USO's each day, no way to screen how much US dollars went out of country in pockets of USO types and came back multiplied tenfold either acting for themselves or on behalf of GI's in country who couldn't get out easily (heard a rumor to this effect while working at the China Beach USO) with the USO emp. & the GI splitting the difference. At any time, a USO employee could cash their paycheck for all US I personally saw many bundles of US dollars stashed in the Saigon USO hqs USO. I also felt that some of the military were watching us on this score. For example: Dick Alexander asked me to accompany him to see the F&AO of the 1st Inf Div base camp one day to increase our quota of US dollars/MPS exchange because "my round eyes" might get us what we wanted. We didn't get what we wanted and I thought the Colonel acted very suspicious, but at the time I thought the request was perfectly legit inasmuch as it had to do with expanding our concession facilities and a number of men new in-country would come to the club with green which we could not accept.

c. Prostitution in some USO clubs

(1) Personal experience with Thanh at Di An USO.

(a) Told by VN staff that Thanh had been a bar girl and was still a "bad girl" right off. Learned at the same time from going over all the pay records and trying to learn who was who and who did what that Thanh had had a number of pay raises in a very short time span from Bill Revoyr and was paid almost as much as my interpreter for what was a generally very low paid job (opening cokes and making milkshakes & hot-dogs).

(b) Dick and I both agreed that she was a pretty worthless worker and we also learned from various sources that she at times gave the men a hard time or would refuse to serve them.

(c) After we had become better acquainted with the staff and they learned that Thanh was not in our favor, my interpreter told us that Thanh come to the USO pregnant,

worked a short time, took "mat" leave (which was partially paid for by the USO as a matter of policy) and then returned to work at the USO several months later. What was unusual was that the USO generally did not hire pregnant women knowing they were in that condition—which Bill Revoyr had evidently done. Dick and I also learned that she was one of our chief "disappearing" bodies. (i.e. I had to set up a personnel chart with picture, name and specific job and location of job because it seemed the first month that we were always "losing bodies"—they would be there en masse when we opened the club but I would be able to find fewer and fewer V.N. "bodies" until the end of the day when they would all assemble once more to leave the club.) Dick agreed and I fired her.

(d) Shortly afterwards she rehired her without telling me. Explained she was not Revoyr's woman as we had originally thought but belonged to the top NCO of the advisory team next door who had "requested" Dick quite forcibly to rehire her. He also told me then that the baby evidently belonged to the GI and that Revoyr had hired her and paid for her "mat leave" at the NCO's request etc. That made me somewhat sick, when I thought of United Funds being used through the USO for such purposes.

(e) I then learned from the V.N. staff that she continued to make liaison contacts with GI's in the USO for after hours and was specifically warned about her by the Army medic from out at the 1st Inf Div base camp who said she was a known prostitute and had been a VD carrier from time to time when he had checked her (we had to take all the women out occasionally to the hospital for a "spot" VD test). I then became concerned about the sanitation and her passing on the disease through the food and the glass handling (which the Army medic had warned us about and which they checked for now and then) and determined that she had to go regardless of how intimidated Alexander was. But when I brought this aspect to Alexander's attention, he said we needed "proof."

(f) Not too long afterwards, I learned from the V.N. staff that the advisory team evidently wasn't satisfied with Thanh coming to them after hours and that for some time (ever since she had been rehired) they had been forcing our carpenter (who we also loaned out to them occasionally) to bring her back with him to the team "hooch". This info came to me only after Alexander was pretty much assigned to Saigon and they were fairly confident that I was running the whole show now. They also told me that "Mr. Alexander had known and had consented to this" sending of Thanh over to the advisory team. To protect my informants however, I waited a few days until I caught her stealing some hotdogs and then fired her.

(g) At the same time, my V.N. staff (bookkeeper, interpreter, and chief supervisor) also told me that the Assoc Dir who worked with Bill Revoyr (Jo Sykes) used to "accompany Thanh" next door. Their story was further verified by several military men I talked with who said they had walked in on the men during the day when both women were visiting and thought they really (the team) had a "great thing going for themselves".

(2) Prostitution in Danang City USO.

(a) Upon arriving in Danang for assignment to Freedom Hill USO (5 or 6 October 1967), was taken on a tour of the Danang City USO (called the downtown USO).

(b) At the time, I noted several things which overall gave me a very poor impression of the club and/or its American staff (whom I never met to my knowledge or saw):

(1) 2 or 3 story bldg—was very poorly maintained. Had a flat roof such is common on both V.N. bldgs but it was too hot when I was there to go out and look around on the roof.

(2) Few V.N. staff evident and none

around who appeared to care whether or not they worked or properly served the few GI's in the club. I remember thinking "how typical—poor service, poor appearance, poor impression of the USO" and feelingly badly for the men who came in expecting and deserving of far more.

(3) None of the 3 Americans assigned to the club were there. When I asked if this wasn't "unusual" since they operated on fairly short hours compared to the USO's operating on the secured base areas, I was told rather vaguely that the 2 men and one woman did not get along too well and that they refused to let her do much. Consequently she had gone on leave, they'd said they were happy to "get rid of her" and when she wasn't there to bug them, they didn't spend much time at the USO club.

(4) I noted also at the time that it looked like they had a strong, healthy concession business going in a separate bldg and that operation was going pretty well in contrast to the USO activity.

(5) Also told that they "used" the roof of the USO for "parties" but when I inquired as to what kind of parties, my friends told me they really didn't know and that was that.

(c) Shortly afterwards (still in October I am fairly sure), I was told one day that the Danang USO had been closed down and there was some flak about the USO personnel there (the woman returned to the states and the two men were fighting with Anderson about leaving the country). I never did learn the final outcome of the men but I kept hearing the phrase "they called Sam's bluff", they "really put it to him"—things that made me wonder just what "they" had on the all-powerful Sam Anderson that would make him think twice about booting them out as he had done to a number of others and had attempted to do with me.

(d) From my marine friends, I then learned that:

(1) The military—not the USO—had closed the Danang USO down on direct orders from the Commanding General of the I Corps area.

(2) The reason for the overnight shutdown was that the military:

(a) Were completely fed up with the poor way the USO was being run—had had too many complaints from GI's going there; and

(b) had raided one of the "parties" on the roof one evening to establish that prostitution was going on openly up there and that drugs (unspecified) were being peddled equally openly.

(c) That the two USO men were also involved in using the club premises for illegal gun-running/gun exchange.

(3) I also learned later from inside the USO grapevine that the foregoing was true but that the military were not anxious to have the USO reputation smeared and had agreed to keep it quiet if Anderson would insure this activity did not go on in other clubs and would get these people out of the country.

(The above can only really be verified from military sources probably and perhaps some history that USO Nati may or may not provide on this particular club in particular what happened to the personnel last assigned at that club after the club was closed in October 1967.) Sam Anderson would probably claim that this particular club was closed down to inadequate security and the fact that Danang was supposedly "off limits" (to most of the marines it was but a considerable number of men still managed to get into Danang each day), but then why was it established in the first place and why was it closed down so suddenly without any of the people being reassigned in Danang where they were needed. (It was the Christmas season and China Beach USO was desperate to get help in unloading and repackaging some 23 tons of "goodie" boxes).

d. Drug problem in clubs

(1) First exposed to the problem of marijuana cigarette smoking in Danang—never heard about or exposed to problem while at Di An.

(2) It seemed a prevalent problem in all our clubs in Danang in that the men would in particular choose the music rooms to jazz it up on the instruments we provided them and get strung out on the marijuana cigarettes at the same time. (The music rooms were more private because USO tried to build them that way.) Sometimes Phyllis Johnson & Ellie Bon Coeur told me that the air would be just "blue with the smoke" and then they would chase all the men out of the club. I witnessed this on several occasions but never did get the hang of how to differentiate the smell, probably because I was too busy trying to help oversee the food and V.N. personnel activities which was a lot of work and no one seemed to care to do too much.

(3) On 18 Dec. 1967, Paul R. Riccelli told me that he and Neal Camp (Freedom Hill club director) were together when they saw a girl actually peddling "pot" in the club after the Bob Hope show which was held right outside the Freedom Hill USO. Neal did not fire her and when we later got into an argument over this business, he told me that he "hadn't fired anyone since taking over and had no intention of doing so."

(4) Another incident had occurred on 7 Dec. 1967 when a marine came into the USO office and told Winona Dufford, Neal Camp and myself that he "saw a girl sell pot to another marine and then she tried to sell it to him." This was the first time I asked Neal to fire a V.N. and he refused.

(5) After this incident (since I had always assumed our men bought the stuff outside the USO and then brought it in), I kept my eyes open and later saw an older V.N. woman actually rolling Mar. cigarettes in the main room of the USO.

I was so appalled that I immediately fired her but when I went in to tell Neal, he immediately rehired her, saying I had no authority to do any such thing and showing me the letter from — giving them the authority to "get rid of me if I created any problem whatsoever." He then told all the Vietnamese staff that only he could fire anyone and I had no authority to do so.

(Note: Neal Camp had "trained" under me for several weeks at Di An when he had first come into V.N. and had seemed rather nice.)

About 36 or 37, divorced, father of 1 girl. When I worked at Freedom Hill, I learned that he wrote poetry almost daily to his V.N. secretary who would show it to me. She appeared to have little use for him and less liking and after a few weeks began asking me to stay in the office whenever he would come in or else she would leave and go elsewhere in the club. Also, when I worked as his "subordinate" in Danang, his entire personality seemed to change.

In spite of the fact that he "took off" a lot sick or whatever, when I really did get sick a few times at Danang (since I was still suffering from the after effects of a bout with pneumonia—the tropical variety—which it took several years to get over) he demanded that I give him a medical "sick call" slip verifying my illness which I then obtained from a Navy doctor friend of mine. Or he would make a lot of snide remarks when I would take 2 or 3 days of my leave (earned 1 day off for every 6 days worked) to go into Saigon to see my fiancé even though I had worked for 2 and 3 weeks straight at a time to earn them.

(6) On 18 Dec. 1967, as we were preparing to leave the club late in the afternoon, Neal Camp fired me on the pretext of my pouring liquid grease on his "flower bed" (a mud bank in the middle of the monsoon season)

and depriving a V.N. woman of her "food" against his previous "orders." At the time I could only think that this was all part of Sam Anderson's scheme to get rid of me but now looking back, I must also ask:

(a) If Neal Camp knew time and again that pot was being sold on the club premises, and it was done so openly that the V.N. were even rolling the cigarettes there in the main room, was he part and parcel of the pot selling?

(b) Did he receive any of the money received by the V.N. as part of the "kickback" for allowing them to sell pot freely on the club premises?

(Note: The last week it seemed like someone was coming in to tell me each day about some pot selling incident but I was equally sure that all our clubs were being watched closely by the CID after the Danang USO closing incident, and this activity was known about by the military and would not be allowed to continue for too much longer. As it turned out, the Freedom Hill USO was blown up during the Tet offensive in January 1968 and never rebuilt. As for Neal Camp, none of my friends seem to know what became of him, if anything.)

e. Blackmarket activities

(1) Exposed to this chiefly in cigarettes although I also heard a lot of gift merchandise from USO "goodie" packages was showing up on the Saigon black market—which has been thoroughly documented in various articles by the news media. The black market operated alongside and around the corner (backside) of the Saigon USO.

(2) First experience out at Di An USO 2nd day I was there. I had been left by myself when an American red beret—V.N. paratrooper advisor—came into the club and asked me directly for a case of cigarettes for his troops. Bill Revoyr and Joy Sykes had taken Alexander out to the base camp and I had not been informed as to how this request was to be handled so I stalled the man until Revoyr returned and took care of him. However, I was puzzled to note that there were no apparent controls (signature) etc. on this "gift" and Revoyr merely went to a closet by the front door which didn't even have a key on it at the time and gave the man a case of cigarettes. Revoyr later sounded peeved that the Sgt. was running his trips so close together as he had evidently just been out to Di An for cigarettes a week or two before.

From that conversation, I learned also that a number of GI's made the "circuit" of all the USO's (repeated both in Danang and Saigon) in their particular area to get cases of cigarettes for their men and had been known to hit up some of the clubs all in the same week. Since there was little if any communication between clubs, there was evidently no way to know if an individual had done so before giving out cigarettes. Since cases could run anywhere from 25 to 50 to 100 cartons apiece, that presented quite a haul at black market prices—especially if a man was able to obtain two or three cases at a time as often happened.

(3) 2nd experience occurred with same Sgt. just a few days later. I had again been left alone while Revoyr was out with Alexander & Sykes. However, this time I told the Sgt. that we were out of cigarettes.

He didn't leave right away though and approached Revoyr as soon as he came in. Revoyr backed me but then later told me that I had no business telling the Sgt. anything and that while he was there, he was "still running the show" period (even though he was no longer technically director and Alexander was). That incident increased my suspicions concerning the entire matter.

(4) On the average, Di An USO received anywhere from 2 or 3 to 15 cases of cigarettes a day (direct through APO channels) and that was one mail haul that Alexander or I

always picked up due to the value of the cigarettes, and the fact that we had heard that some cases occasionally were mislaid etc. (in effect stolen by APO personnel).

(5) Most (quite literally) of the cigarettes came in to the Saigon USO direct to be distributed to all the USO's in V.N. I never saw the inside of the Saigon USO warehouse but I heard both Alexander and Louise Tracy state how really "stacked" the warehouse was with cases and cases of USO cigarettes (gift variety). Dick also complained—along with Lamoy, Camp, and other club directors in Danang—to the effect that Sam Anderson was "hoarding" a lot of the gift cigarettes because it was known that most of the gift cases were received by Saigon but very few ever filtered out to the individual USO's from Saigon. Generally, only the Saigon USO was well-known stateside and our clubs throughout the rest of V.N. were too new and too little known for many cases to be directed to them. On several occasions when we were low on cases of gift cigarettes at Di An, Dick would obtain some cases from Saigon USO but I always received the impression from him that when he did so they were reluctantly released to us even though I saw a number of these "released" cases with address labels directing the case to the Di An USO, c/o the Saigon USO address. Also, Alexander appeared upset several times when he found these cases accidentally along with cases of other gift cigarettes being stored in the Saigon USO warehouse, which made us both wonder just how many cases of such gift cigarettes were being sent to Di An through Saigon USO and being deliberately withheld from us. To my knowledge, such cases were never volunteered.

(6) To Alexander's and my concern, we could find absolutely no discernible controls on the wholesale distribution of cigarettes. From what we saw and heard from Revoyr, it was most often done on a personal favoritism basis as anything or in "exchange" for services or merchandise (such as when we would provide the men at the APO facility some cartons of cigarettes because we felt they had more than earned them by all the work they did handling the "goodie" boxes and cases of cigarettes) or to insure the cooperation (?) and protection (?) of the USO by the army advisory team next door. With the latter, it got so bad that one or two of the team members were asking for and receiving cartons of gift cigarettes on a daily basis. When I got fed up and refused them, I learned that they were getting them directly from Alexander or going directly into our office storeroom and helping themselves after first threatening the interpreter (Miss Chin) or our bookkeeper against telling us. After Alexander left and I learned this, I then kept the key on me at all times, but after several weeks I learned quite accidentally one day when the team "medic" raced by me with several cartons in his hands that he had been going to our kitchen storeroom and helping himself . . . after threatening the V.N. staff in the kitchen and Hue the VN supervisor with terrible things to prevent them from telling me. When I told Alexander, he said to "cool" it since we needed their protection. I was pretty sick and disgusted about the whole thing but didn't know what to do since I knew that Sam Anderson would probably back the "team" along with Alexander in spite of the fact that it was Americans openly stealing sale cigarettes that the USO itself had to pay for.

So I then sent a message by Alexander and several other military that I knew these men (men with whom I was acquainted socially) to Major Mike Seay, Chief of the Advisory team, that if he or any of his men ever stepped foot on the club premises again or if I ever heard of them threatening my USO V.N. staff again, I'd blow the whistle

on everything they had been involved in—the stealing of food as well as cigarettes, and the prostitution—directly to the Provost Marshall whom they knew that I was personally acquainted with and who had approached Sam Anderson (from what I gathered from Anderson when he asked me to be club director at Di An) as to why I wasn't made club director. I never saw any of the team members in the club again but shortly after that episode I was replaced by Tom Wickam and Jay King who made no secret of their great admiration of the "team" and told me how "well" they intended to get along with the team. Since I later learned that they had been thoroughly "prepped" on both myself and the team, by Dick Alexander, I could only assume that such activities by Americans involving the USO didn't appear to phase them. At any rate, I wasn't allowed the means of getting out to 1st Inf base camp by myself again and I was given every reason to believe that whatever I said would be repudiated by Anderson & Alexander as well as the team members.

(7) Alexander did attempt to establish a control by asking each person we gave cases of gift cigarettes to to return with lists of signatures from the men who received the cigarettes. This worked somewhat and many times I was deeply touched at the grubby papers returned with all the signatures of so many men and the signs of concern that the various Sgts and Chaplains would display that this was "acceptable proof" that the cigarettes had gone where they were intended. But it was so heartbreaking when I knew that no one else seemed to care and so many of our cigarettes were being freely given to all the wrong sources. In no other USO do I ever know of this being done nor do I know if it was even continued after I left Di An. But so often in Danang as well I saw this concern by a number of our men that we would believe their honesty while at the same time they never appeared to question ours.

(8) There was one incident where I learned that the Army's CID was actively involved—again with the same (V.N.) American Ranger Sgt I had met in April out at Di An. He reappeared one day with a young Lt whom he appeared to be rather reluctant to be with. While the Sgt was gone for a hamburger, the Lt started questioning me about the Sgt's request for several cases of cigarettes. I told him it was no go because I had learned (again through military friends, not USO) that the ranger Sgt had a team alright—of Vietnamese, not Americans—and I wasn't about to get suckered into giving him cigarettes again. (This was the only American Ranger Sgt that ever asked me for cigarettes). The young Lt then revealed to me that he was with the CID and assigned to get the goods on this Sgt whom they believed had used USO gift cigarettes to buy radio transistors and munitions etc. The Sgt came back just then and I never heard anything further from either of them, but at times I worried about the young Lt—he had seemed no match for the older, obviously well experienced, Sgt.

(9) Even with all the foregoing reported and known to Alexander (and I can assume thereby Anderson), I never heard of any effort made of a serious nature to advertise the problems of controlling the cigarette distribution, yet there were always frequent references made to the tremendous amounts of USO gift cigarettes showing up on the black market in Saigon.

(NOTE: This was also one of the reasons why I made every effort to take cigarettes out to the field troops myself, which I did on two occasions, in order to personally insure that the cigarettes got to the right people and through legitimate sources.)

f. Payoffs to V.N. police and V.N. landlords

(1) Dick Alexander told me that we paid the owner of the Di An USO bldg (previously a V.N. movie theatre) \$1,000 U.S. each month—\$500 above the table and \$500 below the table. This meant we made out a check to Co S that could be traced by the V.C. and also paid her \$500 in cash in a bag which either I or Dick personally handed to her. I also saw this additional \$500 being counted out for delivery to Co Sau by our bookkeeper Mr. Taun and by Dick.

(a) The reason for this—as I was told—was that she had to share the \$500 we paid her with the V.C. (who were known to have an entire base camp operating within a few miles of the 1st Inf Div base camp and nearby Di An.) while the money we paid her cash in hand she banked. (Co Sau was seen on several occasions in broad daylight by military friends of mine actually paying the VC in her home. They were in uniform and wore the red scarf signifying their authority.)

(b) I personally felt that we'd make a bad deal with Co Sau and attempted to talk Alexander into convincing Sam Anderson that—based on the fact that Co Sau and I pretty well understood one another—we should attempt to renegotiate the "rent" since she couldn't possibly rent the bldg to anyone else in that terrorist active area, and there was no reason for the USO to pay such an exorbitant amount so unnecessarily (i.e. she got exactly what she asked for, no questions asked—she more or less said as much to me laughing all the time). However, while Alexander agreed with the fact that we were being robbed with our eyes wide open, he pretty much indicated that it was a closed subject with Anderson.

(2) Payments were made to V.N. police (white mice) on a regular basis once a month to the tune of (I believe) \$500 U.S. I did not become aware of this until the second or third month and as I learned just how much we were also "paying" to the U.S. advisory team—to protect us—which was part of their official assignment in Di An—and the basis upon which the USO agreed to open in Di An—I pressured Alexander into cutting this in half and then cutting it out altogether.

(a) The first time we attempted to cut it out altogether, the Police Chief and two of his men walked into our small office upstairs one day (which was pretty much removed from our men downstairs) and through Taun the bookkeeper (who really appeared frightened) we learned that he had come for "his" money. They were all heavily armed and while the guns weren't pointed directly at us, it seemed pretty unwise to refuse at the time so Taun and Dick started putting the money together in his presence and I watched while it was paid directly to the Police Chief (normally, Alexander handcarried it to the Police Chief's headquarters which was on the other side of the US Army advisory team hooch).

(b) When we did stop the payments altogether (about in August), we immediately began experiencing breakins into the USO at night—almost every night—with the muddy bootmarks of the "white mice" clearly visible all over (learned this from the Provost Marshal and the military police). However, the local VN elections were again beginning to heat up and the military authorities didn't feel we could afford to rock the boat any more. I also do not remember whether I told the Provost Marshal about the "payoffs" due to the secrecy with which the USO handled this matter but I was told by Alexander that Anderson was definitely not very happy about our decision to withhold payment from the "white mice".

On the other hand, a number of our men died just trying to get to the USO on the mined and VC active roads leading to Di An

(the driver of the USO bus was killed and his shot gun aide critically wounded in the courtyard of the Di An USO just two days before Alexander and I were assigned to Di An; I was also told off and on about other men being killed or wounded attempting to get to the USO at Di An. Therefore, I just didn't feel having the Di An USO open was worth it—no life, not one, was worth it regardless of how "secure" it made Di An and that area appear. . . . That is my personal opinion and I will never change it.

g. Kickbacks from concessionaires

(1) 1st incident occurred when Dick Alexander told me that the concessionaires out at Di An offered him a 10% cut of the take under the table as well as the standard 10% over the table which would show on the official books. He also said that when the concessionaire approached him on this he said that this had been the "standard" arrangement with Bill Revoyr. (This was what I initially talked about to Judy Burrell which she evidently passed back directly to Anderson.)

(a) I emphatically said no and Dick agreed (or so I thought) however.

(b) Later on (after Dick went into Saigon on a fairly permanent basis other than for the check signing etc.), I was approached by the same Indian concessionaire who had taken both Dick and I to dinner on several occasions with something similar but I was so taken back that I cut him off before he got halfway through the proposal so I cannot actually say I was propositioned on this matter. Afterwards, though I often wondered if Alexander had gone on the "take" without my knowledge since it seemed very strange that the concessionaire would be so open in his approach to me, but by then I had no way of finding out for sure.

(2) In Danang, there was so much talk among the USO types of club directors being on the "take" that it almost seemed to be the standard modus operandi. Chuck Lamoy was the most often mentioned director with regard to this business. However when I worked at the Freedom Hill USO, one of the main (picture) concessionaires offered me any of his merchandise "cheap, cheap" and offered to make the "same deal" with me that he had made with Mr. Camp. That was repeated several times by one of the other concessionaires which made me wonder about Camp's activities in this regard but his V.N. bookkeeper kept pretty tight tabs on the "books" so I never got a chance to find out for sure. However, Neal's secretary did tell me that they had "heard" (the V.N. had their own operating grapevine) that Neal had once worked for me and did I think that maybe I would later become "director" of this club, so I can only assume from that conversation we had briefly one day that perhaps the concessionaires were feeling me out . . . just in case.

h. Gun running

(1) I learned quite by accident that Alexander had obtained unauthorized weapons from the team next door when I opened his desk drawer one day and found several hand weapons in there. However, he assured me that this was for his own "self-protection" I figured that was pretty silly since about the only seeming protection that we really had (outside of our usefulness as a "front" for an information gathering site or the revenues which we brought in) from the V.C. was the fact that we operated in terrorist territory as unarmed, peaceable citizens.

(2) When I was in Danang, I heard several reports that some of the USO men acted as a go-between for troops trying to drop illegal weapons or make money by exchanging them etc. Only on one occasion did I see such an "exchange" take place and it was at the China Beach USO when I accidentally walked

in on our one male associate (I can't remember his name) who was giving and receiving a gun from a special forces type.

INTERVIEW WITH GLORIA, MAY 14

B. Gloria, I've turned the tape recorder on, OK, so I am just going to tape this one short thing. I just wanted to clarify one thing that you said in your—in the testimony that you provided me. You said that there was an extra \$500 of rent paid under the table for the club. Is that correct?

G. Yes, and I was told it by Dick Alexander.

B. OK.

G. And I personally delivered one of the payments.

B. To the lady.

G. One if not two or three of them if seems to me because I would off and on make visiting trips to Cosau which is across, kitty-corner from the U.S.O. not only on the basis of protocol, you know, retaining our friendship to help with the club, managing the club and getting a fair shake on paying for food and everything but I also made several of those trips for specifically to deliver the money.

B. OK, now did some of the \$500 go to the Vietcong.

G. Yes we know that.

B. Dick Alexander was aware of that.

G. Dick Alexander was the one when I asked him why we paid her \$500 in cash in a bag, he said sometimes, one time I particularly remember it was a brown paper bag, that's how discreet it was kept and \$500 in a check that was made payable from the U.S.O.

B. Any green, by the way?

G. No, MPC.

B. OK.

G. At the rate of \$118 to \$1. So that was a lot of MPC and it was a little bag, I tell you, when it all, you know, putting all that MPC together.

B. Now, was Sam Anderson aware of the fact that some of this \$500 was being given to the Viet Cong.

G. I was told by Dick Alexander when I talked with him and tried to get him to approach Sam Anderson on the basis of having met Cosau and I and he renegotiate the rental because it was not a written contract to try to either reduce it to the mere \$500 that was being paid by check or to see \$600 or \$700 at max. Dick Alexander then told me that those were the specific arrangements made by Sam Anderson with Cosau when that club was first rented.

B. And he knew that some of the money—

G. Sam was with him when he made the negotiations with her.

B. And he knew some of the money was going to the Viet Cong?

G. That was the particular arrangement made at the very beginning that \$500 would always be paid in cash under the table and that we would deliver it or she would come for it personally herself but she did only at one time. Only at one time do I remember her being in our club.

B. Did all of the \$500 go to the Viet Cong?

G. There would be no way well the initial \$500 as I understood it was split, 50/50, \$250 to her this was the check, 50-50 and she used the check as her evidence that that was her rent. The Viet Cong took half and she retained half.

B. I see.

G. \$500 under the table was her cut entirely, and that this was specifically done so that she would not have to share this with the Viet Cong.

B. I see, now so actually U.S.O. checks with the knowledge of Sam Anderson and Dick Alexander.

G. Were split.

B. Were split with the Viet Cong. OK that's all I need on the tape.

G. Was seen and heard not by one but on several different occasions by several different men, one of who I have his name and one of my husbands friends said that he also had been out there and had gone around the back to go to the bar and it was in broad daylight, this was how confident the Viet Cong were and that by accident he had come to, see the Vietnamese houses are very open and he had seen through the doorway the Viet Cong with a red scarf they were very distinctive, mind you this is in broad daylight less than a mile from the Korean compound, less than two miles from the First Infantry Division camp and there they were in broad daylight and there was money on the table and Cosau was paying them.

THE SHOOTING OF GOVERNOR WALLACE: ANOTHER INDICATION OF THE NEED FOR HANDGUN CONTROL

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. MIKVA) is recognized for 10 minutes.

Mr. MIKVA. Mr. Speaker, there was another American tragedy yesterday. The Governor of Alabama was shot down at a shopping center in Laurel, Md., not too far from here, while campaigning for the Presidency of the United States. The outrageous attempt on Governor Wallace's life yesterday is a grim reminder that the United States is the most violent society on the face of the globe.

It is not a reputation of which we can be proud. Fortunately, Governor Wallace was not killed, but he was seriously wounded and may be paralyzed. The shooting was still another trauma of violence in our political process, a shock that has been repeated over and over again. It is a sad commentary on the state of affairs in this country.

I fear that it will happen again, and again, and again, until we outgrow the attitude that differences among men and among beliefs can be blown away by bullets. We ought to remove the most lethal instruments of violence from the public at least until our society matures enough to learn to resolve disputes peacefully. When a child picks up a kitchen knife, the first thing we do is take away the dangerous instrument, before it can do harm. We ought to do the same with the principal weapon of violent crime and death in America—the handgun.

Immediately after the shooting yesterday afternoon, more Secret Service agents were sent to protect other presidential candidates and potential candidates. Of course, even the Secret Service admits that it cannot really "protect" these men and women. People who run for high public office do not campaign from afar. They go to the people, and anyone who wants to kill one of them probably can. It is easy to get close to a candidate—the person who shot Governor Wallace looked as if he wanted to shake hands.

All of this has happened before. It was the fourth time in the last 10 years that someone has decided to oppose a public figure with a bullet instead of the more conventional means of free speech and the vote. Three times they were successful, and the country lost a President, a Senator who was campaigning for Presi-

dent, and a minister who was campaigning for civil rights. Each time, the weapon of political assassination was a gun. That is not surprising. The gun has had a rather special place in American history. Even now, people use it to ignore the law or to take the law into their own hands. Guns are convenient and effective for killing other people, and it is easy to buy a gun.

After the three assassinations—after John Kennedy and Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy—the public focused its attention for a while on the desperate need for gun control. Shocked by political assassination, many people for the first time realized how ridiculously easy it was to buy a gun, especially a handgun, in this country. For the first time, they realized how tragic the consequences were of America's "gun fixation," not only in terms of political assassination but in terms of a soaring crime rate. That sentiment helped pass the Gun Control Act of 1968, and it helped convince many people that it was time for America's love affair with guns to end.

This latest tragedy forces us to re-examine the issue of handgun control, to respond to the obvious need to do something about the incredible handgun traffic in this country. Too much is at stake to ignore it any longer. The man who shot Governor Wallace used a handgun. The shooting was tragic, but the same kind of event happens countless times every night and day in every big city of this country—only with less notoriety. We ought to take this opportunity to try to stop both kinds of assassination—the kind that threatens our public figures and the kind that threatens the people of our big cities. As Congress, the best response we can make to the shooting of Governor Wallace is to pass strong handgun legislation.

Mr. HARRINGTON. Mr. Speaker, I commend Mr. MIKVA for taking out this special order on the question of gun control. It is consistent with the leadership he has shown on this very tough issue.

Like other Members of the House, I join in deploring the shocking attack on Governor Wallace. Like other Members, I too, find it hard to think of new ways to say what we have had to say so often before—that it is a continuing American tragedy that candidates for our highest office should have to live with the knowledge that they place their lives in danger when they attempt to bring their campaigns to the public.

But I think it is important to do more than lament; it is time to go beyond hand wringing and to take effective action that will reduce the incidence of murder in America. That action is the banning of handguns from private ownership.

The evidence is overwhelming that effective antihandgun legislation will have a measurable impact in reducing murder and violent assault. Commissioner Patrick Murphy, of the New York City Police Department, a man whose experience in law enforcement equals anyone's in America has argued this point eloquently and often. For every incident that can be brought forward of a private citizen using a handgun in an

advantageous way, there are dozens of cases where they have been used with tragic and irreversible results in the heat of a family quarrel, or where they have accidentally gone off and killed a child in his or her home, or where, as in the terrible events in Laurel yesterday, handguns have been sold to individuals whose personality makes it very likely that they will be misused. And when we talk of misuse of handguns, we talk of action the consequences of which cannot be undone or recalled.

I understand the public desire for protection, for security in their homes, for the ability to walk the streets safely. I believe we in Congress and other public officials should be doing a good deal more than has been done to provide additional protection—by better pay, and training for law enforcement agencies; by more effective and far better funded drug control programs; by more money for local communities so they can light streets and parks, by adequately funding our entire criminal justice system so that policemen are not constantly frustrated after making arrests by court congestion, or a lack of adequate prosecutorial staffs.

But it is time for us to realize that a proliferation of handguns—lethal weapons—in the hands of people untrained in their use, and unaccustomed to acting under stress—detracts from our safety as a society, and does not add to it.

I join others in the House in sorrow that one more public official has been struck down in a senseless and brutal attack. And I am sorry too that we have not yet learned the lesson that was so painfully taught to us again yesterday in Laurel, Md.

At this point, Mr. Speaker, I wish to insert in the *Record* an article from the *Washington Star*, Sunday, May 7, by Mr. Vernon Pizer. It presents an extremely well-argued and well-documented case for the position I have been advocating here.

The article follows:

MURDER AND THE TYRANNY OF FEAR
(By Vernon Pizer)

Robert Carter, a 61-year-old kitchen helper at the Sonesta Hotel at Thomas Circle, went to the employee locker room to change into street clothes; after a long, tiring day he was glad to be getting off duty. A former porter at the hotel, discharged a few weeks earlier, slipped into the room behind Carter. Pulling a knife, he demanded Carter's wallet. Carter resisted. The knife slashed out. Carter fell to the floor, mortally wounded. It was then just after midnight on Jan. 1, 1971—only a short distance away in the hotel dining room holiday celebrants were blowing horns, drinking toasts, exchanging good wishes.

When the ambulance pulled away from the curb, Robert Carter was past knowing or caring that for the first time—and the last—he was leaving work with chauffeur-driven ceremony. The new year was only minutes old but Washington already had its first homicide victim of 1971. By the time 1972 dawned, 274 additional victims had joined Carter.

What lies behind this melancholy, frightening statistic? Has the American way of life become perverted into the American way of death?

The place to begin to put the matter into proper perspective is with the statistics

themselves. The arithmetic of violent crime is the chief stock-in-trade of Capt. Herbert F. Miller of the Metropolitan Police Department. He finds little solace in the oversize crime chart he keeps on his desk. The 275 D.C. homicides in 1971 represent an increase of 54 over 1970, although they are 12 fewer than 1969's record 287. Ten years ago homicide ranked 13th as the cause of death among Washingtonians; now it has emerged as the seventh most common cause of death.

The bloodiest time of the week is the weekend, especially Saturday, and the time that murder is most prevalent is between 6 in the evening and 4 in the morning. The most probable Washington murder victim is black, poor, and an inner-city resident. He is three times more likely to be a black male than a white male, almost two times more likely to be a white male than a black female, and two times more likely to be a black female than a white female. The figures for those charged with committing murder show a similar preponderance of blacks over whites. All of this must be considered within the context of a city that is now about 71 percent black.

But murder does not stop at the District line, nor is it a black phenomenon. Homicide in Fairfax County escalated from 8 in 1969 to 17 in 1970 and then slipped back to 15 last year. In Arlington County it moved from 5 to 8 to 7 in the same period. In Montgomery County homicide eased from 16 in 1969 to 13 in 1970 to 10 last year, but in Prince Georges County it went from 19 to 39 to 33 in the same period.

The magnitude of this carnage is appalling, but the figures themselves are only impersonal symbols. To appreciate what the numbers really mean you must go behind them. Capt. Miller, despite the desensitizing nature of his job, is not yet immune to the tragedy behind the symbols. "Take last December," he says, "the worst month in Washington's history—32 homicides in 31 days. Listen to some of the killings: a 16-year-old girl shot to death by her boyfriend, a man standing on the sidewalk shot to death in a robbery attempt, a 10-year-old girl raped and strangled, a man shot to death by his girlfriend. Two-thirds of all the victims were killed by their own friends or relatives. Four of them were young children killed by their parents. The last homicide of the year was a woman beaten to death by her common-law husband. How do you use numbers to picture things like those?"

When Capt. Miller reveals that two of every three D.C. homicide victims are murdered by friends or relatives, he is confirming a national situation. Glenn King, spokesman for the International Association of Chiefs of Police, made a five-year analysis of homicide in Dallas, where he formerly served as assistant chief of police. "In 65 percent of the cases there was a relationship, either by birth or by choice, between victim and murderer. In other words, it isn't the stranger you have to fear as much as it is the person with whom you have some degree of intimacy."

Federal Judge George Edwards, a member of the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws and a former police commissioner of Detroit, reports that the statistical chance of an American being murdered in any one year is about one in 20,000. But "all of the statistics show that if you choose with care the people who will share your bedroom or your kitchen, or the adjacent bar stool, you will improve your chances from one in 20,000 to one in 60,000." Addressing the American Psychiatric Association in Washington last summer, Judge Edwards debunked what he terms "the four myths about murder. They are: that present conditions in this country justify the average citizen in living with a top priority fear of being murdered, that most murderers are

premeditated killers for money, that the most likely murderer is a stranger—particularly one of another race—and that you can protect yourself from murder by keeping a pistol handy. None of these myths is true."

What is undeniably true about murder is that it is—in the words of Glenn King—"the least suppressible of crimes. Greater police visibility and more sophisticated police techniques have little effect on homicide because it occurs most often in the privacy of the home. Furthermore, an existing prior relationship between victim and killer means that the murder is almost always an act of blind rage, of illogical passion that cannot be anticipated by police."

Dr. Steven Pasternack, a Georgetown University psychiatrist and a specialist in violent behavior, supports the view that there is no logic, no rationale for the murder of passion. "In fact," he says, "perhaps as many as 10 percent of murders of passion are actually victim-precipitated. The kind of thing I mean is where one person taunts another beyond endurance, or where a two-timing husband parades his mistress in front of his wife, daring her to do anything about it. This type of situation is far from rare, and when it happens, the killer as well as the killed is a victim."

But it isn't the murder of passion that seems to frighten the ordinary citizen as much as it is murder by a stranger. People find small comfort in the somewhat casuistic reasoning that two-thirds of all homicides are committed by friends or relatives of the victim; it is that other one-third that scares hell out of them. Somehow, the devil one does not know is more fearsome than the devil one does know. Judge Edwards observes that "public opinion surveys indicate that the fear of criminal attack and homicide is rampant in the minds of our urban dwellers. Such fear indeed may be the most destructive force in the deterioration of the American city."

Almost always in "street killings" where murderer and victim are strangers, the murder is unplanned and unintended. Overwhelmingly, it is the grisly outcome of a robbery. The victim resists, cries out, makes an impulsive gesture, tries to run. The robber—tense, sometimes as frightened as the victim himself, often nervous, occasionally hopped up on liquor or drugs—pulls the trigger. Accordingly to Capt. Miller's figures, about one-third of all murders by strangers result from robbery. "The only thing for anyone to do if confronted by an armed robber is to do nothing; just let him have your money and leave you with your life," Miller advises. Judge John Lewis Smith Jr., of the U.S. District Court of the District of Columbia, says: "The man in the street has every reason to fear armed robbery; he must bear in mind that the robber wants his money, not his life, and money can be replaced. If he resists he is likely to be shot."

One of the most sobering of all factors associated with homicide is Capt. Miller's estimate that about 40 percent of all "street killings" are committed by those with a police record for prior violence. Picking up his chart, he reads from it in a voice overlaid with incredulity. "Thirty-six of last year's 275 murders in the District were committed by men awaiting trial on another charge or by men previously convicted and out on a conditional release program. Of the 36, fourteen were out on personal recognizance awaiting trial, 14 were on parole or in halfway houses, 5 were on probation, 2 were out on money bonds, and 1—get this—was out on both parole and probation for different prior convictions."

One cannot question the motives of the courts or of the corrections system. Certainly, they do not intend to turn the vicious loose in our midst. (Nevertheless, according to Capt. Miller, "About 12 percent of our mur-

ders are committed by people out on some kind of release program.") Certainly, the courts and the corrections authorities are convinced on each instance—for whatever reason: legal, social, psychological—that early release is fully justified. But when he is confronted by the mayhem in the streets, the law-abiding citizen is in no mood to be conceptual or analytical; he has no patience with theory or subtlety. His overwhelming concern is concrete and very personal: why must I be threatened? Will I, or one of those close to me, be the next victim?

Even professionals who are trained to consider criminal violence dispassionately, objectively, and impersonally think of street killings in a very personal way.

"Just because we are supposed to be experts on violence doesn't grant us any immunity to becoming a murder victim," Dr. Pasternack says. And when it comes right down to it, we don't really know beans about murder. We will have some pretty good ideas, but we don't really know. One * * * that early release is fully justified. But when he is confronted by the mayhem in the streets, the law-abiding citizen is in no mood to be conceptual or analytical; he has no patience with theory or subtlety. His overwhelming concern is concrete and very personal: why must I be threatened? Will I, or one of those close to me, be the next victim?

Even professionals who are trained to consider criminal violence dispassionately, objectively, and impersonally think of street killings in a very personal way.

"Just because we are supposed to be experts on violence doesn't grant us any immunity to becoming a murder victim," Dr. Pasternack says. And when it comes right down to it, we don't really know beans about murder. We have some pretty good ideas, but we don't really know. One thing I do know is that I'd never treat a murderer, or a prime candidate to commit murder, on an outpatient basis; yet, the courts and corrections people do precisely that every time they turn such a man loose in an early-release program. You can't blame people for being scared. Some of my psychiatrist colleagues are so frightened they have taken to carrying guns for their protection. One of them even has a special mount fixed in his car for a shotgun. It's a hell of a note when professionals dedicated to the healing arts and attuned to human irrationality are so afraid that they go to such extremes."

Mrs. Bessie Wall—"Please don't use my name"—knows little about the healing arts, but she can speak knowledgeably about human irrationality. She has seen one of her neighbors slain on the sidewalk; another neighbor was beaten to death in his bedroom by a midnight intruder. A childless widow, she lives in fear of criminal attack. Her small apartment in the inner city has become a refuge from which she seldom ventures by day, and never by night.

"I can't even walk the three blocks to the supermarket; it's just plain too dangerous," she says earnestly. "Wasn't for that bus stop in front of the house I'd probably starve to death."

Two days a week, Mrs. Wall works as a maid in a "safe" neighborhood near American University. On workday mornings she watches from her window until the bus is in sight, then she hurries out to board it. Sixty-five years of age and some 30 pounds overweight, Mrs. Wall confesses that her job "kind of wearies me out." Still, she hums while she works—usually a tune she learned as a child in her farm home near Roanoke—because she is enjoying, however temporarily, a respite from fear.

When Mrs. Wall finishes work she shops for all her needs in the neighborhood where she is employed. Laden with her groceries and other household purchases, trying to guard her packages from careless elbows and her pocketbook from questing fingers, she

is depressed by the long ride home in the crowded bus. What depresses her most is her conviction that the bus is carrying her back to danger. When she reaches her stop, she scuttles the 50 feet to her refuge, carefully triple-locking her door behind her.

Rubbing her hand to ease her "arthritis," Mrs. Wall asks in a despairing voice, "What kind of way is that to live?"

Robert Miller—as in Mrs. Wall's case, this is not his real name—also lives in dread of violence. He has ample reason for he has been victimized by it three times: once when his legs were blown off in an Army training accident in Okinawa, twice when he was beaten and robbed on the streets of Washington. He is more bitter about the beatings than he is about the explosion that cost him his legs. The explosion was an accident; nobody planned it. But those beatings were cold-blooded, deliberate brutality. The men who attacked me didn't give a damn whether they left me alive or dead."

Miller is a substitute teacher in the D.C. school system and a graduate student at Howard University. After the second assault he bought a gun from an acquaintance to help equalize his chances of surviving a third attack. One day last year as he left his Georgia Avenue bachelor apartment for an evening session at Howard, he was arrested for carrying the gun; he drew a suspended sentence. The fear remains deeply imbedded in him and now, in addition, his hitherto spotless record is blemished.

Although he is only 25, Miller's voice sounds old and tired when he talks about crime in the streets. "It's a jungle out there. It doesn't make any difference whether you're old or young, male or female, rich or poor—you feel like you're a target. A human life no longer has any value. Sometimes when I'm teaching one of my classes, I think: what a waste of time. If I really want to prepare these kids I ought to be teaching them self-defense instead of civics."

Robert Burka understands Mrs. Wall's and Robert Miller's fears. He understands not only with a professional awareness developed as former assistant state's attorney for Montgomery County, as former assistant U.S. attorney for the District of Columbia, and now as judge of D.C. Superior Court, but also with a profound personal awareness.

On June 28, 1969, Israel S. Burka, Judge Burka's 73-year-old father, interrupted his mid-afternoon stroll along Pennsylvania Avenue to visit with his friends in Gold's Liquor Store. After chatting for awhile, he stepped into the rear room to use Gold's telephone. At 3:20, while Burka was on the phone, two gunmen entered the store, one covering customers and salesmen while the other headed for the cash register. His call concluded and unaware that a holdup was in progress, Burka cradled the phone and turned back towards the front room. As the elderly man appeared on the threshold, one of the robbers took quick aim and fired. Burka crumpled to the floor, dying almost instantly.

Shaking his head over the rim of the coffee cup that is seldom out of reach, Judge Burka says, "That kind of senseless, brutal savagery is all around us. It is spreading like a cancer and it is distorting our lives. People are frightened—with good reason—so when night falls, they abandon the downtown streets to the criminals. The same kind of fear pervades the suburbs, where householders by the thousands have turned their homes into miniature fortresses. We are being ground down by a tyranny of fear."

Can nothing be done to shatter this tyranny? Is there no way to halt the criminal violence that invades our lives with its ominous threat?

Among those who can lay claim to expertise on the subject, there is remarkable agreement that the most urgent need in

restoring sanity and safety to the streets is effective gun control.

"The single most effective step we can take is to ban handguns and to use stringent methods to make the ban work," Judge Burka says firmly. "A handgun is meant for police work, and that is the only place it belongs—not in the hands of criminals and would-be criminals, not in the pockets of frightened citizens, and not in the home. Anyone who thinks possession of a gun protects him and his family is deluding himself."

"The single most effective step we can take is to ban handguns and to use stringent methods to make the ban work," Judge Burka says firmly. "A handgun is meant for police work, and that is the only place it belongs—not in the hands of criminals and would-be criminals, not in the pockets of frightened citizens, and not in the home. Anyone who thinks possession of a gun protects him and his family is deluding himself."

Glenn King is equally emphatic. "By far the greatest number of homicides are shootings, so reduction of homicide starts with elimination of handguns. Nobody denies that people are also murdered with every imaginable weapon besides guns—knives, fists, rocks, clotheslines, 2-by-4s, and so on. Those who say that to get rid of handguns because murders are committed with handguns makes as much sense as to get rid of lumberyards because some murders are committed with 2-by-4s simply ignore the facts. A gun is the most lethal of weapons; it has a range far greater than an attacker's arms, and recovery from a bullet wound is much rarer than recovery from a knife or beating."

"We are victims of the mystique of the gun," Dr. Pasternack says. "Who in his right mind can dispute that if there were no guns in the home or on the streets, there would be a dramatic reduction in killings? Murders of passion would certainly diminish greatly with no chance for the impulsive, irreversible pulling of a trigger before passion can cool; street killings would plummet if the criminal had no gun to hide behind to draw false courage."

Capt. Miller says, "The statistics are clear: at least 60 percent of the time the murder weapon is a handgun. If we are going to make any kind of real dent in the rate of homicides we certainly have to get on top of the gun situation."

Perhaps Bessie Wall sums it up most tellingly. "Name me one good thing you can do with a pistol. You can't spend it or eat it or wear it. You can't sit up and look at how pretty it is. You can't do anything with a pistol. Except kill somebody."

Mr. HALPERN. Mr. Speaker, the attempted murder of presidential candidate George Wallace has given Americans one more reason to experience a deep sense of outrage and shame. I say outrage, since the wanton attempts on the life of so many of our public figures in recent years must engender feelings of sorrow and frustration on the part of the overwhelming majority of our citizens who are peace loving and who would welcome nothing more than an end to the high rate of violence which has marred our social fabric.

I also mentioned shame, Mr. Speaker, for a greater and greater number of Americans must realize, with each killing and wounding that blares from the daily headlines, that our scandalously weak gun control statutes will only result in an ever-increasing amount of human misery and carnage. How many more Presidents, candidates, Senators, Governors, and religious leaders must fall victim to psycho-

paths wielding easily available guns before the decent American populace and its elected representatives will realize that fear is not erased with a pistol and that a great number of shootings might never take place if certain types of rifles and revolvers were not so readily available to anyone who wishes to purchase one.

Mr. Speaker, we might all have helped avoid yesterday's tragic attack on Governor Wallace if we had only taken thorough legislative action last session on H.R. 915, a bill to control the importation, manufacture, sale, purchase, transfer, receipt, or transportation of handguns. When will we learn that the best protection we can offer public officials, Ambassadors, policemen, and ourselves is to return to a relatively gun-free society.

Mr. Speaker, permit me to catalog here a number of the facts relating to the illegal use of firearms in America—facts which have been voiced time and time again by the many advocates of gun control, but which have up to now been rejected or ignored by a majority of this legislative body:

There are 25 to 30 million privately owned handguns in America today;

Nearly 75 percent of all policemen killed in action are shot with handguns; The United States is the only industrialized nation without effective handgun laws;

Since the 1968 Gun Control Act, which prohibits the importation of foreign-made handguns, U.S. companies have imported parts for, and then manufactured, millions of such weapons for sale in this country;

Since 1962, the yearly sale of handguns has more than quadrupled;

Two out of every three homicides, over a third of all robberies, and one out of five aggravated assaults are committed with a gun, usually a handgun.

These facts bear grim witness to the lamentable trend toward violence which has characterized American society for decades now, and which once again has culminated in an attempted political assassination. John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy, and George Wallace have only been the most recognizable victims of a spate of violence which must be seen as threatening not only the open nature of our political process, but the very principles of democratic order on which our society is built.

We must act decisively to stem the frenzy which has been let loose in this country. We must take steps to thwart those elements in our society who would use the gun instead of the ballot box to decide our political destiny. Tighter gun control would be a long step toward this goal.

Mr. ROSTENKOWSKI. Mr. Speaker, I would like to congratulate my colleague, the Honorable ABNER MIKVA, for arranging for this special order to again discuss the control of handguns. It is time for Congress to cure the handgun epidemic.

Some might consider it senseless to reiterate the standard arguments for gun control. On the contrary, a valid line of reasoning should be repeatedly advocated until it succeeds.

England has often been cited as a case in point. British gun control is so complete that only those who can offer valid reasons for carrying firearms are allowed to own them. Incidents of arraigned criminals carrying guns in England are characteristically minimal. In fact, one set of figures showed only 159 of over 400,000 criminals arrested in a certain recent period had firearms in their possession.

Certainly opponents of gun control can confidently predict that guns will still be manufactured illegally in the United States despite controls. But Mr. Speaker, I can only ask why this has not occurred in England. Is it not possible that we in the United States can propose efficient enough methods to counteract this possibility? I think it is. I believe that once we put our minds to this end we can succeed.

My good friend and colleague, the Honorable ABNER MIKVA, has proposed the Handgun Control Act, H.R. 2334, which I have cosponsored. In my estimation, this bill deserves the full support of every Member of Congress. It is a realistic approach to ending the parade of fear which preoccupies our Nation. It is a fair solution. It allows members of pistol clubs to own handguns; yet it insures that those who misuse this privilege would be severely castigated. It provides for the purchase of handguns by the lawful authorities at a fair market value, so that no pistol owner would be deprived of reasonable compensation.

Contrary to the numerous assertions of Mark Twain that all legislators are idiots, I believe that the Members of this Congress are all sensible, thoughtful men and women. Otherwise I would not bother to rise today to discuss this problematical issue, the solution of which requires honest, even altruistic consideration.

The vulgar attack on Governor Wallace yesterday has aroused the enraged indignation of many citizens who have long been clamoring for gun control. It is pitiable that such sympathies remain relatively dormant except as frenzied reactions to such unconscionable events.

Just this morning the mayor of my city, Richard J. Daley, again voiced his support of congressional legislation on gun control in an interview on the "Today Show." The mayor noted that during the last year, 14,000 handguns were confiscated in Chicago alone.

In this afternoon's Washington Evening Star, Mary McGrory's article convincingly points out the dire need for gun control. At this point I insert that article in the body of the RECORD:

A NATION STANDS HUMILIATED

(By Mary McGrory)

National humiliation threatens us in Indochina, our leaders tell us.

But it has come to us in Laurel, Maryland. Respect, we have been warned, will be lost, if we not assert our might in a country half a world away. It has already been lost, in a small-town shopping center, in a typical American community.

Self-respect is unattainable in a nation which cannot protect its public men as they move around among their own countrymen, if a political rally ends in a blaze of gunfire.

The shooting of George Wallace is shocking, but it is also sickeningly familiar. We have seen it all before, four times in the last nine years. The progress among the friendly citizens, the sound of bullets, the screaming, panic and confusion. We are back in the car in Dallas with John Kennedy, on the patio in Memphis, with Martin Luther King, and with Bob Kennedy in the hotel kitchen in Los Angeles.

A DANGEROUS PLACE

Nothing that could befall this country in Asia, where the violent solution has been once again presented as the only one that could shame us more than what happened to George Wallace twelve miles from the capital of the western world.

Minutes before he was felled, George Wallace was telling us that America is a dangerous place. Even before the attack, he could not be gain-said. From sea to shining sea, the country walks in fear.

He seemed an unlikely target for a gunman. He spoke the fears and resentments of the fed-up and the shut-out. It seemed he was giving voice to the undefinable grievances which well up among those who sit alone and brood and clean guns and dream of the assassin's notoriety.

His speeches seemed a surer protection than the bullet-proof podium which he took everywhere with him to dramatize the danger he sensed everywhere around him.

He was on the threshold of his greatest success—victory in two primaries. He was not on his way to the White House. Beckoning as those buzz-saw simplicities, exciting as those banjo-tones, he did not have either the stature or the organization to make himself the leader of the Western world.

NOW HE HAS

He seemed content, surrounded by adoring crowds, to "send them a message in Washington."

Now he has. He has informed us once again that there is something wrong with this country.

After the initial shock, there was the ritual wait with bated breath, lest the assassin turn out to be the trigger for further horrors. Had he been black, had he been a wildly protesting young hippie, the specter of something like civil war loomed. But, as far as can be learned, the alleged assailant is the standard demented outsider craving the attention that is available only at the trigger of a gun.

John Kennedy was murdered by a misfit Marxist, whose reasons we can never know because he was shot before he could tell us. Martin Luther King's killer never admitted us to his dark mind. Robert Kennedy was shot, not because he reached out to the poor and the black and the dispossessed or because he tried to stop a war, but because of minimally provocative, almost universally shared views about Israel.

SHAMED AND HUMILIATED

George Wallace's would-be murderer is apparently one who admired the Alabama governor. He has no political history and no political preoccupation that is discernible.

So we are once again shamed and humiliated. Once again we see a beautiful young wife flinging herself on her knees by the side of a wounded husband, while the benumbed nation watches on television.

The political campaign is terrorized and poisoned. It is too much to hope that anything will come out of what has happened except deepened bitterness and wilder frustrations, suspicious of plots and dread of the future.

Perhaps it will shock our leaders into coming home, into some realization that the violence which is our foreign policy has traveled back to stain our own. Our own ills should be examined before we continue in

our fearful efforts to remake the world in our own image by force of arms.

Mr. GALLAGHER. Mr. Speaker, I first want to commend our energetic colleague, ABNER MIKVA, for his alertness in taking this special order today to discuss gun control legislation.

The shooting of Gov. George Wallace on Monday was a shocking example of insane violence. Jack Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Medgar Evers, and now George Wallace have felt the assassin's bullet and a very real climate of fear exists in the political life of this country. George Wallace was debating these issues and was forcefully presenting his solutions to our Nation's ills. That is what America is all about and to shoot anyone for what he says is utter madness.

Mr. Speaker, I want to make one point which is somewhat tangential to the vitally needed handgun control legislation I have the privilege to cosponsor with Mr. MIKVA. We have heard a lot of stupid nonsense about black Americans and violence. But it was a white man who shot Jack Kennedy, it was not a black man who shot Robert Kennedy, it was a white man who shot Martin Luther King, it was not a black man who shot Medgar Evers. And the man who is accused of shooting George Wallace is a white man.

Let me comment on the accused man for newspaper reports today suggest that our handgun controls just do not work. On October 18, 1971, he was arrested in Milwaukee on the charge of carrying a concealed weapon and was subsequently convicted of disorderly conduct. Incredibly, on January 18, 1972, he could purchase a .38 in the same town and this was the gun allegedly used to shoot George Wallace.

From what is known of his history, he seems to fit into the same mold as Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan Sirhan, and James Earl Ray. He seemed to have been a "loner," suffering from largely imagined complaints against society, and appears somewhat mentally unbalanced.

Mr. Speaker, we are never going to get the people who answer to that description out of our society or any society. In point of fact, I do not think we should and I have become alarmed by the easy assertions of experts who claim to be able to predict behavior, based on early experiences or an individual's reaction to induced stress. As I have often said, we may be changing into a one-chance society and anyone who deviates from some sort of a norm will have no real chance at all. There are probably hundreds of thousands of Americans who do not match up to the all American boy idea of what a life should be like.

I do not think that we should mount a massive drive toward conformity in this Nation and remove those who choose not to participate rationally in every phase of American life. I feel that the presence of the nonconformist, the erratic, the randomly motivated, and the spontaneous type of person is a great benefit to our society and we tread a very dangerous path when we talk about modifying behavior on a massive scale.

But we can get the guns out of the hands of those people, Mr. Speaker, and this latest outrage on Monday demands that we do so without delay.

We all know of the powerful opposition to gun control in this Congress. While we loudly proclaim to believe in law and order, we allow every single one of the bill of rights to be undermined except the one that should be changed: The so-called right to bear arms.

Mr. Speaker, the bill which I sponsor would prohibit the importation, manufacture, sale, purchase, transfer, receipt, or transfer of handguns in any manner affecting interstate or foreign commerce. It would not effect long guns nor would it confiscate any handgun now legally owned by a private citizen. It would not effect members of the Armed Forces, law enforcement officials, licensed importers, manufacturers, dealers, and pistol clubs—all carefully controlled by the Secretary of the Treasury. Since more than one-half of all handguns are acquired secondhand, it applies equally to used as well as new firearms.

I do not believe it would effect those who enjoy hunting with long guns or pistol target shooting, under controlled circumstances. But it would go a long way toward drying up the incredible supply of guns in this Nation and it would certainly preclude both the "Saturday Night Specials," and the easy access to a handgun enjoyed by the man charged with shooting George Wallace.

Mr. Speaker, the handgun is the criminal's favorite weapon, and if we are serious about taking positive action on crime in the streets, I think we should pass promptly the strongest handgun control legislation.

Mr. BRASCO. Mr. Speaker, violence strikes blindly at times, inflicting pain, and shedding blood indiscriminately. America over the past 10 years has been initiated into an era of government by assassination and a politics of terror.

Gov. George Wallace was struck down yesterday while engaging in what Americans have come to claim as their own unique brand of campaigning for national office. He was doing what political figures from our earliest times have done—seeking the mandate of the people by going among them.

Yet in so doing, and by so doing, he incurred the wrath of a potential assassin that we have come to know the likes of all too well in recent years. There will always be a Lee Harvey Oswald in our society. There will always be a Sirhan Bishara Sirhan in our midst. There will always be a James Earl Ray somewhere among us. The names and the motives blend into one another in a kaleidoscope of horror and sorrow.

I am absolutely horrified by what was done to the Governor of Alabama. Once more, our political process has sustained a body blow by the act of an obsessed person.

Yet we must probe further for the causes of this behavior. Recent studies have indicated that there are at least 50,000 to 100,000 deranged individuals in this country who are capable at any time of doing what Oswald, Sirhan, and Ray did. Now a fourth one has been revealed.

How many more are there? Where do they lurk? Who does their hatred evolve upon? When will another one strike? What political figure or innocent bystander is safe?

In turn, this only highlights the question of gun control. Why is it that we never learn from past mistakes. Why do we not take it upon ourselves to understand that meaningful gun control is essential now?

When are we going to prevent deranged men and women from instant access to lethal weapons with which to perpetrate such outrages upon our society?

I believe that we shall have further such outrages and horror, unhinging the legitimate political process unless we confiscate the ever-growing arsenals that are to be found across this country. I specifically mean handguns.

We have lost a President, a Senator, a great civil rights leader, and a host of other innocent people. Now we have almost lost a popular political figure and the Governor of a sovereign State.

The time has come for this House to not just bewail the sorrow that has befallen the family and followers of Governor Wallace, but to act, as it has the power to act, to forthwith curb the traffic in and ownership of private weapons. Every civilized country has already done so. Every policeman in this country and his wife and children will bless us if we act.

Finally, I would like to extend my personal sympathy and wishes for a speedy recovery to the Governor of Alabama, his wife, and children.

Mr. RYAN. Mr. Speaker, I want to express my deep concern as to the shooting of Gov. George Wallace while campaigning in Maryland yesterday. That Governor Wallace and I have long stood in opposition to each other on virtually every issue is of no consequence to what I have to say, for all Americans must be gravely disturbed and appalled by this act of wanton violence.

When is this Nation going to learn that violence is not the answer? What has violence ever accomplished? How many arguments has it truly settled? None. Violence only begets violence; it brings only horror and anguish.

How often I have heard speakers in this House very well decry the violence in our streets, the crime, the lawlessness. Yet how complacently this House has accepted the other violence that surrounds us.

Today, in the name of peace, this Nation is waging a brutal and mistaken war in Southeast Asia, bringing death and destruction to the countries of Indochina, tearing apart the inner seams of our own country. Yet for almost a decade the House has closed its eyes to that violent conflict.

If we are to put an end to violence in the world, we can start by putting an end to the war in Southeast Asia.

We can enact meaningful gun control, as I have long advocated, as put forth in my bill H.R. 1623.

If we are concerned about violence, we must be concerned about the hidden violence in our society: The violence done to the soul of a mother who sees her

children bitten by rats; the violence done to a child victimized by lead-based paint poisoning; the violence of our institutions, their inaction, and indifference to the human spirit; the violence of prejudice; the violence of hatred.

And we must realize what violence does to all of us—to those who participate in it as well as those who are its victims.

Far too many Americans have had their lives cut short by needless and wanton acts of violence, some have been Presidents, some have been public leaders, others have been young men just following orders. Enough. It is time for the killing to stop.

Mr. KOCH. Mr. Speaker, once again, the issue of gun control has been thrust forward in our consciousness by an ugly and horrible act. The shooting of Gov. George Wallace yesterday again demonstrates the need to remove handguns from indiscriminate personal possession in this country. It is time that we realize that the right to bear arms does not mean that we must allow the unregulated sale and possession of handguns.

We have in this country some of the most lenient gun control laws in the world, and it shows in our crime statistics. Britain, France, Italy, Canada, Japan, West Germany, and Sweden all have much stricter controls on firearms, and the trend is toward even tighter regulations.

While the United States had 9,039 murders in 1970 by guns and 100,000 other crimes committed with firearms, Britain had only 29 killings by firearms and 1,359 other gun related crimes, France had 475 murders with guns and 625 other crimes where guns were involved, and Italy had a total of 741 homicides with any weapon. Of 65,196 robberies in Italy, only 3,112 involved armed individuals. In Canada, 430 murders took place, with 176 by firearms.

Despite the fact that there are many differences between our country and these other countries, it still is clear that our statistics for crimes involving firearms are way out of proportion to the other countries. These other countries all require licensing for handguns, and in general you must have a good reason to possess one. Often, these permits restrict the possession of the gun to certain areas—usually to a person's home and property. Canada is now experiencing problems because, despite that country's tight controls, a person can, as a Canadian official recently said:

Take a trip to Buffalo, New York, buy a gun at any of a hundred places and drive back across the border with it.

If we do not limit the sale of these firearms in our country, our democratic system, with its open style of campaigning, may be seriously threatened.

We may find that candidates for high public office will not be willing to meet with people and campaign as they now do with the chance of being shot by some irrational person having a handgun.

This indiscriminate sale of firearms must stop. I am cosponsoring H.R. 915, introduced by Representative Mikva, which would prohibit the importation, sale, purchase, transfer, receipt, or transportation of handguns in any manner af-

fecting interstate or foreign commerce, except for those dealers who receive licenses from the Secretary of the Treasury. I hope this Congress will be moved to take action and to take it now.

ADDRESS BY JOHN JARMAN TO ASSOCIATION OF LOCAL TRANSPORT AIRLINES SPRING MEETING, 1972

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Washington (Mr. ADAMS) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. ADAMS. Mr. Speaker, knowing of my colleagues genuine interest in constituents, I take this opportunity to apprise you of an unusually enlightening address on the subject made by Chairman JOHN JARMAN of the Subcommittee on Transportation and Aeronautics, House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee.

You will gain an insight into what kind of a bargain the Government is making with the local service airlines on subsidy payments and what we can expect in support of the services by the Civil Aeronautics Board through the new class rate VI.

These significant comments on providing the best possible airline service to your constituents were made to the people presently certificated and obligated to provide such service, the Association of Local Transport Airlines—ALTA—at their spring business session in Atlanta, Ga., Thursday noon, May 4.

SPEECH OF CONGRESSMAN JOHN JARMAN

During my fourteen years as a member of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee (and now as Chairman of the Transportation and Aeronautics Subcommittee), I have watched with keen interest the development of the Local Service Carrier system. Congratulations on the progress you have made and especially on the tenacity with which you have held to the mandate given you by the Congress and the Civil Aeronautics Board to provide needed airline service to small-town America. Many of us are aware that your perseverance has been without much reward in terms of earnings for your companies—and in fact has required a substantial amount of contribution by your stockholders.

At the same time, we in the Congress are most appreciative of the tireless efforts of the CAB, over a long period of time, to make this Local Service experiment work.

Our Committee has a wide jurisdiction, ranging all the way from communications to public health to transportation. But at this moment in time no part of that jurisdiction is more interesting and challenging than air line service to the small cities of the United States.

In 1955 there were 13 local service carriers and now there are 9. I wonder why the other 4 are gone—I know *where* they've gone—they've been merged. But I have wondered if you are doing as good a job with fewer carriers.

I say this to you because I am disturbed by some of the things I've been hearing.

Your organization brochure says you are doing a good job:

"Local air service is widespread."

"These carriers now serve more cities than any other segment of the certificated industry."

"The quantity of service has grown."

"The quality of service has improved."

"Public use of local air service is increasing rapidly."

"The local airlines continue to improve service at the smaller cities."

"Subsidy per passenger carried was \$7.28 in 1963 and declined to \$1.29 in 1970."

That's what *you've* been saying. But other people are saying something different. The CAB says: "We are dissatisfied with the trend of providing poorer service to small communities at greater cost to the Federal Government and the fare-paying passenger. It is clear that the problem of providing air service to the nation's small communities is getting more serious.—Sooner or later, and probably sooner rather than later, the small community air picture may get very bleak indeed."

That's a pretty strong statement. It makes a Congressman sit up and take notice when he is interested in the welfare of small cities. The Department of Transportation has said "... the Federal Government does not seem to be getting any *bargain* now in terms of what it is paying the local service carriers for flying low-density routes."

Let's examine that *bargain* a little—to see what the *bargain* is, and how it is working—how the Government is carrying out its part of the *bargain* and how the carriers are performing theirs—and what's to be done about it.

Let's turn to a CAB publication called "Subsidy for United States Certificated Air Carriers". It tells how the Federal Aviation Act of 1958 provides for the Board to pay subsidy to "maintain and continue the development of air transportation to the extent and of the character and quality required for the commerce of the United States, the Postal Service, and the national defense. Once a United States carrier has been certificated for carriage of United States mail, provision of mail pay, including subsidy in those situations where the carrier demonstrates a statutory need for subsidy, is provided for by the Act for the duration of the carrier's operations under its certificate for those services required in the public interest. In essence, the dollars of subsidy in each case consist of an amount to cover the carrier's operating loss incurred under honest, economical and efficient management and to provide it an opportunity to earn a fair return (after taxes) on the investment used and useful in its air transportation services."

So the Government's part of the *bargain* is to pay the carrier enough dollars to cover the carrier's operating loss and to provide it an opportunity to earn a fair return.

This same CAB publication also says, with respect to the local service carriers, "subsidy is paid essentially to maintain needed air services at communities which would otherwise represent loss operations and would be without regular transportation in the absence of subsidy support."

Let's see how you are performing your part of the *bargain*. Local service carriers serve 461 cities and at 290 of these cities this is the only certificated air line service. Almost all of your service to smaller cities is provided with planes having a capacity of 40 to 55 passengers, with flight attendants and other amenities. You provide the usual air line ground services with respect to ticketing, baggage handling, reservations and the like. In short, you give these smaller cities the kind of service that a layman would think of as "regular" air line service.

I am speaking particularly about the subsidy eligible part of your systems because that is where you provide the service to smaller cities and that is where you are supposed to fulfill your part of the subsidy *bargain*.

You are providing a very substantial amount of service on this part of your system. Passengers carried increased from 5.9 million in 1960 to 16.4 million in 1971. Passenger miles increased from 1.2 billion in

1960 to 3.9 billion in 1971. Thus the amount of service provided has tripled in 11 years.

On the basis of this evidence, it appears that the carriers have done well in keeping their part of the bargain. Now, let's see how the Government has done.

For the years 1966 through 1971 the subsidy paid the local service carriers fell short of meeting their subsidy need by more than \$120 million.

1966, subsidy need \$58 million; subsidy paid \$56 million; short \$2 million.

1967, subsidy need \$65 million; subsidy paid \$52 million; short \$13 million.

1968, subsidy need \$73 million; subsidy paid \$44 million; short \$29 million.

1969, subsidy need \$81 million; subsidy paid \$36 million; short \$45 million.

1970, subsidy need \$72 million; subsidy paid \$41 million; short \$31 million.

1971, subsidy need \$70 million; subsidy paid \$59 million; short \$11 million.

We can see that there has been quite a bulge in the subsidy need in the past five years—reaching that peak in 1969, then starting back down. It's understandable that subsidy need went up during that period. It was a period when the whole airline industry was suffering large losses due to rapidly rising costs and slower traffic growth—all this as a result of generally poor economic conditions. It was only natural for the local service carriers to be hit by these same problems.

I know of nothing that says the subsidy bargain between the Government and the carriers is only a fair weather bargain. I know of nothing that says the carriers are supposed to bear all the added costs of service to small cities in bad times. I know of nothing that says that when the subsidy needed to maintain this airline service is the greatest—that's the time when the subsidy paid should be the least.

The CAB says that you have "diminished service to small communities". I can't say that I blame you, considering how badly you have been underpaid. And the thing that troubles me now is my fear that if you continue to be underpaid, your service to small communities will diminish a great deal more. I don't want that to happen, and I don't think the Congress wants that to happen.

We don't want to see airline service at these cities disappear the way railroad passenger service has disappeared. I hope we make sure ahead of time that that is not going to happen, instead of coming along after it has already happened and try to restore the system.

Now let me comment briefly on the role that commuter air carriers and smaller aircraft might play in providing air service to small cities. I think it is clear that the commuter carriers can and should play an important role in supplementing and complementing the service provided by you local service carriers. It is not so clear as to what is the best way for this to be done.

The CAB is proposing an experiment with a contract bid system for providing service to small communities. It's an interesting proposal, but we need more information before we can form an opinion on its merits.

Some commuter carriers are saying that they can provide service to small cities better than you can and at lower costs. The operations of the commuters are already so extensive you can't ignore such contentions. These operations would not be there unless there is a reason for them. If they can really provide better service at lower costs, it's pretty hard to be against that.

Some commuters think it best to enter into cooperative arrangements with local service carriers to provide supplementary or complementary service. Allegheny appears to be doing this successfully with a number of commuter carriers. This kind of arrangement has much to be said for it in terms of public service benefits as well as benefits to the carriers.

There are great possibilities of service by commuters to cities that are not receiving service from certificated carriers. Perhaps it would be wise for you gentlemen to take an affirmative and active role in trying to fit the commuter carriers into our air transportation system in such a way that they can make the maximum contribution. This could strengthen the air transportation system as a whole.

Let me conclude by emphasizing that we depend upon the bargain between the Government and you local service carriers for our basic system of air line service to small cities. For most of the small cities now on your systems, I think this bargain is the best hope for the long term. For the Government, I think it is a good bargain and the costs are not excessive—and would not be excessive even if the carriers were paid enough to fully cover their costs in these markets plus giving them an opportunity to make a reasonable profit commensurate with the size and risk of the operation. For the carriers, I'm afraid this has been a very poor bargain in recent years, and must be corrected if we expect you to provide the service.

The CAB has had a new class subsidy rate for the local service carriers under consideration for many months and its terms are soon to be made public. Will it in fact provide adequate support for the local carriers to maintain and improve their service to small cities. We count on you to let our Committee have your views on that subject. You know your business better than anyone—use your best powers of persuasion. (I am reminded of the story of the Senator who had worked for days on his Colleague to try and get him to vote for a particular bill. This Colleague has said repeatedly and forcefully that he could not so vote. Came the fateful day of the roll call and the Senator was astounded to hear his Colleague vote for the bill. He rushed over and said "Bob, what happened? Did you see the light?" "See the Light" replied Bob, "Hell no, I felt the heat.")

Whether it be light or heat (on yourselves, on the CAB, on the Congress) the objective of providing the best possible air line service to the small cities of our nation justifies your best efforts.

The ultimate responsibility for deciding whether the Government's bargain with the local service carriers is a good one, and whether it is being properly carried out, rests with the Congress (the CAB acts under powers delegated to it by the Congress). The Congress must decide whether the benefits of this airline service to small cities are worth what it costs.

Do you remember the sign on President Truman's desk: "The buck stops here".

We know the buck stops with the Congress—but we need your best counsel.

HE SHOWS COURAGE

(Mr. GERALD R. FORD asked and was given permission to extend his remarks at this point in the RECORD and to include extraneous matter.)

Mr. GERALD R. FORD. Mr. Speaker, an editorial in the May 10 edition of the Detroit News offers an excellent analysis of the moves announced by President Nixon in his recent televised speech to the Nation on Vietnam.

I find one of the points made by the News particularly revealing. Said the News:

By interdicting the enemy's supply lines, the administration is not escalating the war but trying to wind it down by preventing war materiel from reaching Hanoi.

Mr. Speaker, I commend a reading of the following Detroit News editorial to all of my colleagues:

NIXON'S NEW VIETNAM MOVES—HE SHOWS COURAGE

President Nixon's double-barreled military and diplomatic moves against the North Vietnamese were a courageous reaction to the enemy's massive invasion of South Vietnam.

The moves, announced in Mr. Nixon's televised speech to the nation, constituted the administration's second major carrot-and-stick attempt to curb the Communist escalation of the war. The first was the expansion of the bombing of North Vietnam, coupled with the resumption of the peace talks in Paris. But that attempt failed.

Now at long last the President has ordered the mining of North Vietnam's ports and bombing of Hanoi's rail lines to halt the movement of war supplies from the Soviet Union and Communist China to the enemy in North Vietnam.

This is the action that took guts. For it obviously raises the risk of a direct confrontation with the Soviet Union not unlike that which took place over Cuba. In that eyeball to eyeball face-off, it was the Soviet Union's Premier Khrushchev who blinked. Now the first Soviet reaction to this encounter has been a verbal attack on the United States—but nothing else.

Yet the Soviet Union is the major supplier of the North Vietnam war machine and that country's harbors are full of Soviet supply vessels that will be forced to halt their trade—or run the risk of hitting a mine. So a Soviet counter move of some kind is possible.

Under the circumstances, Mr. Nixon is risking not only his own political hopes but his scheduled trip to the Soviet Union and his desire for a detente with the Soviet Union by his new actions.

Of course, the Russians want something from the United States, too, and from Mr. Nixon's visit. They want expanded trade and investment and they want to counter the recent U.S. rapprochement with Communist China. The Russians do not want to face trouble with both China and the United States at the same time.

Thus there ought to be hope that the Soviet Union will persuade the North Vietnamese to respond to the carrot Mr. Nixon offered. The carrot is the new and easier peace terms which have been properly described as the most conciliatory ever given to the enemy.

Mr. Nixon told the nation, as well as the Communists in Hanoi and Moscow, that as soon as the U.S. prisoners of war are released and an internationally supervised cease-fire has begun, the United States would stop all acts of force in Indochina and bring home all of its forces within four months.

Cynics might note that deadline would bring the troops home before the November election if the enemy accepted the proposal. Yet it is Mr. Nixon's critics, rather than the President himself, who are playing politics with the issue.

Both Senators Hubert H. Humphrey and George McGovern promptly suspended their presidential campaigning to rush back to Washington to wage political warfare against Mr. Nixon on the floor of the U.S. Senate rather than against each other on the plains of Nebraska. A number of campuses also erupted in protest. And admittedly even some hawks expressed surprise that the action they've so long recommended—the mining of North Vietnam's harbors—finally had been undertaken.

The explanation is that the invasion created an entirely new war in South Vietnam. It changed from guerilla activity to a war of aggression by regular North Vietnamese military units against the South Vietnamese.

But it is obvious the invasion couldn't have come off without the great amount of new aid provided by the USSR.

By interdicting the enemy's supply lines, the administration is not escalating the war but trying to wind it down by preventing war materiel from reaching Hanoi. The administration had made no secret of its concern in recent weeks over the extent of the North Vietnamese buildup, although it can be faulted to some extent for not supplying the South Vietnamese with sufficient anti-tank guns and other weapons to stop the invasion.

Yet if Mr. Nixon had taken that route, there would have been even more complaints about the administration's supposed escalation of the war. Critics long have blamed it all on the United States. Former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, in a speech in Detroit, once noted that while U.S. minesweepers had to sweep the harbor of Saigon every morning to clear it of Russian-made mines, the United States would be accused of more escalation if it just took those mines back to North Vietnam and planted them in the harbors of Haiphong and Hanoi.

The risks in Mr. Nixon's actions obviously are great. Yet the greater risks may lie in inaction. The risks are not only to the South Vietnam people but to the remaining 60,000 American ground forces still left in Vietnam. As Mr. Nixon said, any president who failed to act decisively in these circumstances would have betrayed the trust in his country and the cause of peace. This newspaper agrees.

NOTHING NEW ABOUT BUSING

(Mr. GERALD R. FORD asked and was given permission to extend his remarks at this point in the RECORD and to include extraneous matter.)

Mr. GERALD R. FORD. Mr. Speaker, advocates of forced busing to achieve racial balance are fond of declaring that nobody objected when black children were bused past white schools to all-black schools.

The Detroit News points out editorially that this sort of statement simply is not true. Many Americans did, indeed, object to this deliberate segregation of school-children and it was these objections which led to a U.S. Supreme Court decision declaring such segregation unconstitutional.

The lack of logic in the comments being made by advocates of forced busing is plainly spelled out in the Detroit News editorial that follows. I urge my colleagues to read it.

[From the Detroit News, May 2, 1972]

NOTHING NEW ABOUT BUSING?

Former U.S. Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark's reputation for banality remains intact following his speech at the annual NAACP banquet in Detroit. Clark used the occasion to echo one of the most frequently repeated—and irrelevant—arguments offered in behalf of forced busing.

Children have been going to school on buses for 60 years, he declared. And then added: "Nobody protested when blacks were bused past two or three schools to get to all-black schools."

First, it is true that school children have been bused for many years. Most have been bused and are being bused primarily as a means of delivering them to the nearest school. The purpose of most bussing throughout the years has been transportation, not integration.

Second, Clark simply misstates the situation when he pictures black students being bused past several schools to get to all-

black schools. He is obviously referring to the unsavory situation in the South of 20 years ago. But the picture was just the opposite. Black students went to their shabby "separate but equal" neighborhood schools while white students were bused away to all-white schools.

Nobody protested? It is a matter of historic fact that the people protested that arrangement right up to the U.S. Supreme Court, which declared such segregation unconstitutional.

Where bussing is used to enforce de jure segregation, it is clearly wrong; where it is clear-cut cases of de jure segregation in districts which refuse to act voluntarily, it is right.

But when Clark and other forced bussing advocates talk about massive cross-district bussing in Northern metropolitan areas where pockets of segregation exist mainly because of housing patterns, they're talking in an entirely different context.

They're talking about hauling students, both black and white, away from nearby neighborhood schools to distant points to achieve some supposedly magical ratio of integration.

They're talking about imposing a bussing program on suburban districts which have never been charged with de jure segregation.

They're talking about hauling multiple thousands of black and white children into neighborhoods far away and potentially hostile. About piling staggering new costs on school systems that haven't enough funds to meet present classroom needs.

It is true that students have been going to school on buses for 60 years but not under circumstances such as these. Ramsey Clark's historic comparison is as phony as a \$3 bill.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE

By unanimous consent, leave of absence was granted to:

Mr. HUNGATE, for May 17 through May 21, 1972, on account of official business.

Mr. WRIGHT, Mr. DE LA GARZA, Mr. KAZEN, and Mr. BOGGS (at the request of Mr. O'NEILL) for today and the balance of this week, on account of official business (House Delegation-Mexico-United States Interparliamentary Conference).

Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN, Mr. WIGGINS, Mr. LUJAN, and Mr. BURKE of Florida (at the request of Mr. GERALD R. FORD), for today and the balance of the week, on account of official business to attend the United States-Mexico Interparliamentary Conference.

SPECIAL ORDERS GRANTED

By unanimous consent, permission to address the House, following the legislative program and any special orders heretofore entered, was granted to:

The following Members (at the request of Mr. MILLS of Maryland) and to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous matter:)

Mr. CRANE, for 15 minutes, today.

Mr. KEMP, for 15 minutes, today.

Mr. COUGHLIN, for 15 minutes, today.

The following Members (at the request of Mr. DAVIS), to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous matter:)

Mr. ASPIN, for 10 minutes, today.

Mr. GONZALEZ, for 10 minutes, today.

Mr. MURPHY of New York, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. MIKVA, for 10 minutes, today.

Mr. ADAMS, for 5 minutes, today.

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

By unanimous consent, permission to revise and extend remarks was granted to:

Members of the Alabama congressional delegation, at the request of Mr. NICHOLS, to extend their remarks immediately following resolution to be introduced.

All Members (at the request of Mr. DAVIS of South Carolina) for 5 legislative days to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous matter on the subject matter of the special order of Mr. MIKVA, today.

(The following Members (at the request of Mr. MILLS of Maryland) and to revise and extend their remarks:)

Mr. STEIGER of Wisconsin.

Mr. MATHIAS of California.

Mr. SPENCE.

Mr. MICHEL in five instances.

Mr. THONE.

Mr. HOSMER.

Mr. NELSEN in two instances.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. ZWACH.

Mr. WYMAN in two instances.

Mr. CARTER.

Mr. SCHERLE in 10 instances.

Mr. SHRIVER.

Mr. SCHWENGLER.

Mr. PRICE of Texas in four instances.

Mr. YOUNG of Florida in five instances.

Mr. HORTON.

Mr. BRAY in two instances.

Mr. COUGHLIN.

Mr. WYLLIE.

(The following Members (at the request of Mr. DAVIS of South Carolina) and to include extraneous matter:)

Mr. MINISH.

Mr. ASPIN in 10 instances.

Mr. DRINAN.

Mr. DENT.

Mr. KARTH.

Mr. GONZALEZ in two instances.

Mr. RARICK in three instances.

Mr. HAGAN in three instances.

Mr. ROGERS in five instances.

Mr. HUNGATE in five instances.

Mr. PUCINSKI in six instances.

Mr. FOUNTAIN in three instances.

Mr. STOKES in five instances.

Mr. TEAGUE of Texas in five instances.

Mr. JAMES V. STANTON.

Mr. STRATTON.

Mr. OBEY in two instances.

Mrs. HICKS of Massachusetts.

Mr. ZABLOCKI in two instances.

Mr. ROONEY of New York.

Mr. VANIK in two instances.

Mr. BOLAND.

Mr. ST GERMAIN.

Mr. PATTEN.

Mr. GETTYS.

Mr. EVINS of Tennessee in two instances.

Mr. REID.

Mr. UDALL in 10 instances.

Mr. HOLIFIELD.

Mr. HATHAWAY.

Mr. PODELL in two instances.

Mr. MORGAN.

Mr. SCHEUER.

Mr. ANDERSON of California in two instances.

Mr. VAN DEERLIN in two instances.
Mr. BINGHAM in three instances.
Mr. ASPIN in 10 instances.
Mr. ROUSH in two instances.
Mr. BENNETT in two instances.

SENATE BILL REFERRED

A bill of the Senate of the following title was taken from the Speaker's table and, under the rule, referred as follows:

S. 2988. An act to authorize the appropriation of \$250,000 to assist in financing the Arctic Winter Games to be held in the State of Alaska in 1974; to the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.

ADJOURNMENT

Mr. DAVIS of South Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 42 minutes p.m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Wednesday, May 17, 1972, at 12 o'clock noon.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES ON PUBLIC BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS

Under clause 2 of rule XIII, reports of committees were delivered to the Clerk for printing and reference to the proper calendar, as follows:

Mr. PRICE of Illinois: Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. H.R. 14990. A bill to authorize appropriations to the Atomic Energy Commission in accordance with section 261 of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, as amended, and for other purposes (Rept. No. 92-1066). Referred to the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union.

Mr. YOUNG of Texas: Committee on Rules, House Resolution 983. A resolution waiving certain points of order against H.R. 14989. A bill making appropriations for the Departments of State, Justice, and Commerce, the Judiciary, and related agencies for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1973, and for other purposes (Rept. No. 92-1967). Referred to the House Calendar.

Mr. BOLLING: Committee on Rules, House Resolution 984. Resolution providing for the consideration of H.R. 14734. A bill to authorize appropriations for the Department of State for the U.S. Information Agency (Rept. No. 92-1068). Referred to the House Calendar.

EXECUTIVE COMMUNICATIONS, ETC.

Under clause 2 of rule XXIV, executive communications were taken from the Speaker's table and referred as follows:

1987. A letter from the Secretary of Defense, transmitting the 10th annual report of the Office of Civil Defense, pursuant to section 406 of the Federal Civil Defense Act of 1950; to the Committee on Armed Services.

1988. A letter from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy (Installations and Logistics), transmitting notice of the proposed transfer of the submarine USS *Lionfish* (ex-IXSS-298) to the USS *Massachusetts* Memorial Committee, Inc., Fall River, Mass., pursuant to 10 U.S.C. 7308; to the Committee on Armed Services.

1989. A letter from the Director, Office of Legislative Affairs, Agency for International Development, Department of State, transmitting a report comparing the fiscal year 1971 economic assistance program as presented to the Congress with the actual pro-

gram implemented during the fiscal year, pursuant to section 634(d) of the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961, as amended; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

1990. A letter from the Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations, transmitting a report of the reasons for a determination by the Department of State that the public interest would be best served by omission of the Examination of Records clause from a negotiated contract between the U.S. Interests Section, Cairo, Arab Republic of Egypt, and an Egyptian company for medical insurance for Foreign Service local employees in Cairo, pursuant to 41 U.S.C. 254(c); to the Committee on Government Operations.

1991. A letter from the Commissioner, Immigration and Naturalization Service, Department of Justice transmitting reports concerning visa petitions approved according certain beneficiaries third and sixth preference classification, pursuant to section 204 (d) of the Immigration and Nationality Act, as amended; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

1992. A letter from the Adjutant General United Spanish War Veterans, transmitting the proceedings of the stated convention of the 73d National Encampment, United Spanish War Veterans, held in Hartford, Conn. September 18-23, 1971, pursuant to Public Law 249, 77th Congress (H. Doc. No. 92-294); to the Committee on Veterans' Affairs and ordered to be printed with illustrations.

RECEIVED FROM THE COMPTROLLER GENERAL

1993. A letter from the Comptroller General of the United States, transmitting a report on the audit of the Overseas Private Investment Corporation for fiscal year 1971 (H. Doc. No. 92-295) to the Committee on Government Operations and ordered to be printed.

1994. A letter from the Comptroller General of the United States, transmitting a report on a review of the Environmental Protection Agency's progress and problems in reducing air pollution from automobiles; to the Committee on Government Operations.

1995. A letter from the Deputy Comptroller General of the United States, transmitting a report on a followup review of the refugee relief program in Laos; to the Committee on Government Operations.

PUBLIC BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS

Under clause 4 of rule XXII, public bills and resolutions were introduced and severally referred as follows:

By Mr. PRICE of Illinois (for himself, Mr. HOLIFIELD and Mr. HOSMER):

H.R. 14990. A bill to authorize appropriations to the Atomic Energy Commission in accordance with section 261 of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, as amended, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

By Mr. ADAMS (for himself, Mr. DINGELL, and Mr. POBELL):

H.R. 14991. A bill to amend the Airport and Airway Development Act of 1970 to increase from 50 to 75 percent the U.S. share of allowable project costs payable under such act; to amend the Federal Aviation Act of 1958 to prohibit State taxation of the carriage of persons in air transportation; and for other purposes; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By Mr. ADDABBO:

H.R. 14992. A bill to amend title 38, United States Code, to permit eligible persons training under chapter 35 to pursue programs of education at certain educational institutions outside the United States; to the Committee on Veterans' Affairs.

H.R. 14993. A bill to amend title II of the Social Security Act to provide that an insured

individual may retire and receive full old-age insurance benefits, at any time after attaining age 55, if he has worked in covered employment or self-employment for 30 years; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. BINGHAM:

H.R. 14994. A bill to amend the Internal Revenue Code of 1954 to provide an additional income tax exemption for a taxpayer, his spouse, or his dependent, who is disabled, and to provide an income tax deduction for expenses of a disabled individual for transportation to and from work; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. BYRNE of Pennsylvania:

H.R. 14995. A bill to amend title 10 of the United States Code to establish separate optometry services in the armed forces, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Armed Services.

H.R. 14996. A bill to amend title II of the Social Security Act so as to remove the limitation upon the amount of outside income which an individual may earn while receiving benefits thereunder; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. DOWNING:

H.R. 14997. A bill to provide price support for milk at not less than 85 percent of the parity thereof; to the Committee on Agriculture.

By Mr. DOWNING (for himself, Mr. MOSHER, Mr. MURPHY of New York, and Mr. WOLFF):

H.R. 14998. A bill to amend the Merchant Marine Act, 1936, to expand the mission of the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy and to change the name of the Academy to reflect the expanded mission; to the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

By Mr. FREY (for himself and Mr. BURKE of Florida):

H.R. 14999. A bill to provide for orderly trade in fresh fruits and vegetables, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. HUNGATE:

H.R. 15000. A bill to regulate State presidential primary elections; to the Committee on House Administration.

By Mr. KUYKENDALL:

H.R. 15001. A bill to authorize financial assistance for opportunities industrialization centers; to the Committee on Education and Labor.

By Mr. MORGAN:

H.R. 15002. A bill to further amend the U.S. Information and Educational Exchange Act of 1948; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

By Mr. MOSS (for himself, Mr. BROVHILL of North Carolina, Mr. STUCKEY, Mr. ECKHARDT, Mr. CARNEY, Mr. WARE, Mr. MCCOLLISTER, and Mr. MURPHY of New York):

H.R. 15003. A bill to protect consumers against unreasonable product hazards; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By Mr. PIRNIE:

H.R. 15004. A bill to amend the Federal Aviation Act of 1958 so as to limit the power of the Secretary of Transportation to delegate his authority to examine medical qualifications of airmen; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By Mr. PRICE of Illinois:

H.R. 15005. A bill to amend the Internal Revenue Code of 1954 to allow a credit against the individual income tax for tuition paid for the elementary or secondary education of dependents; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. REID (for himself and Mr. MOSS):

H.R. 15006. A bill to amend the Freedom of Information Act to require the disclosure of information, upon request, to Congress by the executive branch; to the Committee on Government Operations.

By Mr. RIEGLE (for himself and Mr. SEIBERLING):

H.R. 15007. A bill to promote development and expansion of community schools throughout the United States; to the Committee on Education and Labor.

By Mr. ROE:

H.R. 15008. A bill to provide a deduction for income tax purposes, in the case of a disabled individual, for expenses for transportation to and from work; and to provide an additional exemption for income tax purposes for a taxpayer or spouse who is disabled; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. ROSENTHAL:

H.R. 15009. A bill to prohibit the importation, manufacture, sale, purchase, transfer, receipt, or transportation of handguns, in any manner affecting interstate or foreign commerce, and the possession of handguns, except for or by members of the Armed Forces, law enforcement officials, and, as authorized by the Secretary of the Treasury, licensed importers, manufacturers, dealers, and pistol clubs; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. ROYBAL:

H.R. 15010. A bill to provide for increases in the readjustment allowances of Peace Corps volunteers and volunteer leaders, and to provide for the depositing of such allowances in savings accounts; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

By Mr. ST GERMAIN:

H.R. 15011. A bill to amend the Internal Revenue Code of 1954 to allow a credit against the individual income tax for tuition paid for the elementary or secondary education of dependents; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. STEELE:

H.R. 15012. A bill to amend the Civil Rights Act of 1964 in order to prohibit discrimination on the basis of physical or mental handicap in federally assisted programs; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

H.R. 15013. A bill to amend title 38 of the United States Code to promote the care and treatment of veterans in State veterans' homes, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Veterans' Affairs.

By Mr. TALCOTT:

H.R. 15014. A bill to amend section 203 of the Interstate Commerce Act to remove the exemption from regulation applicable to the transportation of certain agricultural commodities, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

Mr. REID (for himself and Mr. Moss):

H.J. Res. 1201. Joint resolution relative to freedom of information; to the Committee on Government Operations.

By Mr. ASPIN:

H. Con. Res. 614. Concurrent resolution requesting the President to proclaim the week in which April 11 falls in each year as "Na-

tional Barbershop Quartet Harmony Week"; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. FREY:

H. Con. Res. 615. Concurrent resolution expressing the sense of the Congress with respect to an adequate accounting for all American prisoners of war, and all Americans missing in action, as a result of the hostilities in Indochina; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

By Mr. SNYDER (for himself, Mr. Se-

belius, Mr. ZION, Mr. GRIFFIN, Mr. GUBSER, Mr. McCURE, Mr. THOMSON of Wisconsin, Mr. THONE, Mr. SHOUP, Mr. PELLY, Mr. ANDREWS of North Dakota, Mr. DENHOLM, Mr. PRICE of Texas, Mr. WARE, Mr. KING, Mr. MCCLOSKEY, Mr. MICHEL, Mr. CLANCY, Mr. LENT, Mr. SCOTT, Mr. PIRNIE, Mr. MILLS of Maryland, Mr. WYATT, and Mr. COLLINS of Texas):

H. Con. Res. 616. Concurrent resolution expressing the sense of the Congress with respect to the withdrawal of all American forces from Vietnam; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

By Mr. SCHWENDEL:

H. Res. 982. Resolution providing for the copying and distribution by the U.S. Capitol Historical Society of the film of the ceremonies and reenactment of the 100th anniversary of the Second Inauguration of President Abraham Lincoln; to the Committee on House Administration.

SENATE—Tuesday, May 16, 1972

The Senate met at 10 a.m. and was called to order by the Acting President pro tempore (Mr. METCALF).

PRAYER

The Chaplain, the Reverend Edward L. R. Elson, D.D., offered the following prayer:

O God, in whom we live and move and have our being, look with compassion and forgiveness upon this troubled land. Cover our sins with Thy healing grace. Extinguish the fires of hate. Subdue all ill will at home and hasten the time of peace abroad. Bring healing and comfort to those who suffer.

Teach us anew, O Lord, what it means to be free to speak, to listen, to govern by the people in a republic of free men. Spare us from the fear that paralyzes and the confusion that makes a nation impotent. Guide all our leaders in service to the people. Lead us in love and fellowship with one another in unity of spirit and in the brotherhood of man for Thy greater glory.

We pray in the name of the Great Redeemer. Amen.

THE JOURNAL

Mr. MANSFIELD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal of the proceedings of Monday, May 15, 1972, will be dispensed with.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore (Mr. METCALF). Without objection, it is so ordered.

GOV. GEORGE WALLACE OF ALABAMA

Mr. MANSFIELD. Mr. President, I wish to express at this time my outrage

and dismay at the tragedy which occurred at the Laurel Shopping Center in Maryland on yesterday.

I think, in a democracy such as ours, that every person has a right to voice his opinion. Whether we agree with it is beside the point. The first amendment still stands for candidates for the Presidency as it does for every other citizen.

I must admit that I am horror struck at what happened to Gov. George Wallace of Alabama on yesterday because, to me, it indicates a weakness of some kind in our democracy and a trend over the past decade which bodes no good for the future of this Republic.

I am happy that the President, last night, extended full Secret Service protection to Senator KENNEDY and Representative CHISHOLM, and partial Secret Service protection to Representatives MILLS and ASHBROOK, and to Eugene McCarthy.

No full protection can be accorded, certainly not when candidates go into the crowds, away from the protection of their bodyguards and those delegated to seek after their safety and security.

I do not know what the answer is. But I do want to deplore this dastardly act and to express my hope that Governor Wallace will recover and return to full health and will be able to resume his campaign at the earliest possible moment. It is the least we can expect.

For Governor Wallace, he will have my prayers for a speedy and full recovery.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the name of the distinguished Senator from Alabama (Mr. ALLEN) be substituted for the name of the distinguished Senator from Virginia (Mr. HARRY F. BYRD, JR.) today, with respect to the unanimous-consent order of recognition of Senators, and that the order of recognition as between the Senator from Alaska (Mr. GRAVEL)

and the Senator from Alabama (Mr. ALLEN) be reversed.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. Without objection, it is so ordered.

In accordance with the unanimous-consent agreement just entered into, the Senator from Alabama (Mr. ALLEN) is now recognized for 15 minutes.

Mr. ALLEN. Mr. President, I wish to express my very deep appreciation to the distinguished majority leader for his fine words, and my appreciation to him and to the distinguished assistant majority leader for allowing me 15 minutes' time at this order of the proceedings.

Mr. President, I also wish to express my appreciation to the distinguished Senator from Virginia (Mr. HARRY F. BYRD, JR.) who allowed me to speak at this time and will take his 15 minutes at a later time during the day.

Mr. President, the Nation is shocked and grieved at the cruel blow that has been dealt to Gov. George C. Wallace by a would-be assassin. It is only natural that in the forefront of those who are saddened by this tragedy are the proud people of Alabama, for Governor Wallace, as Governor of our State, is her first citizen and is much beloved by our people. Therefore, on behalf of the people of my great State and on behalf of my distinguished senior colleague (Mr. SPARKMAN) and the distinguished members of the Alabama delegation in the House, and on my own behalf, I express in this great body our deep sorrow and sympathy for Governor Wallace and Mrs. Cornelia Wallace and other members of the Wallace family and give our assurances of our prayers and best wishes for his recovery.

The attempted assassination of Governor Wallace was a cruel and dastardly act which will be universally condemned by all Americans. It is ironic that the leading advocate of law and order in the